

CURRENT OPINION

FORMERLY CURRENT LITERATURE

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For August 1913

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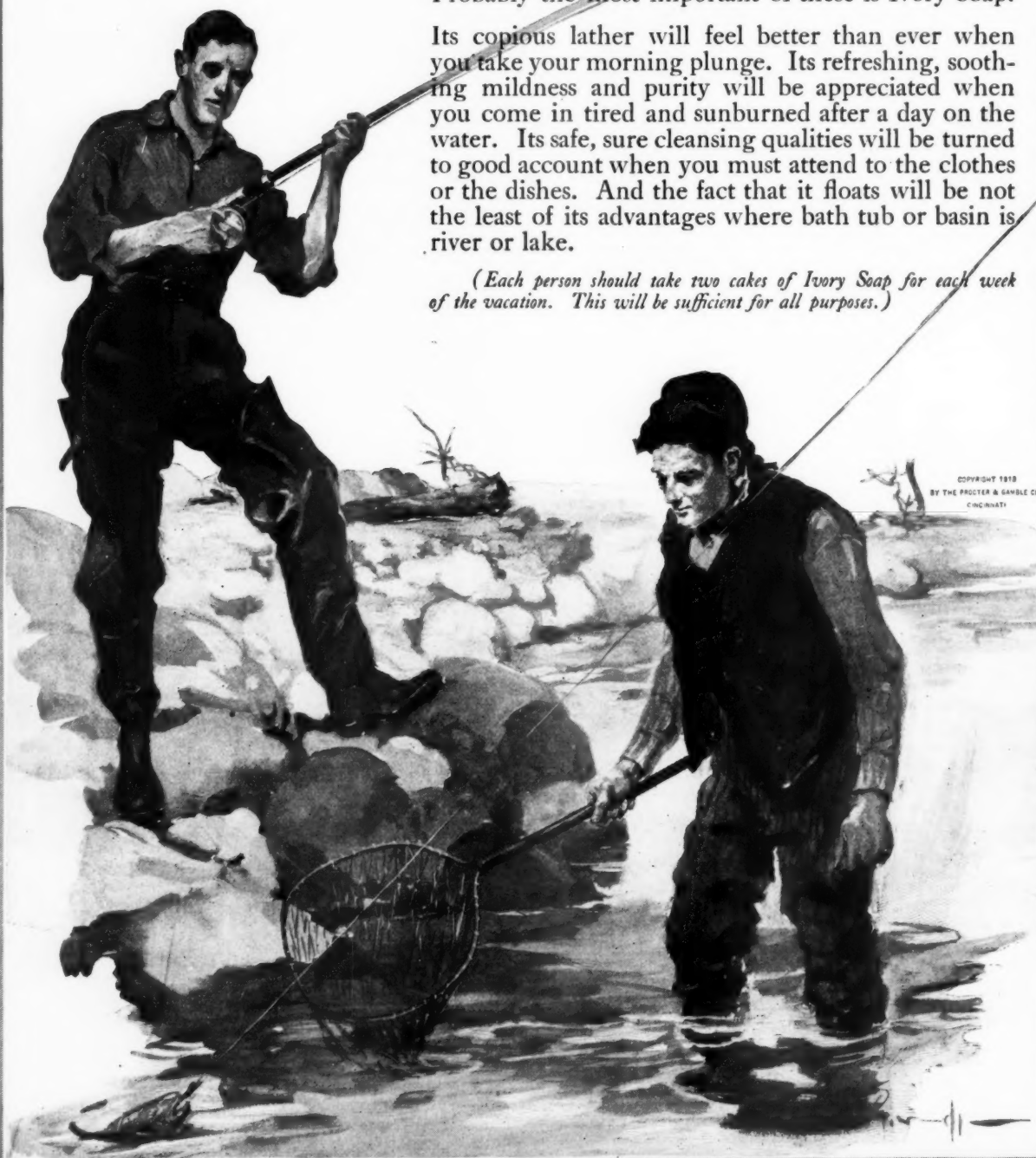
To the man
about to go
on his vacation:

YOU are looking forward to a complete change—play instead of work, country instead of city, outdoor life instead of indoor. But to make your pleasure really complete there are a few necessary home comforts which you should take with you.

Probably the most important of these is Ivory Soap.

Its copious lather will feel better than ever when you take your morning plunge. Its refreshing, soothing mildness and purity will be appreciated when you come in tired and sunburned after a day on the water. Its safe, sure cleansing qualities will be turned to good account when you must attend to the clothes or the dishes. And the fact that it floats will be not the least of its advantages where bath tub or basin is river or lake.

(Each person should take two cakes of Ivory Soap for each week of the vacation. This will be sufficient for all purposes.)



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CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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A Review of the World

Intellectual Vertigo Induced
by the Currency Problem.

LONG-WINDED discussions of the proposed currency-reform measure usurp the lion's share of editorial pages. This in spite of the fact, that the improvement of our banking and currency system is too abstruse a question to appeal to the popular imagination. Whatever advocacy or support it may have must come, as A. Piatt Andrew, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, remarks in the *Yale Review*, not from the many, but from the few, not from the marching clubs and cheering throngs which give color and excitement to political campaigns, but from the quiet thinking men who are moved by the dry white light of reason. Unfortunately the question of currency reform and legislation is one on which the learned doctors themselves disagree violently. The reader who attempts to follow the arguments of various schools of economics and politics while he sips his morning coffee may well fear for his own reason. Currency questions have always been bafflingly intricate and difficult to grasp. They are in the field of economics what metaphysical questions are in the field of philosophy. Many years ago the English economist Jevons remarked that a kind of intellectual vertigo seemed to attack most persons who devoted themselves to this subject.

The Whirling Kaleidoscope
of Currency Legislation.

THE Scotch economist Macleod was accustomed to assert that more people had gone insane over it than over anything else

except love and religion. Anyone who attempts to follow the discussion and form a clear conception of the issues involved and of the wrongs to be righted, Mr. Andrew goes on to say, is confronted with a whirling kaleidoscope through which at every moment new arrangements of facts are presented at new angles according to new theories and with new interpretations. It is not strange, he thinks, if some of those who had to face such complexities went mad. Realizing these difficulties, the Republican Party, while it was in power, again and again delayed the needed reforms of the currency system. "A physician would probably say," remarks the former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, "that what primarily ails our currency system and causes panics and desperate stringencies is something akin to *arteriosclerosis*. The veins and arteries of credit which in order to function properly ought to be elastic and contractile like rubber, are hard and brittle like glass. When subjected to unusual strain they yield but little and are very liable to rupture, and when once stretched they are apt to remain overenlarged."

"Doctor" Wilson Writes
a Prescription.

ACCUSTOMED to grapple with metaphysical problems, President Wilson squarely faces the currency issue. Appearing in person before Congress, he wrote out his prescription to cure the ills of our economical system. The President made no specific recommendations, but he did allude to the currency bill before

the two banking and currency committees of Congress and his own recommendation of it. The address, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, had a good deal of the appealing flavor noted in the inauguration speech of the President, and as such appealed naturally more strongly to the Democrats, but there was some applause also in the Progressive group. The hall of the House of Representatives was only two-thirds filled, most absentees being on the Republican side. Ever since the Civil War, the President maintained in his speech, the business men of the country have waited for emancipation from "the trammels of the protective tariff" and for the free opportunities such liberation will bring. Congress must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. Now "both the tonic and the discipline" of liberty and maturity are about to ensue. After some readjustments of purpose and point of view there will follow a "period of expansion and new enterprise freshly conceived," but the resourceful business men of the country cannot deal adequately with the new circumstances unless they "have at hand and ready for use the instrumentalities and conveniences of free enterprise which independent men need when acting on their own initiative."

The Vitalization of Credit.

NO man, Mr. Wilson adds, however casual and superficial his observation of the conditions now prevailing in the country, can fail to see that one of the chief things business needs now, and will need increasingly



MR. BRYAN'S MONEY CONFERENCE

—Boardman Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

as it gains in scope and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to vitalize its credit, corporate and individual, and its originaive brains. What, he questions, will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instrumentalities of commerce and enterprise?

"If a man cannot make his assets available at pleasure, his assets of capacity and character and resource, what satisfaction is it to him to see opportunity beckoning to him on every hand, when others have the keys of credit in their pockets and treat them as all but their own private possession? It is perfectly clear that it is our duty to supply the new banking and currency system the country needs, and that it will immediately need it more than ever.

"The only question is, When shall we supply it—now, or later, after the demands shall have become reproaches that we were so dull and so slow?"

The Threatened Secession of Wall Street.

SHOULD the Currency Bill pass in its present form, many national banks, it is said, would withdraw entirely from the national banking system and take out new charters under state laws. Thus the New Freedom may lead to a New Secession. This attitude on the part of some of the most influential national bank officials in the country is based, according to the *New York Times*, on the fact that the scheme of control of the proposed reserve and currency system would put the new reserve banks under political control to such an extent that national banks could enter the system only at

great risk to themselves and their customers. It was pointed out at a meeting of bankers that the powers with which the central body, the Federal Reserve Board, would be clothed far exceeded the powers intrusted to the directors of any banking system in the world, and it would have practically unchecked discretion.

"In surrendering their national charters to organize under state laws the national banks would give up the privilege of issuing notes secured by Government bonds. They would be required in that case to provide for the retirement of their outstanding notes by depositing an equivalent amount of lawful money with the United States Treasury. The effect of that would be to contract the amount of currency in circulation until this reduction was offset by additional issues of bond-secured currency by the national banks, which remained in the system, or by the taking out of the new form of currency provided for in the proposed law."

These banks, remarks the *New York World* angrily, are going to secede in the name of "sound finance" just as their predecessors in 1860-61, with slavery as their object, seceded in the name of "liberty." If the National City Bank of New York and the First National Bank of Chicago think that a menace of this kind will win, let them put it into effect.

Senator Owen Defends His Bill.

ONE of the sponsors of the Bill, Senator Owen, Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, scouts the threat of secession. He states that national banks,

far from seceding, will rejoice in the more stable financial condition which he hopes to establish. In a defense of his bill he convincingly states his reason why private banking interests should not be represented on the Federal Reserve Board. "Large interests in the country," he says, "having set their heart upon the passage of the Aldrich bill and having expended large effort in educating the country in favor of the Aldrich plan, have been disappointed in two very important particulars: First, the Aldrich bill gave control of the proposed system to the banks of the country; and, secondly, authorized the banks to issue the currency to the country under this system as bank currency." The Senator presses his point fairly home in this wise:

"We think it no more reasonable to grant this demand to the bankers than it would be to authorize the railroads to have representation and exercise a part of the governing power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is charged with the duty of regulating the railroads. It would, perhaps, be but little different if the beef packers should demand representation in administering the pure food act and regulating their own conduct."

The American Bankers' Association, in presenting suggestions to Senator Owen's Committee, ignored the President's bill completely. One of the leading suggestions made by the bankers was the creation of a Central Reserve Association to issue notes under federal control. It is already certain that the Owen-Glass bill will not pass without hard fighting. It may be indefinitely delayed in the Senate.

Lobbying as a Fine Art.

WHEN President Wilson made a declaration, several weeks ago, that "a numerous and insidious lobby" was operating in Washington, his statement was depreciated by many Congressmen as the exaggerated impression of a newcomer in the national capital. But now it is recognized by all that he spoke the bare truth. The Senate Committee appointed to investigate his charge has found, among other things, that:

The Wholesale Grocers' Association, which agitates for free sugar for the consumer, is an organization of Sugar Refiners, with money to spend for the "public good."

The Beet Sugar Growers' Association, which works to retain the present duty on sugar, is an organization of Beet Sugar Manufacturers, with an extensive system of lobbying.

The Anti-Trust League has made use of agents either very simple-minded or very adroit who admit intimate association with David Lamar, the Wall Street Scavenger.

The National Manufacturers' Association covertly bought the election of Members of Congress who did its bidding; has encompassed the defeat of others who were opposed to measures which would serve its interests; has made payments of money to legislators who voted on bills as the Association dictated; and has bought minor labor leaders and set them to work as spies.

All of which goes to show that, as Senator Overman, chairman of the investigating committee, admits, there is powerful and concerted lobbying at Washington. It is not so much, he says, the personal appeal to Senators as it is "the newer form of organized activity to mold public sentiment, and to influence Senators by means of public pressure from various sources. It is 'insidious' to the extent that this publicity and organized campaign often partakes of misrepresentation and misinformation."

How a Lobbyist Works.

AN inside view of the methods pursued by lobbyists is afforded by the amazing confessions of Col. Martin M. Mulhall before the Senate Committee. Colonel Mulhall was, by his own statement, for ten years a lobbyist, field worker and strike breaker for the National Association of Manufacturers. Recently he decided to tell all that he knew. His story, for which he is said to have received \$10,000, has been appearing in page after page of the *New York World* and the *Chicago Tribune*, and is backed up by some 20,000 letters, telegrams and receipts. He names ex-President Taft, the late Vice-President Sherman, Senator Lodge, former Senator Aldrich, ex-Speaker Cannon, and many former and present members of both Houses as

"men whom the lobbyists of this Association had no difficulty in reaching and influencing for business, political or sympathetic reasons."

Is Mulhall's Confession Credible?

MULHALL says the Association paid the election expenses of Congressmen like Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, Mr. Watson, of Indiana, and Judge Jenkins, of Wisconsin. The only man now in office whom he charges specifically with having accepted financial favors—Congressman McDermott, of Chicago—denies the charge. An equally sensational charge that the Association tried to buy Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, for \$40,000, is confirmed by Gompers' own statement. It seems that a lobby staff

of seventeen was maintained at Washington, including Colonel Mulhall and former Presidents Van Cleave and Kirby, of the National Association of Manufacturers. Something like \$200,000 was expended by Mulhall, so he tells us, to accomplish the purposes of the organization. Public opinion, says the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, is likely to be skeptical of the complete accuracy of Colonel Mulhall's story. Most of his statements are denied by his former colleagues of the National Association of Manufacturers. James A. Emery, counsel of the Association, calls them "the most dangerous and malicious form of falsehood—that which fabricates a tissue of lies on a slight foundation of truth." President George Pope, of the Association, maintains that there has been legitimate political activity, nothing else.



MONSTER

—Nelson Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*



THE HEAVY HAND

—Cesare in New York Sun

A Diggs-Caminetti Case in the Cabinet.

NO suspicion of the crisis he would precipitate crossed the mind of the labor leader in the President's cabinet when he rang Attorney-General McReynolds up on the telephone one day. Secretary Wilson told his colleague of an embarrassment in which the newly created Department of Labor was placed by the request of Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti for leave of absence to attend the trial of his son in California. Under the new federal "white-slave" act, a man who travels with and pays the expenses of a woman who is not his wife from one State to another may be prosecuted. That, with alleged aggravating circumstances, was the offense of young Caminetti. A young man of the name of Diggs is involved in the escapade. Before the elder Caminetti took the oath of office as Immigration

Commissioner, he went over this case with Secretary of Labor Wilson, by way of explaining why he must soon ask for leave of absence. The matter came up again between the two statesmen about the middle of June last. The Secretary of Labor pointed out the difficulties in the way of the Commissioner's request for leave. The department is in a formative stage. Large contracts for feeding immigrants at ports of entry must be disposed of. Hindu immigration to the Pacific coast by way of Hawaii and the Philippines is an acute problem. Chinese are constantly smuggled into this country. Would it not be possible for the Commissioner of Immigration to secure a postponement of his son's trial? At the next term of court that trial and those Hindus and Chinese could be attended to simultaneously. How simple! As for local sentiment, Secretary of Labor Wilson never suspected even the existence of that volcano.

McReynolds Grants the Crucial Postponement.

A POSTPONEMENT of his son's case seemed so doubtful to Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti, that Secretary Wilson, thinking only of the needs of his Department of Labor, undertook the task of securing it himself. That is why we find him at one end of the telephone wire on this fatal June morning and Mr. McReynolds at the other. The circumstances were stated. Without stopping to go through the files of the Department of Justice and having then but an imperfect acquaintance with the details of the litigation, Attorney-General McReynolds sent a telegram to the United States Attorney for the northern District of California, John L. McNab. That gentleman was instructed to postpone the trial of the cases until the autumn. "I do not wish," wired Mr. McReynolds, "the government to be in a position of insisting upon the trial of young Caminetti and Diggs, charged with violating the white-slave law, during the enforced absence of the father, who is performing necessary public duties." It did not occur to the Attorney-General, apparently, that any malign motive could be imputed.

What the Diggs and Caminetti Cases Are.

TWO young married men of Sacramento left that city last March in the company of two unmarried girls of about nineteen. Arriving at Reno, they registered at a local hotel under assumed names. Ostensibly they were brides and grooms, occupying connecting rooms. On the morning after this elopement, one of the party rented a cottage in the outskirts of Reno, bought provisions, and began housekeeping. In less than a week the police of their home city arrived on the scene. The young people explained that they had matrimonial intentions, divorce being an indispensable preliminary. The two young men declared that they were unhappily married. They fled to Reno. Their plight and their procedures were, in short, those of the poet Shelley when he quitted London with Mary Godwin, leaving his little wife Harriet in Bath. Mr. McNab, however, did not look upon the affair as Dowden viewed the elopement of the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue. There were antecedent circumstances upon which the moral mind of Mr. McNab fastened itself in arriving at its severe judgment.

Sensational Resignation of John L. McNab.

IN a lengthy telegram to President Wilson, Mr. McNab resigned the post of United States Attorney, feeling compelled to acknowledge what

he had heretofore refused to believe—that the Department of Justice yielded to influences crippling and destroying the usefulness of the California prosecutor's office. Diggs and Caminetti, said Mr. McNab, were indicted for "a hideous crime which has ruined two girls and shocked the moral sense of the people of California." This, too, was after Mr. McNab had advised the Department in Washington that attempts have been made to corrupt the government witnesses. The friends of the defendants were publicly boasting that the wealth and prominence of relatives would stay the hand of Mr. McNab. In these cases, he assured the President further, "two girls were taken from cultured homes, bullied and frightened into going to a foreign State and were ruined and debauched by the defendants, who abandoned their wives and infants to commit the crime." Mr. McNab felt that he could not occupy his post as a mere automaton, having the guilt or innocence of rich and powerful defendants, indicted by unbiased grand juries on overwhelming evidence, determined in Washington behind closed doors. All these points and more were made in the spirited telegram sent by Mr. McNab to the President.

Gravity of the Caminetti Case.

CALIFORNIA opinion has long been exercised over the Diggs and Caminetti cases. Sacramento was shocked at the gravity of the allegations made against the two young men. They represented themselves to their victims in the beginning, it is said, as unmarried youths. They professed honorable intentions. They used a calculated mode of deception in what they told the families of the young women they misled. All the wealth at their command was employed in furtherance of the crime charged upon them. These reports were, it is said, investigated without bias by Mr. McNab and found by him to be true. In the words of William Randolph Hearst's New York *American*:

"For deliberate, cold-blooded plotting at the ruin of two innocent young girls there is nothing in the annals of crime surpassing it. Novels have been fabricated on much less pretence of plot. Political influence has never been exerted with more dastardly results. It drags romance through the mire, sullies the sacred word 'love,' makes a mockery of the marriage tie, and puts a blot upon Federal law and authority which outraged sentiment the country over will demand to have removed, however drastic the means necessary."

Not that this constitutes the whole case! It is legal as well as moral! Legally it is extremely serious too!

President Woodrow Wilson Takes a Hand in the California Case.

ABSORBED in those considerations of high policy which held him aloof at the outset of his administration from the rush for office, President Wilson, in the press of other important matters, failed to notice particularly the Caminetti complication. The executive was taken completely by surprise when the dramatic telegram from McNab made it necessary to call upon Mr. McReynolds for enlightenment. To make matters worse, it all came in a rush on a Saturday afternoon. Not until the following Monday could the Attorney-General gain access to the official files for the purpose of explaining all to President Wilson. Mr. McReynolds made no concealment of his resentment with reference to Mr. McNab. The latter, as United States Attorney, held a position of peculiar trust and confidence, demanding the utmost loyalty to the department in Washington. Had he availed himself of the opportunity to

send a despatch calling attention to the peculiar conditions, his recommendations would have been given due weight. Instead, Mr. McNab waited for a convenient day, sent in a sensational telegram and imputed base motives. Of all these things Mr. McReynolds made mention in a letter to the President. "I do not even hope to escape mistakes," wrote the Attorney-General, "but I am profoundly conscious that my actions are free from unworthy motives."

President Wilson Justifies His Attorney-General.

HAVING looked into the California "white-slave case," President Wilson felt satisfied that the course of Attorney-General McReynolds was prompted by sound and impartial judgment and a clear instinct for what was right. He approved the Attorney-General's course heartily and without hesitation. The President endorsed also the suggestion that special counsel be employed to press these



W. J. B. HANDS OUT ANOTHER

—Rogers in New York Herald

cases with energy. And to the indignant McNab in California, the President telegraphed his regret that the United States Attorney should have acted so hastily and "under so complete a misapprehension of the actual circumstances," besides transmitting "an inexcusable intimation of injustice and wrongdoing on the part of your superior." Mr. McNab's resignation was accepted at once. This action in the "white-slave case" covered likewise the "Western Fuel Company case," in which five directors of that corporation are charged with conspiracy to defraud the government on coal drawbacks. Mr. McReynolds had doubts concerning the guilt of two of the five and Mr. McNab had none.

Mr. McNab Makes a
Dramatic Exit.

NO one in California will for an instant be deceived by the "lame and puerile" defense of the Attorney-General to the President, insists Mr. McNab in a statement made just after his retirement as United States Attorney. Mr. McNab says he had three times warned Mr. McReynolds that postponement would "destroy" the cases in question. It was openly boasted that a postponement would be obtained through political influence at Washington. The government witnesses were being suborned. One of the lawyers for the defendants was jailed for attempting to corrupt witnesses. Any continuance would leave the California office under the stigma of corruption. "The Attorney-General knew all this, but cared not a whit whether this office was charged with corruption or not so long as his rich and influential friends were satisfied." Thus the irate McNab. As for the suggestion of special counsel, we find Mr. McNab commenting:

"In his gracious letter to his Attorney-General, written for public distribution, the President now says: 'I approve heartily your suggestion that, under the circumstances, special counsel be employed,

the best we can obtain,' and must 'press the cases with the utmost diligence.'

"The Attorney-General never made such a suggestion until he was caught stifling the cases to death with orders to postpone until autumn. If it was proper to postpone these cases to death and refuse to allow the United States Attorney's office to try them without cost to the Government, why is it now necessary to rush with hot-footed haste to trial with a long array of expensive special counsel, 'the ablest we can obtain'? This spasm of excruciating virtue should have seized the Attorney-General a week ago.

"The Attorney-General now proposes to retain special counsel to do for a princely fee what my office was anxious to do as a matter of official duty. The Secretary of Labor says Mr. Caminetti's presence was necessary in Washington, to inform him how to prevent Chinese from being smuggled into California. It was unnecessary. Every smuggler who has attempted it is in the penitentiary."

Verdict of the Newspapers
Upon the McNab Episode.

EMERGING from the medley of newspaper comment upon the McNab resignation and the circumstances leading up to it, is the confidence seemingly felt in the good faith, the rectitude of purpose and the perfect candor of Attorney-General McReynolds. He may have been guilty of an error of judgment—many influential dailies insist that he was—but he did not yield to any improper influence knowingly. That is the general newspaper verdict, with exceptions here and there like the *New York American*. So ardent and consistent a supporter of President Wilson as the *New York World* did take the view at first, that Mr. McReynolds had destroyed his influence as Attorney-General and in a long editorial it called for his immediate resignation. In another reference to the topic under the caption "McReynolds's Blunder" we find the great Democratic daily observing:

"We have no doubt that there is a large measure of cheap California politics in the so-called 'white-slave scandal' in which Attorney-General McReynolds had involved the Wilson Administration.

"The case itself bears no relation to the 'white-slave' traffic that the Federal statute was enacted to punish. Two girls eloped with two married men and accompanied them from California to Nevada. To all intents and purposes, this is a local crime punishable under State laws. The National Government has nothing to do with it, except as the Mann 'White-Slave' act is perverted to cover any violation of the seventh commandment in which the parties cross a State line.

"Nevertheless, the Attorney-General's intervention was a great blunder for which there is no excuse. If he had stopped the prosecution on the ground that it was the duty of California to punish her own scoundrels, he could readily have justified his position. But to postpone a criminal trial merely to

accommodate a defendant's father who happens to be a Federal office-holder is a grave abuse of official power. To be sure, Republican Attorneys-General have done this sort of thing times without number, but the Democracy was not put in charge of the Government to imitate Republican methods of dispensing privilege."

Are the California Cases
Those of White Slavers?

INSINUATIONS that the defendants in the California cases are only by a perversion of the law made to appear white slavers—a hint thrown out by the *New York World*, as we have seen—find echo in the *San Diego Herald*, among others. Attorney-General McReynolds may be so distasteful to the great corporations of the country, observes the California paper, that they wish him discredited and removed.

"The two young men, Caminetti and Diggs, who deserted their families and eloped with a couple of buxom girls should be severely punished, as should all men who desert their families. However, they should be punished for the particular crime which they committed rather than for some other crime which will make their punishment more severe and which, at this time, is the one crime which is considered unpardonable."

Mr. Bryan Rushes to
the Defense of Mr.
McReynolds.

IN a statement issued in his capacity as editor of the *Commoner* and not at all as Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan comes to the defense of Attorney-General McReynolds. Deep regret filled the mind of Mr. Bryan when he read the editorial in the *New York World* calling for the resignation of the incautious Attorney-General. Mr. Bryan proceeds:

"If such a continuance had been asked in an ordinary case under the same circumstances it would have been granted without question by any Attorney-General. The fact that the father of one of the defendants is a public official ought not to alter the case.

"Neither can Secretary Wilson be fairly blamed. He declares that he was considering the interests of his Department and that he made the request on his own initiative and without solicitation from Mr. Caminetti. No one who knows Secretary Wilson will question either his honesty or his veracity. Why should he resign? No one could make a more satisfactory Secretary of Labor than he is making.

"As for Mr. Caminetti, we have known him for more than twenty years and have no hesitation in saying that there is not a more upright or honorable man in public life. He is a progressive Democrat and has during the last two decades been connected with all the movements that have had for their object the advancement of the public welfare. It is both unjust and ungenerous to say that he should retire from politics because of his son's conduct,



HARMONY
—Gale in Los Angeles Times

even tho the son has been guilty of gross and criminal immorality.

"The President has examined into the facts and approved the action taken by the Attorney-General. When the public has had an opportunity to consider the entire case the Administration's course will be sustained. Its hold upon the public would be frail indeed if confidence in it could be destroyed or even shaken by one act, even if it could be shown—which is not possible—that that act was a mistake."

Mr. Bryan has not been successful in this line of reasoning with the indignant New York *Outlook*. Returning to the theme it says that upon more reflection it feels more shocked than it felt at first.

Mr. Bryan Taken to Task for Defending McReynolds.

MR. BRYAN'S apology for Mr. McReynolds will not assist the Attorney-General much, in the opinion of the Republican New York *Tribune*. One of Mr. Bryan's characteristics as a politician, it tells us, is his extreme loyalty to his friends. In this instance, according to our stalwart Republican contemporary, Mr. Bryan is so eager to apply the whitewash that he upsets the bucket containing it:

"The gravamen of the charge against the three officials, Caminetti, Secretary Wilson and McReynolds, is that they did not recognize the gross impropriety of seeking to obstruct the administration of justice as a matter of personal accommodation to a federal official who happened to be the father of one of the defendants. That official is especially charged with the execution of the 'white-slave' law so far as it concerns aliens entering at our ports. Nobody could possibly have been in a worse position than he to ask a favor of the sort which he asked through Mr. Wilson, and which Mr. McReynolds granted. . . .

"The fact that the father of one of the defendants was a public official and that the postponement was ordered as a personal convenience to him not only 'alters the case' but gives it its aggravated character as an obstruction of justice to serve purely private ends. If such a thing had been done under an administration of another faith, Mr. Bryan would undoubtedly have been among the first to denounce it as a scandalous misuse of authority.

"The Secretary of State also says that Secretary Wilson made the request for the postponement to Mr. McReynolds 'on his own initiative and without solicitation from Mr. Caminetti. That statement does not harmonize very well with the record furnished by Mr. McNab, which shows that Mr. Caminetti had previously appealed to the District Attorney's office in California to delay the case. Mr. Caminetti, the Secretary of Labor and the Attorney-General all knew exactly what they were doing and why they were doing it. They have all laid themselves open to retirement from the public service on the ground that they hold the orderly administration of justice to be a matter of trifling consequence 'among friends.'"

Mexico Grows Indignant at Uncle Sam.

THAT refusal by our Department of State to recognize the republic of President Huerta, which so irritates Mexican organs, was emphasized by the absence of Ambassador Wilson at Vera Cruz when etiquette called for his presence in the capital. The episode, which Huerta seems to regard as a calculated affront, so incensed the provisional president that he makes no concealment of the state of his mind to the members of the diplomatic corps. Mexican newspapers incline to side with Huerta. The United States, says the inspired *Pais*, is making itself ridiculous by the refusal of recognition. The most cultivated nations of Europe, it notes, have conceded recognition. Spain, France, Austria and Great Britain have sent autograph letters from their rulers to President Huerta. "The austere, the Puritan Woodrow Wilson hesitates." This so vexes the Mexican organ that we find it commenting angrily on the decay of the United States.

A Mexican Indictment of this Republic.

MEXICANS should no longer feel for the United States the respect entertained for what is great and good. So runs an indictment of this country in the *Pais*, a daily which, we believe, reflects the views of the Huerta administration. In America, and particularly in North America, declares the Mexican organ, the dominant influence of the United States, its conceded wealth, its power in arms, its millions of inhabitants, "the incomparable audacity and bad faith of its government," have combined to form a legend. This legend makes Mexicans regard the United States as the greatest and most civilized land on earth. What a mistake! Our indignant Mexican contemporary enlarges:

"To many Latin-Americans the United States is the first nation in the world because, with the wonder of the savage, they admire its immense railways traversed by colossal engines; its gigantic cities, whose buildings touch the clouds; its billions of dollars distributed among oil kings, steel kings, railway kings, newspaper kings and even sausage kings and canned-meat kings; its war vessels bristling with big guns vomiting destruction and death, in the high-sounding phrase of a Spanish poet, and in fine the whole ensemble of material progress that has accumulated in the neighboring republic in a relatively short period of years.

"And yet the United States is very far from being the first nation in the world. Germany and England are stronger from the military point of view; France, richer; Japan, better prepared for war, and Russia has, perhaps, a greater fund



EAR TO THE GROUND

—Murphy in San Francisco Call

of reserve strength. The armies of some European nations — Germany, France, Russia—consist of hundreds of thousands of men, and, in the event of a conflict, of millions; the English and Japanese fleets are in condition of great superiority over the Yankee fleet and, in spite of the fabulous legend of American gold, any person of enlightenment knows that the great accumulations of that metal exist in the banks of France and England."

Mexican Idea of Our Inferiority.

DESIROUS of exploding the Mexican notion of our greatness as a nation, the *Diario*, which is an influential daily in President Huerta's capital, notes that in comparison with the great nations of Europe we lack civilization. Those old nations, it says, wise because they are old, possess a social and political organization of which there is no idea in the North-American people.

"No one but an imbecile compares Yankee culture with French or English culture, and not to enter into details unsuited to a brief article, we will only say that the United States has no traditions; its history is of yesterday; the race in that country is in process of formation; the customs are irregular or absurd, because they are beginning to be established; social institutions, the foundation of civilized life, are unknown; the political organization is faulty in the extreme, as is demonstrated by the fact that a single state like California should bring the American Union to the verge of a war whose results would, perhaps, be disastrous to it; and if we delve a little into the vices of that people, we shall find positive sores, such as divorce, which tends to the dismemberment of the family, undermining slowly but surely the bases of the social organism."

We are vulgar. We are charlatans, heirs to the cunning and the ferocity of savage ancestors. The Latin temperament shrinks in horror from our Anglo-Saxon coarseness. Thus the Mexican papers.



Photo by Brown Brothers

STRIKERS REFUSED LEAVE TO MEET IN PATERSON GATHERED AT HALEDON

The Police of Paterson would not permit the strikers to hold meetings, taking the precaution to close halls hired by the working people. The consequence was a series of meetings in the neighboring town of Haledon, of which this is typical, where the strikers were permitted peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of their grievances.

The Irrepressible I. W. W. AMERICAN hostility to emotion, according to a recent writer in the *St. Louis Mirror*, is the key to an understanding of what appears to so many a mystery—the rise and growth of the fighting organization of labor, the Industrial Workers of the World. The I. W. W., according to this interpretation, meets an emotional need. It calls to battle those who are rusting for lack of conflict. It appeals irresistibly to the love of adventure and of romance. *The Mirror's* idea is supported by



SENTENCED TO A LONG PRISON TERM FOR CRITICISING THE PATERSON POLICE

Alexander Scott, editor of the *Issue*, a Socialist paper published in New Jersey, has been given from one to fifteen years in prison for criticizing the actions of the Chief of Police in the great silk mill strike.

many recent developments in connection with the Paterson strike and other conflicts inspired by the new organization. The labor pageant held in Madison Square Garden was nothing if not a burst of romanticism. Haywood, the leader of the I. W. W., is known to be strongly emotional. Ettor, when searched not long ago for seditious literature by the Canadian authorities, was found with a volume of Shelley in his hand-bag. Giovannitti's powerful prison poems have won the appreciation of literary critics. Carlo Tresca reads Browning, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn admires Maeterlinck. Alexander Scott, lately sentenced to prison for writing an editorial in the *Passaic Issue*, gives the impression of a man who is almost willing to pay for the luxury of self-expression by going to jail. "Pat" Quinlan has taken his medicine with real fortitude, cheered and inspired by poetic tributes from Rose Pastor Stokes and "Tom" Flynn (the father of Elizabeth). The only way to check such leaders as these, according to *The Mirror*, is by emotional methods. "There is no exaggeration whatever," it thinks, "in the statement that an emotional chief of police or even an emotional judge would make short work of the I. W. W." Emotion, unfortunately, it adds, is illegal in this country.

What Alexander Scott Wrote.

THE statute under which Alexander Scott was sentenced to serve a term of from one to fifteen years in State Prison at Trenton, and to pay a fine of \$250, was passed soon after the assassination of President McKinley. It was intended to provide a weapon against Anarchism, and

makes it criminal to circulate printed matter "with intent to incite, promote or encourage hostility or opposition to, or the subversion or destruction of, any and all government." Here is part of the editorial (in the *Passaic Issue*) for which Scott was condemned:

"Paterson was once famous as the City of the Reds, the home of anarchists. These anarchists talked a whole lot and made some noise, but they never harmed a hair on any one's head. Now Paterson has become infamous as the City of the Blues, the hotbed of brass-buttoned anarchists. These police anarchists, headed by the boss anarchist, Bimson, not only believe in lawlessness, but they practise it. They don't waste words with workmen—they simply crack their heads. With them might is right. They swing the mighty club in the right hand, and if you don't like it you can get the hell out of Paterson. This is anarchism of the worst kind. . . .

"The workers of Paterson paid the salaries of the police, and yet their hired servants turn upon them as strikebreakers. Will the workers of Paterson stand for this?

"Suppose the manufacturers locked out the workers and closed their factories until the workers were almost starved to death. Would the police of Paterson rush into the rooms of the Silk Manufacturers' Association, break up their meetings, and crack the fat skulls of the manufacturers? Not so you could notice it. Why? Because money talks. And money owns the City of Paterson, including the police."



THE I. W. W. LEADER WHO WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR "INCITING TO PERSONAL INJURY"

Patrick Quinlan, one of the leaders of the Paterson silk mill strike, although not a mill hand and not employed in the town, is in the New Jersey State prison after a trial during which the police evidence was contradicted by that of practically all the other witnesses.

What Patrick Quinlan is
Charged with Saying.

QUINLAN'S offence, for which he was sentenced to serve from two to seven years at hard labor in the Trenton Prison, and to pay a fine of \$500, is that he "incited to personal injury." More definitely, he is charged with having made a motion in a meeting of strikers in Paterson last February that they "go to the silk mills, parade the streets and club the workers out of the mills—drag them out, no matter how they got them out." His I. W. W. associates deny that he used the words quoted, but a jury has found him "guilty as charged in the indictment." Quinlan himself appeals to a wider jury in the pages of the New York Socialist daily, *The Call*. He pleads not for himself, but for the strikers, and he urges, against the views of many of his own colleagues, the necessity for political action. He says:

"Two lessons are taught the workers of the land by this strike. And since experience is in the long run the best guide, let us hope the workers will never forget what happened in Passaic County, N. J.

"The first lesson conveyed is the need for more industrial education, more industrial solidarity, more industrial action. While it is true that the silk business of Paterson and New York has been crippled for eighteen weeks, yet the success or failure of the Paterson strike should not be held up as a fair subject to illustrate the theory and principle of industrial organization, since silk cannot be classified among the necessities of life.

"Silk is a commodity that is not indispensable, and therein lies the secret of the failure of the strikers to win a speedy victory. If silk was a necessity, the strike would have been won in the fourth week.

"The second and equally important lesson is the necessity for political action. The policeman's club, the patrol wagon, the corrupt and debauched judge and the county jail are all finger posts pointing out the road to social and political warfare."

Are the Paterson Authorities Lawless?

PUBLIC meetings are being held all over the country to protest against the convictions of Scott and Quinlan. Not only in the case of these two men, but in connection with the arrest of pickets, the seizure of papers and the suppression of public meetings, the Paterson authorities, so many claim, have violated the State and National Constitutions. It appears that more than a thousand arrests have been made, and that more than two hundred and fifty working people have been fined or imprisoned, on the flimsiest grounds. Are wage-earners, asks Senator La Follette, to be denied the equal protection of the law? Are they to be taught that the Constitution is sacred when it is the shield of property, but a mockery when workingmen in-

voke its principles? "The cause of the working men and women of Paterson," the Senator continues in *La Follette's*, "is the cause of every man and woman of the whole country, whatever their calling or station in life. No community lives to itself alone." The New York *Globe* declares:

"Paterson is afflicted with anarchistic administration officers and with a judge and a public prosecutor who recall Jeffreys and his hanging assistant. These stupid and wicked persons, when the strike began, thought to suppress it by breaking up peaceable meetings and preventing free speech and by making arbitrary arrests. The result has been the struggle has lasted five months and the estimated cost to the city is \$5,000,000."

The I. W. W. as an Organization "Outside the Pale."

THE "other side" of the I. W. W. problem is, of course, to be found in its own gesture, and in its advocacy of such doctrines as sabotage and expropriation. Too great a toler-

ance of the I. W. W., rather than too great severity in its suppression, has been the crime of the American authorities, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. "The issue before the people of New Jersey," comments the New York *Evening Post*, "is not whether Quinlan is guilty, but whether the law is supreme." The New York *World* says:

"The I. W. W.'s purpose is avowedly destructive. It is not satisfied merely with the destruction of industry. It destroys property. It seeks to intimidate capital. It terrorizes labor. It entertains a grotesque theory that it can destroy government.

"The brawlers of this organization represent no legitimate interest. They are avowed wreckers. They have no habitation. They are engaged in no respectable industry. They challenge law. They are nomads. Wherever they appear they provoke disorder, bloodshed, terror. They are not to be dignified with the title of rebels or revolutionists. They are desperadoes, and they should be dealt with as desperadoes."

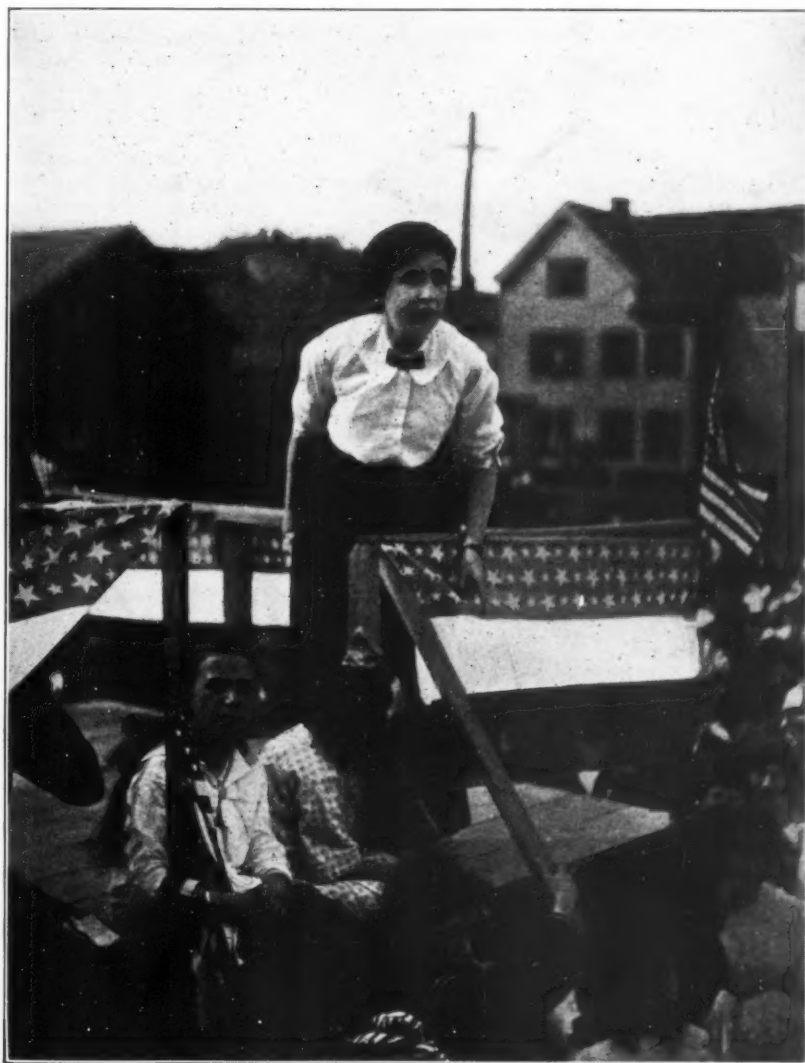


Photo by Brown Brothers

"INCITING TO VIOLENCE"

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I. W. W., made remarks at meetings of the strikers for which she is to-day under indictment. The scene is the New Jersey town of Paterson and the spot is near the headquarters of the striking silk workers.



KNIGHT BALFOUR AND HIS PALADINS SET OUT TO SLAY THE MARCONI DRAGON—

Tokyo and Washington
Exchange Ideas.

ACTIVE as was the correspondence between our Department of State in Washington last month and the foreign office in Tokyo, only vague hints of the progress of the negotiations were allowed to leak out. Europe, which is far more exercised on this subject than are the people of the United States, seems unable to lay aside all fear of the possibilities involved in the long dispute. The Japanese are keenly watching the varying phases of the controversy, according to the *Paris Temps*, which has some despatches on the subject of Jingo activity in Tokyo. The native press there continues to insist that Japan has been insulted.

Weakened and discredited by the course of events at home, the Yamamoto cabinet, observes the *Taiyo*, is peculiarly vulnerable in the light of the California crisis. The ancient feud between Satsuma and Choshu has been accentuated, each clan censuring the other for the maladroitness which placed Japan in her present untenable position. For it begins to dawn upon the politicians of Japan that they allowed their government to enmesh itself in the snares of a dilemma from which the process of extrication will be long and difficult. The same thought occurs to more than one European daily in the course of its comment upon the situation. The Japanese navy will surely be strengthened, predicts the *Paris Débats*. This

means that the Satsuma clan will make capital out of the dispute, arguing that only her warships can place Japan upon a plane of equality with the nations of the West.

California Law from a
Japanese Standpoint.

EVER since the revolution, nearly half a century ago, the Japanese have aimed at placing themselves upon the plane of absolute equality with the white races. The idea is set forth with authority by the well-informed Tokyo correspondent of the *London Times*, who is in closest touch with the personalities who sway Japanese destiny just now and who speaks with official inspiration. The landmarks in the history of Japan since 1868, he reminds us, have signified the various stages of progress to the ultimate goal of equality with the whites. First came a period of internal reorganization and preparation; then the China War, followed by treaty revision, including the abolition of extraterritoriality; next the Boxer Rebellion, followed by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; finally, the Russo-Japanese War, followed by the recognition of the complete fiscal autonomy of Japan in the new treaties of commerce and navigation. This transformation of the status of Japan among the Powers of the world was wrought with amazing swiftness and by virtue of solid achievement no less than persistent and skilful diplomacy.

The Graft Charges Against
David Lloyd George.

ONLY his acknowledgment at what seemed the eleventh hour that he should not have bought Marconi shares when and as he did saved David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, from the worst consequences of the "graft" charges hanging over him for so long. That, apparently, is the well-nigh unanimous verdict of the London press, which is filled with details of last month's exciting scene in the House of Commons. It looked for a time as if the Asquith ministry must be overwhelmed in political ruin. However, as the parliamentary correspondent of the *London Standard*, Mr. John Foster Fraser, says in that daily, David Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney-general, "have stood before high parliament and apologized." If they had known all they know now, they would never have purchased American Marconi shares. They regret that, when repudiating the rumor last October,—the rumor, namely, that they had had dealings in Marconi—they concealed their purchase of shares in the American company. They confessed to being unwise and indiscreet. They pleaded that they had acted in good



—AND FIND IT A LITTLE LAMB THAT GAMBOLS WHILE ASQUITH AND LLOYD GEORGE PIPE

—London Throne

faith. The opposition made no charge of corruption against the ministers—and we are following a leading organ of the opposition in the story of these events. It was acknowledged that they had not in any way allowed their financial transactions to influence their duties as ministers of the British crown. Nevertheless, the unionists wanted to place on the records of the Commons a motion of regret that ministers had dabbled in stocks and had lacked frankness in talking about it months ago.

Just What Lloyd George Did in Marconis.

PASSING for the moment from the tale of last month's Marconi crisis to the events that brought it on and following the severely critical version of David Lloyd George's indiscretion retailed by *Blackwood's Magazine*, we arrive at a "certain April"—last year. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, the attorney-general's brother and managing director of a company which aspired to obtain a contract from the Government, returned to England from America, with a heavy burden of shares to dispose of in the American Company. Sir Rufus purchased some 10,000 shares, and passed on a thousand each to Mr. George and Lord Murray, then the Master of Elibank. This transaction was dictated entirely by friendship, and all might have been well, had there not been created in the city an atmosphere of suspicion. In the month of October, questions were asked and answered in the House, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, assured the country that none of them had bought or sold Marconi shares. By Marconi shares he meant shares in the English Company, and no doubt he regrets to-day that he lost the opportunity of explaining in October his true position. "Had it not been for an action brought against *Le Matin*, we might still be ignorant of the truth, and even if we had no other complaint to make of our Ministers' conduct, we should assuredly hold them guilty of a lack of candor," complains the writer in *Blackwood's*, whose account we transcribe with almost literal fidelity.

Length of the Marconi Crisis in Asquith's Ministry.

FOR months political London has rung with details of the alleged ministerial gambling in Marconis. As the journalists occupied their seats in the press gallery of the Commons on the day of the great scene of last month, "we recalled," writes Mr. John Foster Fraser, in the *London Standard*, "the denials in Parliament last October." They remembered the revelations that the two Ministers, with the long-absent Lord Murray, ex-Government Chief Whip, had purchased



THE MARCONI OCTOPUS

LIBERAL PARTY: "Another tentacle or two and I'm done!"

—London Punch

American shares, that even the Radical party funds had been invested in these shares. Then the strange proceedings before the Marconi Committee and the extraordinary white-washing report framed by Messrs. Handel Booth and Falconer, the judicial and mildly rebuking draft report by the chairman, Sir Albert Spicer, and the judicial and more severely rebuking report by Lord Robert Cecil. The admissions of Ministers were an acceptance of the correctness of Sir Albert Spicer's findings. Those two busy partisans, Mr. Booth and Mr. Falconer, who had been so keen to tell the world that the conduct of Ministers was correct, were repudiated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General, who confessed that they had done what they ought not to have done.

How Sir Rufus Ate Humble Marconi Pie.

PALLIDLY did Sir Rufus Isaacs come to the table to make his defense to the House of Commons on the dramatic night to which the parliamentary correspondent of the London daily just named devotes his best prose. And there he stood, this

poor Sir Rufus Isaacs, proceeds the pitiless parliamentary reporter. There was a little red on the cheek of Sir Rufus Isaacs, his eyes were cast down. His fingers were drumming on the box, whilst a thronged Chamber looked on and Liberals were cheering him. A swift silence fell. Sir Rufus had difficulty in making a start. He moistened his lips, and generously said that whatever blame there was should not fall on Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Murray, but on him. He admitted that it was a mistake not to have told the House last October about the American shares. He denied that there had been any intentional concealment. He said that the reason why the American shares had not been mentioned was that the whole thing would be disclosed before the Committee which the Government was appointing. He asked the House to remember, besides, that at the time his mind was full of the charges of corruption. At the recollection he halted, and his words came huskily. "The charges were whispered in the Lobby; they were stated in cowardly fashion in magazines. When I walked across the Lobby, when I was in the streets or in the courts I could feel the



FOR THE SPOILS!

KING PETER THE HERMIT: "One more crusade!"

—London Punch

finger pointed at me, "That is the man who has made a huge fortune by disgraceful transactions as a Minister!" He pleaded the state of his mind at the time, and made solemn declaration that he had not the faintest intention to deceive the House. His feelings got the better of him, and he had to pause, and then out of the anxious stillness rose an encouraging cheer.

How Lloyd George Fumed
in the Commons.

NOW David Lloyd George, the fiery tribune of the British people, had to go to Canossa. For an adequate narrative of the splendid scene we revert to the prose of the brilliant John Foster Fraser, in the *London Standard*. There was hot blood in the Lloyd George veins, affirms our high authority. Lloyd George, too, admitted that having regard to the course of events, it would have been infinitely better if the whole facts had been placed before the House

last October. He repudiated the suggestion that there was any intention to deceive. The conclusion arrived at was that the committee would present a better opportunity to give the facts. "We were wrong," he said; "it was a mistake in judgment, but not a mistake in candor." Also in regard to the buying of shares, he said that if present facts had been known he would not have touched them—not because it was wrong, but because it lent itself to misconstruction, and perhaps to genuine misconception. Having made the amende, he could not let the occasion go by for a furious attack on those who had made wholesale charges of corruption. "In lowered, hissing tones he said that there was a gulf between corruption and indiscretion, but accusations had glided from one to the other." He had a passage of arms with Mr. Walter Guinness, who is associated with a journal which was foremost in the attack. "He shook the evidence of the Marconi Committee and

hurled that there was not a tittle of proof of corruption." The charge had exploded, but the fumes of slander still poisoned the air.

"I Acted Innocently,"
Says Lloyd George.

LLOYD GEORGE shouted at the top of his lungs to the listening Commons that all he did in buying Marconis was done in good faith, in his own name and without secrecy. "If I did wrong and it was a mistake, I had no information at the time that I was transgressing any rule, implied or otherwise," he said. Like Sir Rufus Isaacs, he put forward a plea of ignorance. Had he realized what misconstruction would have been placed on his action, had he foreseen the charges, it would have been crass folly to have entered into these transactions. "What has given me most pain," he went on, "has been the anxiety which a heedless action of mine has given to thousands of people inside and outside the House, those who have been comrades of mine in a great struggle." Still he was not conscious of having done anything to leave a stain on the honor of a Minister of the Crown. "If you will, I have acted thoughtlessly, carelessly, mistakenly, but I acted innocently, I acted openly, and I acted honestly." There was great Ministerial cheering as Mr. Lloyd George sank back to his seat. Then he and Sir Rufus Isaacs, following custom, rose and left, so that the House could discuss their conduct in their absence. As they went they got a roaring cheer.

Prime Minister Asquith on
the Marconi Scandal.

PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH had likewise to confide to the Commons all he knew of these Marconi transactions which barely wrecked his cabinet. Here we go to a new authority, the friendly *London Chronicle*. Plainly, writes its parliamentary correspondent, the Prime Minister attached no importance whatever last August to the purchase of American shares. Now that he knows all the facts he does think that Ministers ought to have stated those facts to the House in October. A jeering reference to Lord Murray drew from Mr. Asquith a fervid tribute to his old Chief Whip—he extolled his "loyal, assiduous, faithful service during anxious years," and did homage to the "soundness of his judgment and the integrity of his character." These personal passages were listened to with profound attention by an audience so absorbed that not a sound was to be heard except the Prime Minister's voice. Mr. Asquith proceeded to lay down certain maxims which should govern the conduct of Ministers in regard to their investments. None of these rules of positive obligation had been violated by Ministers in this case.

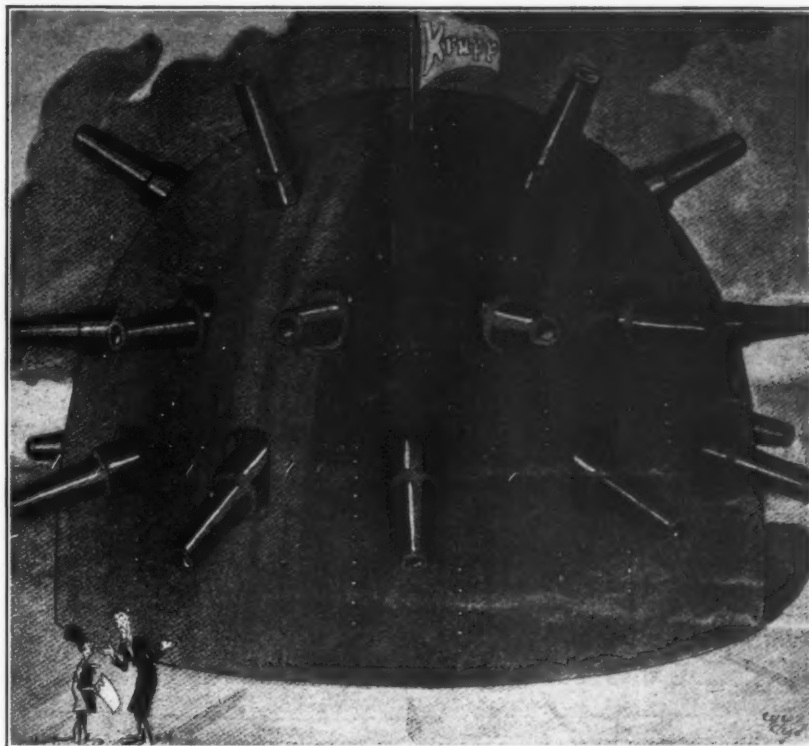
The Commons Exonerate
Lloyd George.

A RULE of prudence, specially applicable to members of the cabinet when they invest money, was laid down by Prime Minister Asquith. "In such matters these persons should carefully avoid all transactions which can give countenance to the belief that they are doing anything which the rules of obligation forbid." That rule was not fully observed by Ministers, tho there was complete innocence of intention. "It has always been my opinion, and it is their opinion." In his closing remarks Mr. Asquith urged the House to remember that in this case there had been no failure to observe the rules of honesty and public duty. The two Ministers had expressed their regret for an error of judgment. "Can't the House accept their statements? I am not appealing to generosity." He scorned the idea of an appeal to pity, but was it wise, was it just to pass a censorious resolution? In loud and ringing tones he declared that the private and public honor of the Chancellor and the Attorney-General are absolutely unstained, and that they retain the complete confidence of their colleagues. An outcome of this was an amendment, moved by Sir Ryland Adkins, which, while rejoicing in the exculpation of Ministers from gross charges, accepts their expressions of regret.

The Shadow of the Marconi
Scandal.

FOR months the shadow, the long shadow, of this Marconi scandal has been across British politics, says the London *Telegraph*, an opposition organ. For months every Briton with "a spirit above the eager lust for discreditable disclosures" has been sick:

"That long and dragging period of distress is ended. It ought never to have begun. There is one cause, and one only, to which all that anxiety must be referred—the fatal reticence which led to the belated appearance, by little and little, of facts which ought to have been published in their entirety eight months ago. We do not seek to revive gratuitously a charge the truth of which has been admitted, and which has been apologized for, by those answerable; but it is not possible to forget the disastrous consequences of that supreme act of unwisdom, and, in spite of all that was urged by the Prime Minister in defence of his colleagues, we remain convinced that the terms in which that act was described in Mr. Cave's motion were fully justified. The use of the word 'frankness' was again avoided in the further amending motion moved last night by Sir Ryland Adkins, and subsequently passed under pressure of party considerations; but that word is the pivot upon which the whole discussion has turned. If there had been frankness—a genuine impulse towards complete openness at the earliest moment about these transactions—our public life would not bear the scars it bears to-day."



PEACE

—Berlin Kladderadatsch

The Marconi Scandal as a
Party Plaything.

AFTER the speeches of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George, and the full, "almost fulsome," admission of the opposition that there was no question of corruption, the motion of censure fathered by the opposition, laments the liberal London *News*, ought to have been withdrawn. It amplifies:

"That was the only possible course for men who were motivated simply by regard for the purity of public life. Every serious accusation had been withdrawn. The speakers on the Opposition side vied with each other in extravagant assurances that they had never entertained any idea of corruption. Corruption? said Mr. Balfour with uplifted hands. Who had ever heard of such a thing? Corruption in connection with such honorable and upright men as the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer? The thing was unthinkable. He had never heard of it and if he had heard it he would never have believed it. We can only express respectful astonishment at such a declaration made in the face of all the clamor and calumny of the past six months and with the sinister suggestion of Lord Robert Cecil that he had suspicions for which he could furnish no evidence still ringing in his ears.

"But accepting this view, what excuse was there for persisting in the motion? If there was no corruption, no dishonor, nothing but an ill-considered action for which the Ministers concerned had expressed full and frank regrets, why was there not a generous withdrawal of the aspersions? The reason is simple. For months the Opposition have lived upon a shameful hope that by destroying the

character of the two Ministers they could destroy the Government, and with it Home Rule and all the present and prospective causes with which Liberalism is associated."

More War Begins in the
Balkans.

BLOODIER than any battle yet fought in the Balkan theater of war, the clash between Bulgarians and Servians last month seems to have been a great ordeal for the troops of King Ferdinand. Constantine, the bellicose king of the Hellenes, came up in time to decide the destinies of one engagement at Kilkish, near which the Bulgarians made a brave stand. They and their enemy lost thousands of men. The Bulgarians insist they were taken by surprise. No thought of hostilities was in the mind of the Bulgarians, in view of the plan attributed to the Russian Czar of effecting a pacification of all concerned. What aggravates the complication for the moment is the announced intention of King Charles of Roumania to mobilize his splendid army. Czar Nicholas is affirmed in the Paris press to hold Ferdinand of Bulgaria responsible for the new crisis. The determination of the latter to dominate the Balkan situation remains immovable. King Constantine of Greece pushes his war policy to the utmost. The King of Servia fulminates against Bulgaria. The Roumanian monarch has played an inscrutable part in the month's war, so far as military movements are concerned, but he waits upon events with intentions declared



MADAME EUROPE'S LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

Her Balkan pupils think they can make a better map than she can.

—Berlin Kladderadatsch

in the Bulgarian and Servian press to be sinister and selfish. In a word, as the *London News* puts it, the whole fabric of Balkan peace over which the powers rejoiced so loudly a few weeks ago, is tumbling to the ground.

Austria and Russia Behind
the Curtain of War.

WHAT has just happened in the Balkans serves to throw into relief, observes the well-informed *London Post*, the bitterness of the opposition between Bulgarian and Servian claims. But it also discloses the ideas which are cherished by some observers in Vienna. "The Austro-Hungarian Government has during the long crisis that began last October shown much more judgment and moderation than the group of statesmen and soldiers who seem to have all along wanted to pick a quarrel with one or both of the Serb States. Yet there is still a war party at Vienna, a number of men who wish to take advantage of the present time to establish Austria-Hungary as the paramount Power in the region between the Save, the Aegean, and the Adriatic." These men would be glad of a Bulgarian attack upon Servia. That would complete the estrangement between those countries

and place Servia at the mercy of Austria-Hungary. If that were Austria-Hungary's policy it would surely be shortsighted, says the *London daily*. It would mean the absorption of the rest of the Serb race into the Dual Monarchy, which could then not remain Dual, but must necessarily become Triple or Quadruple. "For that change some of the statesmen of the Monarchy are, perhaps, prepared. But it would then place the Monarchy in the same relation to Roumania and Bulgaria in which it now stands towards Servia." Meantime, fears our contemporary, the attitude of the Austro-Hungarian militant party towards Servia and Montenegro can only have the effect of spreading through the whole Serb race a deep mistrust of Austro-Hungarian statesmanship and a bitterness which will not quickly pass away.

Servian and Bulgarian
Points of View.

IT is an unfortunate circumstance to the *London Post* that in Servia and in Bulgaria popular feeling is so strong. The ministries there are less able than usual, declares the well-informed British paper, to consider the matters in dispute as quietly as would

be desirable. "One of the difficulties of a statesman at Belgrade is to estimate truly all the elements of a situation like the present. Servia has by the act of the Powers been deprived of a part of the area which she expected to acquire by the war. The decision to create an autonomous Albania prevents her extension towards the Adriatic." Her people therefore look for compensation on the right, or west, bank of the Vardar, in a region which a year ago it was apparently agreed should go to Bulgaria. M. Pashitch, the Servian Prime Minister, has had a long experience both of the affairs of the Balkans and of the relations between the Great Powers in regard to those affairs. "The present moment is one which compels him to consider not merely the hopes and wishes of Servia, but the actual policies of the Great Powers. The Western Powers are disinterested in the question of the frontier between Servia and Bulgaria."

Russia's Position in the
New Balkan Crisis.

RUSSIA, which could not but desire the expulsion of the Turks from all but the immediate neighborhood of Constantinople, has no vital interest in the details of the partition of Macedonia. Serbs and Bulgarians are alike Slavs in her estimation, and in the past she has helped both countries, to follow the analysis of the inspired organ of British diplomacy from which we glean these impressions. Austria-Hungary has for some time past been disposed to dislike the idea of an enlarged Servia, and one party in Austria-Hungary would gladly see Servia weakened, even for the benefit of Bulgaria. To prevent that is not so important to Russia, we are told, as to be worth her entering upon a European war. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna asserts, on the authority of its correspondent at Sofia, that Bulgaria has no intention of sending a representative to St. Petersburg, but proposes to take action for the assertion of Bulgarian claims in Macedonia. This statement cannot be received, says the *London paper*, except with great reserve. After King Ferdinand's acceptance of arbitration by the Russian Emperor, the course described by the representative of the *Neue Freie Presse* is hardly open to Bulgaria except at the risk of a breach with Russia.

Roumania as the Key to
the New Balkan Crisis.

UNLESS some unexpected factor emerges to modify the face of affairs, war between Servia and Bulgaria must be taken as a "serious fact," avers the Vienna correspondent of the *London Times*. The key to the situation, he adds, lies in Roumania. Opinions differ upon Roumanian intentions, some good judges inclining to the

belief. that Roumania will not, on this occasion, remain neutral, while others, who are perhaps better qualified to interpret Austro-Hungarian expectations, claim that the Monarchy has Roumania sufficiently well in hand to prevent her from cooperating with Servia. Should Bulgaria, with the benevolent neutrality of Roumania, succeed in crushing Servia, say these latter authorities, Roumania would doubtless be indemnified with a portion of Servian territory. Should, contrary to Austro-Hungarian belief, the Servian arms be victorious, Austria-Hungary would promptly intervene, without fear of counter-intervention by Russia, since the conviction prevails in the authoritative spheres of the Monarchy that Russia will not venture to move.

The Essence of the Latest
Balkan War-Cloud.

SEEING the diplomatic atmosphere of Europe war-laden with the mutual animosities of Servia and Bulgaria, the London *Telegraph* reminds the world that barely a few weeks since all assumed that "the threatened atrocity of such a struggle" need not be really feared. The prospect of formal hostilities between the two Christian allies over the sharing of the spoils of the Turkish Empire, with the certainty of renewed and more dangerous complications, was held to have been removed by the Czar's identical communication to King Ferdinand and King Peter. In that telegram the preparations for a fratricidal war were severely referred to; it declared that such a conflict could not leave Russia indifferent. The two kings were invited to seek a settlement at the hands of Russia, and her willingness to act as arbitrator was expressed. Furthermore, Sir Edward Grey had just been saying in the House of Commons that Bulgaria and Servia "might risk the fruits of their victory over Turkey" if they should now turn and rend each other. The effect of Bulgaria's proposals, says the London *World*, would be to give her the hegemony in the Balkan Peninsula "to which she is not entitled," and which, in any case, it is now quite certain neither the Servians nor Greeks would consent to let her have.

The Russian Czar and the
Balkan Kings.

CONCLUSIVE for the maintenance of peace as seemed the message of the Russian Czar to the Balkan kings, the world is back to what the London *Telegraph* laments as a situation of misgivings. Why? Mainly, it insists, because of an unexpected obstinacy on the part of Bulgaria, and an attitude of dissatisfaction on the part of Austria-Hungary in regard to Russia's intervention. The Bulgarian demand is that the proposed



FIRST FOR THE CROSS—

Austria and Russia May Have
a Crisis of Their Own.

arbitration shall proceed upon the basis of the existing Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of alliance. Under that treaty Russia is already named as arbitrator in regard to a small disputed area of territory, the occupation of which was foreseen. The Servian attitude from the beginning has been that the wholly unexpected magnitude of the conquests of Turkish territory, with other new factors in the situation, make the provisions of that treaty for the dividing of the spoil much too favorable to Bulgaria, and the Servian demand is that new principles of partition should be the basis of Russia's arbitration. While matters were in this position of difficulty, a carefully-prepared utterance of Count Tisza in the Hungarian House of Deputies at Budapest gave Europe to understand that any action trenching on the independence of any Balkan State would not be permitted by Austria-Hungary, and that if peace should be maintained through the acceptance of arbitration at the hands of any Power, that acceptance must be given freely and without the exertion of pressure.

VIENNA views of the outlook in the Balkans are so grave that another grand mobilization is said to be under consideration. The speech of Count Tisza did not mend matters, despite what the Paris *Temps* deems its direct intimation that Russia would do well to come to terms with Austria-Hungary, since the Monarchy is not disposed to tolerate "interference with the independence of the Balkan States." Semi-official comment does nothing to elucidate his speech, beyond insisting that the Balkans cannot be allowed to become a Russian protectorate; but the independent *Zeit* inquires pertinently what Austria-Hungary really means to do. "Threaten Russia with war, because she is striving to make peace in the Balkans?" Since Austria-Hungary allowed the Balkan League to be formed, she cannot, claims the *Zeit*, contest retrospectively the validity of Russian arbitration. Count Andrassy, the leader of the Hungarian opposition, expresses his agreement



—AND THEN FOR ONE ANOTHER

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

with Count Tisza's standpoint that the Monarchy should support Bulgaria in not submitting to Russian arbitration. He, Count Andrássy, had always shared the view that a complete encirclement of Hungary cannot be tolerated.

Servia's Motive and
Bulgaria's Motive.

SERVIA'S real motive in not adhering to her bargain with Bulgaria—a bargain made just before Turkey was defeated—is territorial rapacity. In this offensive style is couched an official note from Sophia to Belgrade. It gives offense, notes the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, while in the *Temps* we read that the acquisition of all Western Macedonia up to the Albanian frontier would give Bulgaria the hegemony of the Balkans, and Servians believe that their economic

independence would be thereby threatened. Hemmed in by powerful neighbors north and south, and without a seaboard, Servia would be little more than a semi-independent kingdom. To accept federation on the terms proposed by Bulgaria would be for Servia to put herself in a position of permanent inferiority towards an ally who is at the same time a rival. That would be a poor reward for her achievements in the war. Bulgaria, the Servians argue, wishes to become the Prussia of the Balkans; Servia does not mean to submit without a struggle to the position of a Bavaria. The solidarity of Slavdom is menaced in Servian eyes by Bulgaria's passion for domination. "The Servians, after sacrificing 25,000 lives in their war with the Turks, will positively be worse off after the war than they were before it."

Urging a Short and Sharp
Balkan War.

BERLIN opinion, at least in some quarters, inclines to the view that it would be better to have war between Bulgaria and Servia now when both parties are exhausted, than to patch up an imperfect peace and have Europe disturbed anew by a conflict some years hence, when they would be in a position to keep the field for a very much longer period. The Germans all along counted upon the influence of Czar Nicholas to prevent the hostilities that broke out last month. A seemingly inspired utterance in the *Lokalanzeiger* tells us that in the "firm determination of the Russian government to prevent, in conjunction with the other Powers, a new war in the Balkans, as well as in the indubitable love of peace of the Czar Ferdinand, who is disposed to continue discussions even after the published exchange of notes between Servia and Bulgaria, lies in reality the single consolation which the present situation allows." But it may safely be assumed that there was no outbreak of war so long as the attitude of Roumania had not become transparent, adds the German daily. In Bucharest, then, is the key to the present situation to be sought, and the diplomatic efforts of those concerned, as well as of all friends of peace, seem at the moment to be principally directed to influencing the decisions of King Charles.

Bulgarian Opinion of the
War Situation.

BULGARIA values the advice of those who point out the horrors and dangers of a fratricidal war, says *Bulgaria* (Sofia), organ of the statesman, Doctor Daneff, but she can not bargain for peace at any price of the amputation of a portion of the national body. Such a sacrifice should not be asked of her. Bulgaria shelters within her former frontiers 250,000 to 300,000 Macedonian refugees, and has already made heavy sacrifices in allowing a portion of Bulgarian Macedonia to be regarded not as Servian, but as disputable territory, and in submitting its fate to the arbitration of Russia. That is the last sacrifice Bulgaria will make. Further concessions would generate future conflicts fatal to the welfare of the Balkan nations. The *Utro* (Sofia), which is often well informed, states that Austria-Hungary is resolved to intervene in the Serbo-Bulgarian dispute, should Russia assign any portion of Western Macedonia beyond the "contested zone" to Servia. Austria-Hungary has great economic interests to guard in Western Macedonia, and cannot allow Servia to appropriate the valley of the Vardar. Austria-Hungary is firmly determined to prevent Servian expansion in that direction, even at the cost of war.



FELIX AUSTRIA!

The edifice of Hapsburg foreign policy inclining to totter, the German soldier has to hold it up.
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

Autocratic Russia Puts the Screws on Republican France.

UNLESS Prime Minister Barthou can satisfy the Chamber of Deputies at Paris that Russia did not force France to extend the term of military service for her conscripts, there may soon be a crisis within the Dual Alliance. The French Premier has been making a series of denials which, the *Gaulois* fears, deny nothing. The accusation heard all over political Paris is that the Czar's government has "put the screws" on the republic. The French army is not strong enough to please the autocracy. It would be of slight use to Russia in the event of a trial of strength among the powers just now. There were long conversations on this very subject when President Poincaré, before his election, went to St. Petersburg. The key to the Poincaré presidency is this Dual Alliance. The first consequence of the change in the executive head of the government is the appearance of a bill making service in the army much longer than many experts deem necessary. There have been furious protests in the Socialist *Humanité*. There have been scenes in the Chamber, revolts among conscripts, outbursts of patriotism to overwhelm anti-militarists. Premier Barthou's denial in the Chamber the other day of the Russian origin of the three-years' bill seems to the efficient Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* to come a little late in the day. He denied, moreover, what nobody had said. Premier Barthou is too elusive, too great a master of the art of phrasing, to be quite trusted.

The French President as Russia's Agent in Great Britain.

PARISIANS have no idea that there exists a formal pact between the Czar and President Poincaré to keep French conscripts three years under arms. It is not insinuated that the French President bound his country. No one knows better than the Czar and the men about him that a French President could not tie his country hand and foot in such a fashion. "All that he could do was what he did, to pledge himself to effect his utmost to carry through the three-years' bill." His candidacy for the presidency of the republic was undertaken with that object. Since he assumed his new dignity at the Elysée, he has striven to keep his word given in St. Petersburg. "The important point is that the scheme of a three-years' service originated several months before the German military proposals were known and that it is the result not of those proposals, but of the Russian alliance, which has already cost

France so dear." This is the obstinate fact which all the denials of Premier Barthou do not minimize.

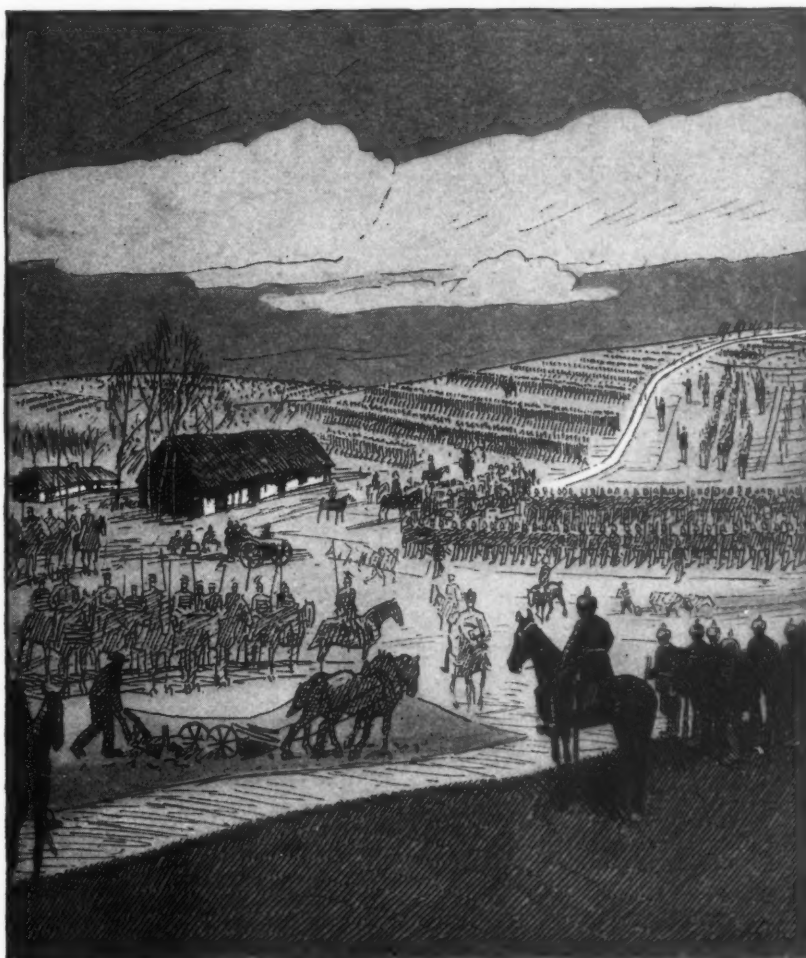
Secrets of French Diplomacy Leak Out Very Mysteriously.

CLEMENCEAU, the fiery French radical, and Poincaré, the cultivated French President, had a most important conversation not so long ago. What they said and what they did have been set forth recently in *Gil Blas* (Paris), with consequences embarrassing to the Dual Alliance. There were denials in the *Temps*, but they are too carefully worded to carry conviction. No denial was ever made of the statements in *Gil Blas* for the reason, we are told, that they are true and "inspired from an exalted source." As the *Gil Blas* says, the Russian government did not present an ultimatum to M. Poincaré; it gave a "friendly warning." "Blackmailers are usually polite to begin with." M. Barthou in effect confirmed the *Gil Blas* article when he said that "it is a condition of alliances that all the allied States should make the same effort." So the Russian alliance has something to do with the matter after all. A Radical

deputy asked what Russia and England were doing. As to England M. Barthou was silent; Russia, he declared, was making the "necessary efforts," but he could give no details.

Franco-Russian Alliance Endangered by Rampant Militarists.

IT was M. Dumont, the French Minister of Finance, who, according to the story in the Manchester *Guardian*, let the cat out of the bag. The explanations given by M. Poincaré to M. Clemenceau, and related in the *Gil Blas*, had previously been given privately to others, and M. Dumont and M. Massé excused themselves to some of their Radical colleagues for joining the present Ministry on the ground that M. Poincaré had given the same explanations to them; they further said that they had been shown telegrams from the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg which convinced them that the Franco-Russian alliance would be endangered if the three-years' bill were not passed. M. Dumont was challenged on this point and made a lame attempt to explain away his previous confidences without venturing to deny them. He made the extraordi-



MANEUVERS OF THE MILITARY

The farmer tills his acres—that is where there is room.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

nary statement that he had "loyally accepted the three-years' service in order that our ambassadors should not be covered with shame abroad." The effect of this statement on the Chamber was such that M. Dumont tried to remove it. He had told his friends, he observed, that after the joy with which the three-years' bill had been received by the "friend and ally" of France, and the astonishment that it had excited among "our enemies," it could not be abandoned without "putting our ambassadors in a regrettable situation." M. Barthou, comments the organ of British liberalism, can hardly have been grateful to his colleague at that anxious moment.

The French President
Gets a Smart Set-
back.

LOUIS BARTHOU, a dandy from the South, a limb of the law, a journalist, little, black-haired, quick with his words, a piano-player, a book-lover and well dressed, as the *Paris Action* puts it, became Premier of the French Republic after the Cabinet of

Aristide Briand had lasted just eight weeks. It was all a slap in the face of the new President of the French Republic, insists the *Paris Gaulois*, and it was that veteran destroyer of ministries, Clemenceau, who turned the trick. "It is certain that the radical Socialists of the old school who regarded as a disaster the election of Poincaré to the Presidency of the Republic, have to some extent retrieved that defeat; but, on the other hand, it is equally certain that they would not have achieved their victory if there had not been a strong feeling in the Senate, quite apart from all party questions and intrigues, that the introduction of proportional representation, even in the modified form of the representation of minorities, would really endanger the existence of republican institutions as understood by the radical party." That is the expression of the mind of Clemenceau himself to a Paris journalist. He had already tried to make Aristide Briand see all this. That statesman carried the deputies with him. He could not convince the Senate, under the thumb

of Clemenceau. Thus came into being the ministry of Barthou, threatening a succession of short-lived cabinets, fears the *Figaro*. Luckily, "the German peril" is faced directly.

British Anxiety at the
French Crisis.

SO CLOSELY is British policy on the continent of Europe involved with that of France that a crisis involving republican institutions at Paris would fill London organs with dismay. Yet just such a crisis will present itself if the President of the Republic persists in forcing his pet scheme of suffrage reform, according to French dailies inspired by the radicalism of Clemenceau. The new Premier was wise, therefore, says the *London Times*, not to press the point just now, although he is against rather than with Clemenceau on this issue. "The French people have made a singularly patriotic and enthusiastic response to the call for increased individual sacrifice to meet the palpable increase in the pressure of foreign armaments," observes the great British journal. No wonder England rejoices at the new military burdens of France, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, since they are imposed to render the "cordial understanding" of the two powers effective. The German paper can not refrain from gently chiding the French upon the madness of the infatuation they display in this style.

The Suffrage Reform
Struggle in France.

RADICALS of the familiar anticlerical sort in France view the latest of the many schemes to change the method of voting as a device to bring clericalism back to power. Such enthusiastic support as is given to the principle of representation of minorities by the clerical element in general alarms them. Clemenceau experienced a malicious satisfaction, his foes infer, because this bill passed the Chamber last July when Poincaré was Prime Minister. It seemed highly popular then not only with clericals and moderates but with the Socialists as well. The old guard—anticlericals of the Combes and Clemenceau school—could not hold the deputies. Clemenceau at the eleventh hour won their fight in the Senate. Had the two chambers fought the issue out, observes the *Temps*, the Republic might not have survived. The scheme contemplates the election of deputies by "scrutin de liste." A constituency would embrace an entire department. Electors vote for whole lists of candidates nominated by their respective groups. This makes an end of the simple constituency represented by its single member.



THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

FRANCE (to England and Russia): "Forward! Don't you understand French?"
ENGLAND AND RUSSIA: "Yes, we understand French. In fact, we're taking French leave."
—Munich Jugend

Persons *in the* Foreground

THE INOFFENSIVE GRANDEUR OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON

NO STUDENT of human nature, however keen, contemplating for the first time the mere personal appearance of Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, so recently installed as British Ambassador at Washington, could divine the social rank of His Excellency at home. This, the greatest compliment that can be paid an aristocrat, opines London *Truth*, was said of the great Earl of Cork and of the "citizen king" of France, and it aptly sums up Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice. His reposeful blue eye, the vaguely pointed beard neither gray nor brown nor black, the medium build, a figure neither spare nor portly, the spectacles with their ear clasps and the neutral gray, brown or black sack suit, as the case may be, blend in a general note of "quietness" that is altogether British and unfathomable. His career has all the quietness of the man, a slow, self-effacing, unobtrusive career at great courts. The man's voice, low, easily conversational, suggests that no boisterousness is permitted to escape the firm lips lest attention be attracted. The Ambassador has no gestures, is neither good-looking nor bad-looking, is neither haughty nor humble. Such is the man in externals whom the Paris *Temps* has characterized as the ablest living diplomatist ever sent from one great capital to another under orders from the British Foreign Office.

Simplicity in all things is thus the essence of the ambassador's temperament, but it is, to our French contemporary, that high, noble and ultimate simplicity of the man who has exhausted experience without being jaded by life. He is "fresh" in the London sense of the term—cheerful, alive to new impressions, affable in the fashion dear to British diplomacy, which strives always for geniality of manner, avoiding the coldness and impassivity of Englishmen of good breeding without rushing, on the other hand, into effusiveness. One seems to become well acquainted with him all at once without ever penetrating below the quiet, easy superficiality of a manner bred of much mingling with men in Europe and Asia. Those who comprehend the ideals of the British Foreign Office understand this manner, we read

—it has been handed down since the early seventeenth century from the first Duke of Buckingham, who was ravishingly polite without ostentation, magnificent without overwhelming one. Every British diplomatist is expected to be as charming as the first Duke of Buckingham without the jewels and the velvet, and Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice is all that.

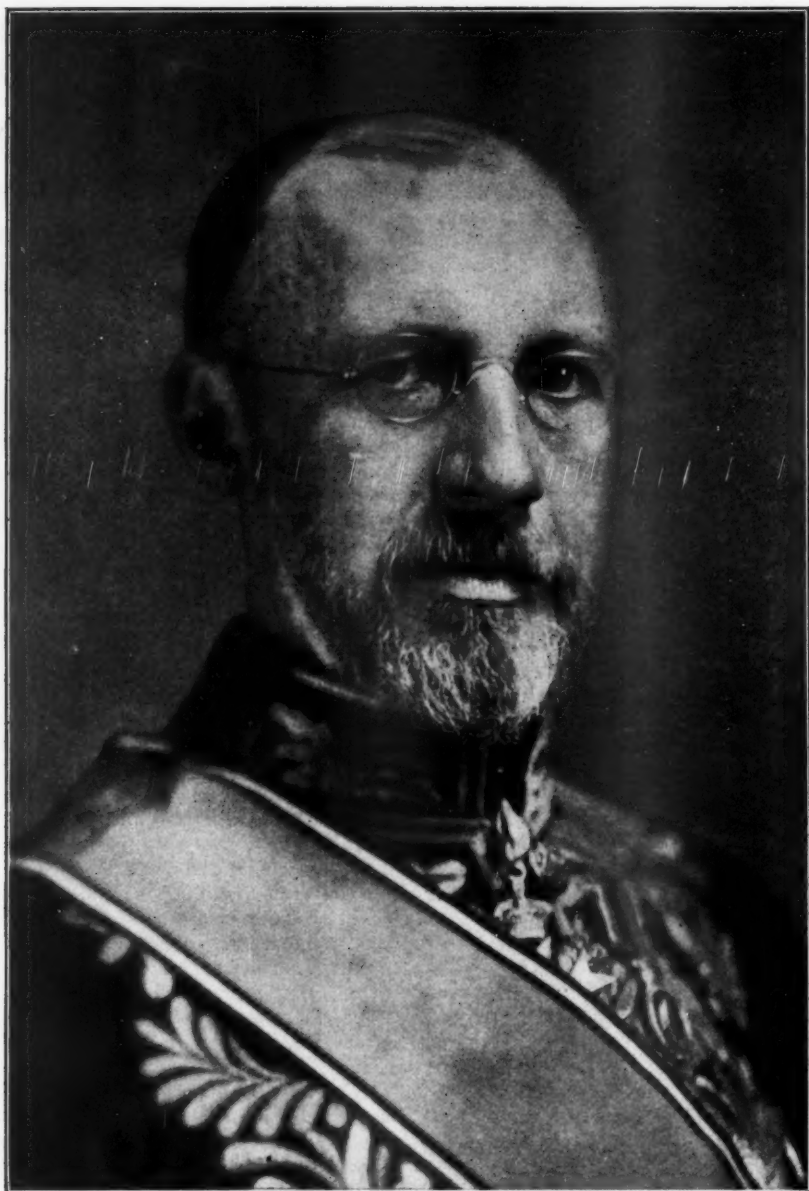
Altho he has attained his fifty-fourth year, the ambassador, owing to a good constitution and abstemious habits, has lost none of the vigorous health of his youth. He drinks wine, as all members of the diplomatic corps are very likely to do, and he dines late. He seems to have no particular fondness for sport despite the prowess he is said to have shown as a cricketer in his Eton days. Upon the advice of Rosebery himself, it is said, he abandoned at the outset of his career any dream he may once have cherished of writing prose or verse. He is not literary, therefore, like Sir Rennell Rodd, or artistic, like his great preceptor, Rosebery. Neither does he emblazon his dress coat—in which he appears every evening at seven—with orders or decorations, altho he has not a few. It is said in the London dailies that he can make clever speeches; but this is a form of self-exploitation upon which his official superiors frown. He was noted at Oxford for his Horatian lore and his French is perfect. His only known relaxation is an occasional visit to the theater.

As a specimen of the Foreign Office type of character, the ambassador's personality and career would repay study, it seems. Only the well-born and the truly British enter the charmed circle. Civil service requirements, strict in every official department, are modified for the British Foreign Office to an extent that excludes the mere passer of examinations, however brilliant. The theory is that those in the diplomatic service are guardians of great secrets. They are trustees of the safety of the kingdom, and it would be easy for a continental government to place its instruments in the citadel of British diplomacy if every Tom, Dick and Harry who passed first, rose to a secretaryship of legation. The fledglings, as a rule, belong to the first families—those

which have served their king and country for generations, those to the manner born, those who are the sons and grandsons of envoys or of statesmen. The new ambassador is a scion of such a house. He breathed the atmosphere of diplomacy from his boyhood precisely as a German prince before entering his teens dons a uniform.

Because he was the scion of an ancient house, the best blood in England flowing through his veins, he went as a lad to Eton, the greatest public school in the kingdom. It glories in the type it evolves—that of the Christian gentleman—and never has the grizzled diplomatist forgotten the Etonian standard. To this day, the Ambassador betrays what is called the "Eton slouch." The term is misleading. It does not describe the gait it would deride. Chest out, shoulders back, a good swinging walk from the hip—these are the salient characteristics. Sir Arthur Cecil Spring-Rice—he seems to be "Arty" in the family circle—formed at Eton, too, his habit of early rising and at Eton he manifested first a fondness for the literature of Greece and Rome which has never quite worn away. When he went up to Balliol at Oxford it was thought that a certain fluency in speech marked him out for the parliamentary career. The family interest could have procured him a seat readily enough. There happened, however, to be a shortage of material in the Foreign Office when a final choice was to be made, and the youth was put to writing despatches.

It has been said of Lord Rosebery that he has spoiled many promising young men who, like him, have passed through Eton and Oxford to enter diplomacy or parliament or the army under his auspices. The charge has been made in the London *Post*, but it loses all force in the light of the career and personality of the new ambassador to Washington. There has been traced in him many of the characteristics stamped by Rosebery upon the admiring youths he has influenced. Sir Arthur—to be officially correct, Sir Cecil—has the Rosebery ease of manner, a suggestion of youth surviving years and gray hairs that is conspicuous in Rosebery, too. He was trained



THE CHUM OF SHAHS, HAIL FELLOW WITH EMPERORS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR HAS CALLED DUKES BY THEIR FIRST NAMES

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, now stationed in Washington, has been part of the pageantry of all courts and secrets that shake the world when inadvertently allowed to leak out and which are locked within the impenetrable citadel of his discretion.

in the Rosebery school of democracy, with its lightness of method, so different from the heaviness of Palmerston on the one hand, the flash and show of Disraeli on the other. He has the horror of "side"—a Britishism, this, for something like ostentation, putting on airs. They have quite cut out the Disraeli kind of diplomacy now at the Foreign Office. The spectacular in dress as in language is taboo. There is no more going to church in uniform and decorations, no more pomp and ceremony on the grand staircases of embassies, no more declarations that Britain is mistress of the seas. It has gone so far under Sir Edward Grey, the least ostentatious Foreign Minister in Britain's history, that one of his Britannic Majesty's ambassadors at a great European capital does not even

dance. Sir Arthur Cecil Spring-Rice can dance. One may doubt if he would permit himself to dance with a grace rendering him conspicuous. The spirit of the British Foreign Office is alien to that sort of thing.

Now it would be egregious misconception to infer from all this, assuming the accuracy of European press comment upon this diplomatist's career, that his simplicity of manner reflects any poverty of mind. He has served his sovereign at the legations in Brussels, in St. Petersburg, in Tokyo, in Berlin, in Constantinople, in Teheran quietly, placidly but always efficiently. He has a genius for eliciting pledges, for negotiating difficulties. There are physicians whose mere presence in a sick chamber soothes away the fever of the patient, reflects the French daily,

and there is in the calm, unruffled deportment of the British diplomatist a pacification that assuages an international crisis. He never knows there is a crisis, as journalists who have sought him in the Russian capital and in the Japanese capital are too well aware. His conversation with newspaper men is a kind of art. It is difficult to extract information from one who, as London *Truth* infers, prides himself upon knowing only what he has read in the morning's newspaper. "I must look to you," he is quoted as saying to a correspondent of the London *Times*, in a great European capital, "to keep me informed. You know my sources of information are nothing to yours." The artlessness with which he can talk in this fashion is delightful. He carries it into negotiation. Never does he go further in negotiation than the bestowal of advice. He "advised" the Shah's ministers at Teheran on one crucial occasion to release a British subject from a dungeon, the advice being given with impeccable politeness and taken in the same quiet spirit.

The indefinable and elusive something beyond his quietness of manner, the suggestion of a giant slumbering within the mere man, is always suspected—felt, indeed,—in this diplomatist. London dailies praise him for it in their appreciations. Deep down in his consciousness is an abiding sense that he represents the greatest empire the world has seen since Rome. A sense of power never leaves him, but it is a steady sense. London *Truth* gives him credit for that. The importance of the man is never suggested at a first interview. He grows on one amid even the amenities of social life. In the end comes the knowledge that his self-effacement is a result of training. He will not permit himself to be histrionic like Disraeli, arrogant like Bismarck. There is a dramatic quality in this quietness. He has delivered an ultimatum in St. Petersburg as if it were an invitation to dinner, for in his time there relations were strained horribly. But he toned it down. It is all to our contemporary the extreme touch in grandeur—the restraint of the artist who scorns effect for its own sake.

Shahs, emperors, kings, these are commonplaces in the existence of Spring-Rice. He has experienced every latitude, been in the pageantry of all courts. No secret of the kind that shakes the world when betrayed could give him a shock of novelty. If he has passions, they are mastered. If he is ever surprised he has lost all capacity to betray it. No pomp can stun him. He has feasted his eyes upon the beauties of every clime at palace balls rivaling in splendor the feasts of Heliogabalus. He has summoned the great ones of the earth to his table and they have trooped in willingly without evoking in his bosom

a mood of that exultation forgivable in all not to the manner born. Not that this is brute impassivity, the attitude of the barbarian who scorns to stare at the grandeurs of Rome. But he has seen everything and he has felt everything, without concluding, like the man in the book of Ecclesiastes, that life is a failure. He loves life and he lives life—according to the precepts of the British Foreign Office.

Those who have seen the great diplomatist escorting a Prussian princess to a banquet table or smoking a cigaret with the Khedive of Egypt will understand all that is implied in the new grandeur of which he is the exemplification. It is personal to himself and befitting a democratic age, since it is without the haughtiness of the stare of a Duc de Guise, and, to London *Truth* at any rate, destitute of

what the French call "morgue," or the stiffness of officialdom. He resembles in this that other renowned British diplomatist, Sir Frank Lascelles, whose charming daughter he married some years ago. There are two children, both quite young. The boy is said to show already traces of the gifts of his great-grandfather, the famous first Lord Monteagle, while the girl inherits her mother's power of mimicry.

THE ELEGANT FRENCH PREMIER

SO clever is Monsieur Louis Barthou, so brilliant, indeed, so finely does he combine an infinite politeness with an innate elegance of deportment and of character, that his success in life and more particularly in the post of French Premier amazes more than one Paris daily. How can a man with so many charms and so many gifts succeed? The *Figaro* frankly gives it up. To succeed in life and in politics under the third French republic, explains a writer in the *Gaulois*, one needs to be dull, fat-witted, ungrateful, selfish, without charm, and a monomaniac on the subject of one's own prosperity. In Louis Barthou, nevertheless, one sees combined many gifts, many virtues. Yet he gets along in spite of everything. However, there are exceptions to all rules and he is one.

This French Premier gives to the keen correspondent of London *Truth* in Paris the impression that he is a dilettante. Unfortunately for himself, Louis Barthou is not rich, except in the suppleness of character which enables him to live on the friendliest terms with the powerful, the great, altho not always the good. Truth to tell, Louis Barthou is easily bored. He talks entrancingly himself. He knows all the arts, including that of dressing to perfection. His aspect suggests the yielding grace of the sunflower rather than the rigidity of an oak. He looks gentle, poetical and not in the least political. The eye smiles long before the lips wreath themselves in harmony with its expression. A trifle, perhaps, but it has enabled Louis Barthou to hold his constituency during long and stormy years. He has a genius for modifying his principles which is but a form of his sympathy with all who come near him. He is republican to the tips of the white, slender, shapely fingers (for which he is famous), but he is not grimly and austere republican like Clemenceau or Bourgeois. Barthou is republican as Cupid or Apollo or Beau Brummell might conceivably be republican—that is, romantically, graciously, sentimentally. Not for Barthou is the grim scorn of monarchy or clericalism, neither could he tear his clothes over the corpse of

liberty, in the Latin manner of Gambetta. He is pensive at times in the Chamber, but that is the result of some failure to get hold of a rare edition or a bit of jewelled Florentine work. Louis Barthou is famous for his collection of beautiful things—jade ornaments from China, Elizabethan playbooks and that sort of thing.

Louis Barthou is fifty-three and he looks it with an elegance altogether characteristic. Few are the men, reflects the French daily, who can look fifty-three vigorously, gloriously, irresistibly. Louis Barthou looks fifty-three much as Sappho might have looked thirty-five or Sarah Bernhardt forty-one. The circumstance lends a new fascination to the man's personality. He can look fifty-three with all the energy of thirty-two, all the freshness of twenty-five and all the gaiety of nineteen. Who would not be fifty-three if at that age one had a Louis Barthou's look? It is less that he seems younger than his age as that his age—since it is his—seems younger than it is. The subtlety of the connection between this and his career does not escape the Paris journalists who study his personality, which to them suggests the century plant, blooming in an extreme old age.

Unless this point be understood, it is difficult to see how Louis Barthou can be so powerful when he stands for nothing but his gracious self. He believes in nothing much, we read, not even his own principles. He can not attach himself to them. They do not last. "One never knows where to have him, he shifts about so often," explains our contemporary. "His evolutions, involutions and convolutions are comparable only with Loie Fuller's performances." The explanation is that he sits down to politics in the fashion of London society women sitting down to auction bridge. It is all a game, a test of skill. Monsieur Barthou holds trump cards always. He wastes none. In moving from one official post to another, and he has filled many, he acts with strictest reference to his own hand. And he will take no mean advantage of an opponent. He plays the game fairly, but it is always a game.

During the twenty-five years of his parliamentary career, Louis Barthou has evinced a marvelous capacity for receiving information from others. He rather prides himself upon his superficiality—an easy, graceful superficiality, consistent with fluent witticisms. He picks up information as he goes along, managing a department well by studying his subordinates and working through them. He makes no mistakes. He understands the human factor too well. Endowed with the easy and bewitching faculties of the intellect, he is not incapable of harmony with the dry, the precise, the bureaucratic. That is why he has managed the department of the interior and the department of justice so well in former cabinets. He never knew a thing of the details of either. It mattered little, owing to his entrancing fluency. He uses the French language with an eloquent and epigrammatical ease when on his feet to answer the questions of suspicious deputies. He is never so brilliant as not to seem plausible, never so clever as to give offense. That, explains our French contempo-



THE DILETTANTE AT THE HELM OF STATE IN PARIS

Louis Barthou is delightful, successful, elegant and, if we are to credit his admirers, too indifferent to success in life to be a failure.

rary, is the whole art of debate. But let his psychology be elucidated by the subtle Paris correspondent of *London Truth*:

"A 'strong' president, king, or emperor, who wants all the time to have his own way, means a weak prime minister. England had a strong king in the sense of a wilful one in George III. No strong cabinet or premier was possible in his long reign for any length of time. M. Barthou may therefore suit the 'combine' that brought in M. Poincaré to the Elysée.

Not that the latter presents, save in having a will of his own that must not be thwarted, any resemblance to the Third George.

"M. Barthou is a Béarnais. When Henri IV. said that Paris is well worth a mass and had sucked dry the Huguenot orange, he was typically Béarnais. The Béarnais is clever, mobile, pleasant to deal with, because all things unto all men. But though you might be so intimate as to *tutoyer* him—address him, that is, with the familiar French 'thee' and 'thou'—he is the last person to oblige

you, however trifling the favor you ask, if you cannot be of use to him.

"The four first Bernadottes, the Norwegians complained, had pretty much this character. The first had it in a remarkable degree. He never betrayed anyone, though charged with having done so. But he had a knack of slipping away from close associates when he could be of use to them, and they could be of no further use to him. His son and grandsons had that collecting instinct and the tastes that make M. Barthou's flat in the Avenue d'Antin an interesting museum."

ESSAD PASHA: THE FEUDAL ROBBER CHIEF WHO SEEKS THE THRONE OF ALBANIA

IF the Albanians wish Essad to be their Prince—Essad, the most picturesque and the most conspicuous of Balkan personalities just now—he may, opines the *London Spectator*, be a figure for a long time to come. Europe, in the diplomatic sense of that geographical expression, may prefer a royalty from one of the established dynasties, but Europe will not have her way in the end if Essad Pasha can decide the point. And what if Essad himself were to found an enduring dynasty? Even that, says the *London periodical*, would not be so wonderful as the founding of the present Swedish dynasty by the private soldier of the French revolution, Bernadotte.

Essad Pasha, whom newspaper readers will remember as the hero of Scutari, expressed last month his intention of working in agreement with the Italian government for "a satisfactory and definite solution" of the question in which his interest is so personal. His methods of "work" are elucidated by one who knows him well through the medium of an anecdote published by the *London News*. It is like a story from Benvenuto Cellini's memoirs and despite its melodramatic flavor is too well attested to call for anyone's skepticism. Many years ago, a tragedy of the too familiar kind under the old Sultan threw all Constantinople into a state of wildest excitement. Abdul Hamid was at the time at the height of his power, and none enjoyed greater favor with him than a young Albanian named Gani Toptani. Gani was the Sultan's friend and the Sultan's special executioner—not a very exalted character, but clever and handsome. One day he grew too impudent and insulted his master. Abdul Hamid's justice was swift. An order went forth secretly to the Grand Vizier. Gani Toptani was shot dead. Eight days later the perpetrator of the outrage was himself killed in broad daylight on the Galata bridge. A card pinned to the wound bore the legend: "Done by Essad Toptani." This is the Essad who but the other day was the commandant of

Scutari, and who has now proclaimed himself Prince of the autonomous Albania.

A wild, imperious, primitive character, like most Ghegs, but not in attractive and in many ways even fascinating is this Essad Pasha as described by the *London daily*. He had to avenge his brother because that was the law of the mountains, the great canon of blood feud bequeathed to all posterity by Lek Ducagin, the lawgiver of the time of Scanderbeg. But then Essad has also from his youth been an ardent Albanian patriot, proud of his race and its history, and an early advocate of the Pan-Albanian national idea, and even of the Latin script, for the sake of which he quarreled with the Young Turks and became their deadly enemy. For with these men of primitive instincts everything assumes an exaggerated character. What Renan once remarked of the Semitic genius applies also to the Albanian; he, too, thinks and acts in antitheses. He does not say, "I love Isaac better than Esau." He says, "I love Isaac; I hate Esau." Both their hatred and love are great, and just as they will not spare their enemy so they will not spare themselves for the man or the idea they love.

Essad is, indeed, an Albanian of the purest water. His family, the Toptanis, of Tirana, near Durazzo, is one of the richest and most powerful in the country. Its history is the typical history of feudal robber chiefs such as we read in medieval chronicles. Essad himself was from the first educated for the army. He did his service in many garrisons of Macedonia and Anatolia. Next he became commander of the gendarmerie at Constantinople. He took a distinguished part in the campaign of 1897 against Greece, and received from the Sultan the title of Pasha. So great was his personal and family influence in the political world at Constantinople that Abdul Hamid never dared lay his hands on him for the murder of his agent. He only transferred him to Yanina to command the local gendarmerie, and even con-

ferred upon him the rank of a general. It was while there that Essad first embraced the doctrines of the Young Turks.

It was not the constitutional ideals of Ahmed Riza and his friends which attracted Essad. There was the motive of personal revenge upon the real author of his brother's death, the red and irresponsible tyrant in Yildiz Kiosk. Essad remained the implacable enemy of the assassin of his brother, and, to that extent, continued to side with the new régime. As the counter-revolution broke out, he remained with the Young Turks and left the capital to join the Salonica troops in their historical march for the vindication of the Constitution. Here he soon met with the chance of his lifetime. Constantinople was taken, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam issued a fetwa, deposing Abdul Hamid. Who was to take the fateful message to the Caliph at Yildiz Kiosk? Slowly and grimly, Essad rose before the Committee, and said, "I will go to Abdul Hamid." Everyone realized the compelling logic of this offer, and Essad, accompanied by three other members of the Committee, went to Yildiz Kiosk. As the Sultan, trembling from head to foot, presented himself to the visitors, Essad spoke: "In accordance with the fetwa and by the decision of the National Assembly thou art deposed from the throne, Abdul Hamid." What feelings must have agitated at that moment the wild heart of Essad! But never afterwards did he like to dilate upon this most dramatic incident in his life, and speaking a few months ago to a French friend he admitted that whenever he thought of that brief dialogue with Abdul Hamid "something like the taste of lemon would rise to his tongue."

Essad is about fifty years of age, and his high forehead, Roman nose, and straight and sharp look betray the warrior race to which he belongs. A peculiarity of his features is the fixed immobility of his right eye, giving the impression that he is constantly taking aim with his Mauser.

WOMEN WHO ARE MAKING GOOD IN PUBLIC OFFICE

MANY people would be surprised if they were told that women in the United States now hold positions as Judge, as State Senator, as head of a Bureau of Sanitation, as inspector of amusements, and as industrial expert. Yet such is actually the case. The story is unfolded in character sketches appearing in current newspapers and magazines.

The only woman Judge in the country lives in Chicago. Her name is Mary Margaret Bartelme, and she heads the Court for Delinquent Girls. She is a Chicagoan by birth and was educated in the public schools. She graduated from the Law School of Northwestern University in 1894 and took up general practice, specializing in probate law. In 1897 she was appointed Public Guardian of Cook County by Governor Tanner. She resigned this position upon her appointment to her present place.

She is still comparatively young, and, according to the *New York Times*, has a keenly intellectual face, sensitive, sympathetic and serious. "She is perhaps a trifle old-fashioned in appearance," the same authority proceeds, "dresses plainly and neatly, and is certainly old-fashioned in her ideals and her outlook on life."

Girls who have "gone wrong" appear before Miss Bartelme from day to day. She treats them with never-failing high-mindedness, and tries to impress upon them that she is their friend, not their enemy. "In nine out of ten cases," she observes, "these young girls are more sinned against than sinning. They are not criminal. They are, as a rule, poor deluded creatures too young to have an adequate conception of the tragedy upon which they have stumbled." She continues:

"Knowing as I do that these children have been misled through their ignorance of life, I make it a point never to send a first offender to a correctional institution unless she seems hopelessly incorrigible. Those who have made a misstep for the first time and show a realization of the seriousness of their act, I send to their own homes or find employment for them with good families. They are then kept under the watchful eyes of a probation officer who visits them and receives reports from them at least once a month.

"Many girls come before me with an insolent and defiant air. I excuse this. It is usually the result of their wrong idea of the law and the court, whose only purpose they seem to think is to punish them. With this sort of girl it is necessary sometimes to be severe. I usually manage, however, to gain their confidence and impress upon them the idea that I am interested only in their welfare.

"Subnormal, weak-willed, and mentally deficient girls, of course, require to be

dealt with in a different way. Often they are a menace to society, and I deem it best to send them to institutions where they will have the benefit of protection and proper direction."

The remedy for conditions that lead girls astray does not lie, in Miss Bartelme's judgment, in a court. What is needed, she feels, is the repeal of obsolete laws, and the passing of new ones. Public sentiment must be aroused. Municipal aid must be enlisted. One definite reform that she proposes is this:

"An innovation which would be a vital step in guarding the innocence of girls would be the appointment of women on the police force. These police women would inspect factories, stores, and all places where girls are employed in large numbers and see that conditions were not only hygienic but moral. They would chaperon all public dances. They would censor the pictures in 5-cent theaters. They would keep a watchful eye on skating-rinks, ice-cream parlors, and saloons that do a back-room business. They would patrol city parks and summer gardens and guard girls against men who prey. They would supervise commercial amusements of all kinds and in general would act as safeguards for girls against all the dangers that surround them."

The idea embodied in Miss Bartelme's proposal has already been carried into effect in one city. Josephine

Roche, of Denver, is an integral part of the police force, and supervises dance-halls, moving-picture shows, skating-rinks and other forms of commercialized recreation. It seems that in the summer of 1912 Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court in Denver, and Police Commissioner George Creel, secured the adoption of an ordinance establishing the city's right to control and regulate popular amusements with respect to the greater protection of children. The need of such supervision had long been evident, but the ordinance was fought bitterly by owners of resorts who felt that their profits would be diminished. The success or failure of the new measure would depend, it became clear, on the character of the supervisor appointed. At this juncture the idea of appointing Miss Roche came to the authorities as an inspiration. She was a New York girl of good family. She had done settlement work. She was one of those rare characters whose motives are based in the desire to *help*, rather than in the desire for self-expression. The appointment of Miss Roche more than fulfilled expectations. Mr. Creel tells us (in the *Metropolitan*):

"From the start, she was an amazing sort of cop, for all her energies were devoted to avoiding all necessity for arrests. When she made the rounds of the amusement places she didn't say, 'Do



ON THE STUMP

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, selected by President Wilson to serve with eight men on the new Industrial Commission, did effective political work in last year's campaign.



HEAD OF A BUREAU OF SANITATION
"Chief" Chadsey, of Cleveland, is the only woman in America in charge of a corps of uniformed men.

so and so or I'll lock you up.' What she did was to talk long and quietly with every sullen, resentful man of the lot, citing instances of assault and seduction growing out of the nightly swarmings of mere children about rink and show and hall, showing the stain of shame and tears on many a dime, and appealing to their sense of decency and love of family. Miss Roche's policy turned every proprietor into an active supporter of the ordinance."

"Chief" Chadsey, of Cleveland, is another woman with an ideal, who is doing big work. She is at the head of the Bureau of Sanitation. The Sanitary Police of Cleveland are uniformed officers who carry revolvers and enjoy all the powers of the usual policeman; but their mission is unique. They are employees not of the Police Department, but of the Department of Health. Their job is to keep Cleveland clean. Miss Chadsey, we learn, has reached her present position by logical steps and after varied experiences. She went to school at the University of Chicago, where she specialized in social work. She took a Carnegie fellowship and studied at first hand the social organizations of some of the Western industries. She went out to the silk industries of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania, made a report on the homeless women in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and made special studies of waitresses and department store girls. When she first took up social work in Cleveland, it was as an investigator of dance-halls. A little later she was appointed tenement-house inspector. This led inevitably to the problem of sanitation. She organized "sanitary squads," and finally became so necessary to the city that a special position was created for her. Says Helen Christine Bennett, in the *Pictorial Review*:

"Mildred Chadsey is a notable example of the new kind of woman who wins her way into municipal affairs. She did not enter social work by accident; she planned it as a life profession. She did not slip in as so many women do, through the side door of a woman's club interested in civic matters; she went to school and studied how to help. The position she holds and the almost incredible accomplishment of her three years in the City of Cleveland are due in some measure to the city itself, but still more to the fact that she knew scientifically tried and proven cures for municipal ills and that she was prepared to put them into practice."

A fourth woman of large public spirit and capacity is Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, "the Senator from Colorado." She was born in Massachusetts, and went to Colorado twenty years ago. At that time she was a school teacher and an anti-suffragist. "It was only after I became interested in civic conditions and improvements," she says, "that I saw the value to the State of equal suffrage."

Since her election to the Colorado Senate a few months ago, Mrs. Robinson has been anything but a cipher. Her most notable achievement was the introduction of a Minimum Wage Bill. It is now a law and it creates a commission for investigating the wages paid to women in mercantile and manufacturing establishments, in telephone and telegraph offices, and in every department of woman's work outside the home with the purpose of determining whether or not these wages are sufficient for the necessities of life.

Another piece of legislation in which Senator Robinson took special interest was a bill providing for better working conditions for miners. One of her most telling speeches was in defense of the women of Denver who had been



THE ONLY WOMAN JUDGE IN THE COUNTRY

Mary Margaret Bartelme, of the Chicago Court for Delinquent Girls, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman invested with full judiciary powers in the United States.



THE SENATOR FROM COLORADO

Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, first Woman State Senator, has already made an enviable record as a legislator.

assailed as hard drinkers and smokers. Another effective speech was made in opposition to a libel bill, which proposed to muzzle the press. Mrs. Robinson says she is proud of her State. To a New York *Evening Post* interviewer, recently, she pointed out that some of the best laws ever enacted are on Colorado's statute book. The Minimum Wage bill, the Miners' bill, children's bills, an eight-hour work-day for women, another for men, are but items on a long program of highly social legislation. As to the women's part, she remarked:

"Well, all I can say is that these laws have been passed since women got the suffrage. The co-guardianship of parents was enacted into law almost immediately after women were enfranchised. They had worked for it a long time before that. In industrial legislation Colorado is fairly anticipating conditions. When I was urging the Minimum Wage law, people said to me, 'Oh, Colorado doesn't need such a law as yet.' But I urged that we be ahead of the need, that it would save some hardship and misery if we were ahead, and we are ahead."

This record of feminine achievement in public life would not be complete without a reference to President Wilson's appointment of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman as a member of the Industrial Commission which is to investigate and report on the relations between capital and labor. The other members of the Commission are all men. Mrs. Harriman married a nephew of the late E. H. Harriman. She has interested herself for a long time in problems of immigration and of social welfare. She belongs to the National Civic Federation and to the Child Welfare Association. In the last campaign she was President of the Women's National Wilson and Marshall organization, and made speeches in favor of the Democratic candidates.

Music and Drama

"IOLANTHE"—GILBERT'S IMMORTAL LIBRETTO

THE success attending the yearly revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas attests the enduring quality of Gilbert's humor. "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," and that brilliant satire of the esthetic movement, "Bunthorne," are as real to-day as they were to the audiences of Gilbert and Sullivan's day. "Iolanthe," recently produced by the Shuberts, reveals Gilbert as a prophet. He foreshadowed the action of Parliament which recently robbed the House of Lords of its power when, many years ago, he assigned that ancient institution to fairyland. On the other hand the semi-serious revival of the belief in fairies, led by Chesterton and others of his ilk, lends peculiar timeliness to Gilbert's fairies. Simeon Strunsky in the New York *Evening Post* jocularly suggests that the time is ripe for an academic discussion of Gilbert and Sullivan's permanent place in the world of creative art by a pedantic German professor. The imaginary professor compares the character of Ko-Ko in "The Mikado" with the Lord High Chancellor who enlivens the score of "Iolanthe." This character, we are told, is less subtle than Ko-Ko, tho, within his limitations, no less real.

"Like Ko-Ko he has risen from humble beginnings. But whereas our Japanese hero attains fortune by trusting himself boldly and joyfully to life, letting the currents carry him whither they will, like Byron, like Peer Gynt, and like Senator Martine, the Lord High Chancellor's rise is the result of painful concentration and steadfast plodding. Ko-Ko is at various times the statesman, the poet, the lover, the man of the world (as when he is tripped up by the Mikado's umbrella-carrier). The Lord High Chancellor* is always the lawyer. In response to Strephon's impassioned cry that all Nature joins with him in pleading his love, that dry legal soul can only remark that an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

"Plainly, we have here a man who has won his way to the highest place in his profession by humdrum methods; the same methods which Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., employed when, by writing in a hand of remarkable roundness and fluency, he became the ruler of the Queen's naves; the same methods brought into

play by Major-General Stanley, of the British army and Penzance, when he qualified himself for his high position by memorizing a great number of cheerful facts about the square of the hypothesis.

"There is matter enough for an entire volume on Gilbert's self-made men—Ko-Ko, the Lord High Chancellor, Major-General Stanley, and the lawyer in 'Trial by Jury,' who laid the foundation of his fortunes by marrying a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter. I throw out the suggestion in the hope that it will be some day taken up as the subject of a Ph.D. thesis in the University of Arizona."

This is good fun, of course, but there certainly is room for a chapter on Gilbert and Sullivan in any history of the English drama. The libretto of "Iolanthe," tho originally published in 1889, is more original and more novel than Paul Rubens' "Sunshine Girl," the *dernier cri* in English musical comedy. Such, at least, is the claim of one of its critics, Robert Allerton Parker. "What," he asks, in *The International*, "is the secret of this newness and this originality?" The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, he goes on to say, remains perennially young in the sense that Lucian's dialogs remain perennially young; in the sense that Molière's comedy remains perennially new and original, in spite of Molière's sincere confession of plagiarism. In these comic operas, collaboration is not merely an obstacle successfully overcome. It is an art. Gilbert, Mr. Parker continues, is in reality the father of the artificial satirical comedies of Oscar Wilde and St. John Hankin, and even Bernard Shaw owes him a debt of gratitude.

In the recent performance of "Iolanthe" De Wolf Hopper's personality overshadowed, by sheer merit, the other performers. Yet Mary A. Sanger, as the corpulent fairy queen, was no less delightful. The play opens in an Arcadian landscape, with a song of the fairies:

"We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring."

At the end of the chorus all sigh heavily.

CELIA. Ah, it's all very well, but since our Queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.

LEILA. Iolanthe was the life and soul

of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

FLETA. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

LEILA. Something awful: she married a mortal.

FLETA. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

CELIA. But Iolanthe didn't die.

(Enter Queen of the Fairies.)

QUEEN. No, because your Queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

LEILA. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

QUEEN. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

LEILA. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

FLETA. Then why not summon her and ask her?

QUEEN. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

CELIA. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

LEILA. Think how we loved her!

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe! Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe! Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

LEILA. She certainly did surprising things.

FLETA. Oh give her back to us, great Queen—for your sake, if not for ours. (All kneel in supplication.)

QUEEN (irresolute). Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

QUEEN. Iolanthe!
ALL. From thy
dark exile thou art
summoned;

Come to our call,
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!

*(Iolanthe rises
from the water.
She is clad in tattered and somber
garments. She approaches the Queen
with head bent and
arms crossed.)*

IOLANTHE.
With humble breast,
And every hope
laid low,
To thy behest,
Offended Queen,
I bow.

QUEEN.
For a dark sin
against our fairy
laws
We sent thee into
lifelong banish-
ment;
But Mercy holds her
sway within our
hearts;
Rise, thou art pardoned!

IOLANTHE. Pardoned?

ALL. Pardoned!

IOLANTHE. Ah!

*(Her rags fall
from her, and she
appears clothed as
a fairy. The Queen
places a diamond
coronet on her head
and embraces her.
The others also embrace her.)*

CHORUS.

Welcome to our
hearts again,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
We have shared the
bitter pain,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!

Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
Iolanthe!

QUEEN. And now tell me: with all the
world to choose from, why on earth did
you decide to live at the bottom of that
stream?

IOLANTHE. To be near my son, Streph-
phon.

QUEEN. Your son! Bless my heart!
I didn't know you had a son.

IOLANTHE. He was born soon after I
left my husband by your royal command,
but he doesn't even know of his father's
existence.

FLETA. How old is he?

IOLANTHE. Twenty-four.

LEILA. Twenty-four! No one to look
at you would think you had a son of
twenty-four! But, of course, that's one
of the advantages of being immortal—we
never grow old. Is he pretty?



A VERY SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR

De Wolf Hopper's impersonation of one of Gilbert's immortal figures in the recent revival of
"Iolanthe."

IOLANTHE. He's extremely pretty, but
he's inclined to be stout.

ALL *(disappointed)*. Oh!

QUEEN. I see no objection to stoutness
in moderation.

CELIA. And what is he?

IOLANTHE. He's an Arcadian shepherd,
and he is in love with Phyllis, a ward in
Chancery.

CELIA. A mere shepherd, and he half
a fairy!

IOLANTHE. He's a fairy down to the
waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA. Dear me!

QUEEN. I have no reason to suppose
that I am more curious than other people,
but I confess I should like to see a person
who is a fairy down to the waist, but
whose legs are mortal.

IOLANTHE. Nothing easier, for here he
comes.

*(Enter Strephon, singing and dancing, and
playing on a flageolet.)*

for your bride on her wedding-day!

STREPHON. Hush! My bride knows
nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell
her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me
mortal, and prefers me so.

LEILA. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to
have done you much good.

STREPHON. Much good? It's the curse
of my existence! What's the use of be-
ing half a fairy? My body can creep
through a keyhole, but what's the good of
that when my legs are left kicking be-
hind? I can make myself invisible down
to the waist, but that's of no use when
my legs remain exposed to view. My
brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist
downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My up-
per half is immortal, but my lower half
grows older every day, and some day or
other must die of old age. What's to be-
come of my upper half when I've buried
my lower half, I really don't know.

QUEEN. I see your difficulty, but with

"Has the Lord
Chancellor at last
given his consent
to your marriage
with his beauti-
ful ward Phyllis?"
asks the solicitous
mother.

STREPHON. Not
he, indeed! To all
my tearful prayers
he answers me, "A
shepherd lad is not
fit helpmate for a
ward of Chancery."
I stood in court, and
there I sang him
songs of Arcadee,
with flageolet ac-
companiment in vain.
At first he seemed
amused, so did the
Bar, but, quickly
wearying of my
song and pipe, he
bade me get out. A
servile usher then,
in crumpled bands
and rusty bomba-
zine, led me, still
singing, into Chan-
cery Lane! I'll go
no more; I'll marry
her to-day, and brave
the upshot, be what
it may! *(Sees Fair-
ies.)* But who are
these?

IOLANTHE. Oh,
Strephon, rejoice
with me; my Queen
has pardoned me!

STREPHON. Par-
doned you, mother?
This is good news,
indeed!

IOLANTHE. And
these ladies are my
beloved sisters.

STREPHON. Your
sisters? Then they
are my aunts. *(He
kneels.)*

QUEEN. A pleas-
ant piece of news

a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

IOLANTHE. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

STREPHON. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPHON (*bowing*). I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

This is followed by a charming scene between Phyllis and Strephon. We learn that the penalty for marrying one of the Lord Chancellor's wards without his consent is penal servitude for life. We also learn that half the House of Lords is in love with Phyllis. Enter a procession of peers, headed by the Earl of Mount Ararat and Earl of Tolloller.

CHORUS.

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
Tantantara!

Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
Tzing!

As upon its lordly way

This unique procession passes!

Tantantara! tzing! boom!

Bow, ye lower, middle classes!

Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!

Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!

Tantantara! tzing! boom!

We are peers of highest station,

Paragons of legislation,

Pillars of the British nation!

Tantantara! tzing! boom!

(*Enter the Lord Chancellor, followed by his train-bearer.*)

LORD CHANCELLOR.

The law is the true embodiment

Of everything that's excellent:

It has no kind of fault or flaw;

And I, my lords, embody the law.

The constitutional guardian I

Of pretty young wards in Chancery.

All are agreeable girls, and none

Are over the age of twenty-one.

A pleasant occupation for

A rather susceptible Chancellor!

ALL. A pleasant, etc.



PHYLLIS ACCEPTS TWO EARLS

That is because she is not familiar with the peculiar institutions that prevail in the land ruled by the corpulent fairy queen in Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful operetta.

But, tho the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;
For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the
Lords

If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!

ALL. Which rather, etc.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!
ALL. Which is, etc.

LORD TOLLOLLER. And now, my lord,
suppose we proceed to the business of
the day?

LORD CHANCELLOR. By all means.
Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so
powerfully affected your lordships that
you have appealed to me in a body to
give her to whichever one of you she
may think proper to select; and a noble
lord has gone to her cottage to request
her immediate attendance. It would be
idle to deny that I, myself, have the mis-
fortune to be singularly attracted by this
young person. My regard for her is
rapidly undermining my constitution.
Three months ago I was a stout man.
I need say no more. If I could reconcile
it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly
award her to myself, for I can con-
scientiously say that I know no man who
is so well fitted to render her exception-
ally happy. But such an award would be
open to misconstruction, and therefore, at
whatever personal inconvenience, I waive
my claim.

LORD TOLLOLLER.
My lord, I desire,
on the part of this
House, to express
its sincere sympathy
with your lordship's
most painful posi-
tion.

LORD CHANCELLOR.
I thank your lord-
ships. The feelings
of a Lord Chancel-
lor who is in love
with a ward of
court are not to be
envied. What is his
position? Can he
give his own con-
sent to his own mar-
riage with his own
ward? Can he marry
his own ward with-
out his own con-
sent? And if he
marries his own
ward without his
own consent, can he
commit himself for
contempt of his own
court? Can he ap-
pear by counsel
before himself to

move for arrest of his own judgment?
Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have
to sit upon a woollack which is stuffed
with such thorns as these.

(*Enter Lord Mount Ararat.*)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. My lords, I have
the pleasure to inform your lordships that
I have succeeded in persuading the young
lady to present herself at the Bar of this
House.

Phyllis enters. Tolloller and Ararat
present their claims to the hand of
Phyllis. She declares that she is al-
ready betrothed to Strephon.

(*Exeunt all the Peers, marching round
stage with much dignity. Lord Chancel-
lor separates Phyllis from Strephon, and
orders her off. Manent Lord Chancellor
and Strephon.*)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Now, sir, what ex-
cuse have you to offer for having dis-
obeyed an order of the Court of Chan-
cery?

STREPHON. My lord, I know no court
of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of
Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the
seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the
vales, the fountains, and the mountains,
cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we
command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by
the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth
into lurid light from each grim thunder-
cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad
and sodden sympathy. When chorused
Nature bids me take my love, shall I re-
ply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor for-
bids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord
High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor
of birds and trees, king of the winds and
prince of thunder-clouds?

LORD CHANCELLOR. No. It's a nice
point; I don't know that I ever met it
before. But my difficulty is, that at pres-
ent there's no evidence before the court
that chorused Nature has interested her-
self in the matter.

STREPHON. No evidence? You have

my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

STREPHON. And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

LORD CHANCELLOR. Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

(Exit Lord Chancellor.)

(To Strephon, who is in tears, enters Iolanthe.)

STREPHON. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

IOLANTHE. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

STREPHON. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us for ever!

IOLANTHE. The Lord Chancellor! (Aside.) Oh, if he did but know!

STREPHON (overhearing her). If he did but know—what?

IOLANTHE. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

STREPHON. Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

IOLANTHE. True. But take heart: our Queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

STREPHON. My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

The Lords and the Lord High Chancellor discover Strephon kissing his mother, who, being a fairy, looks younger than her son. No one believes in his fairy-tale. In vain he pleads with them. Phyllis scornfully turns from him and engages herself to both earls, being in love with neither. Here the Fairy Queen comes to his rescue. If she cannot give him the heart of Phyllis, she at least can give him revenge.

QUEEN. Take down our sentence as we speak it, And he shall wreak it (indicating Strephon).

Henceforth, Strephon, cast away Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay, Flocks and herds that bleat and low; Into Parliament you go.

FAIRIES. Into Parliament he shall go.

Backed by our supreme authority, He'll command a large majority. Into Parliament he shall go.

QUEEN. In the Parliamentary hive, Liberal or Conservative, Whig, or Tory, I don't know;

But into Parliament you shall go.

FAIRIES. Into Parliament, etc.

PEERS. Ah, spare us!

QUEEN (speaking through music).

Every bill and every measure That may gratify his pleasure, Tho' your fury it arouses, Shall be passed by both your Houses. You shall sit, if he sees reason, Through the grouse-and-salmon season; He shall end the cherished rights You enjoy on Wednesday nights; He shall prick that annual blister, Marriage with deceased wife's sister; He shall offer to the many Peerages at three a penny; Titles shall ennoble then All the common councilmen; Earldoms shall be sold apart Daily at the auction-mart; Peers shall teem in Christendom, And a duke's exalted station Be attainable by competitive examination.

An amusing duel of words between the two peers ensues about Phyllis. Neither will sacrifice himself for the other. The Lord Chancellor reappears. His song is one of the most famous and the most difficult to sing in the operetta.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is tabooed by anxiety,

I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without impropriety;

For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber, to plunder you:

First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you;

Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,

And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;

Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle;

Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle.

Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs and head ever aching,

But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very much better be waking;

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing like mad in a steamer from Harwich;

Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very small second-class carriage;

And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of friends and relations—

They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington stations;

And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);

He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye, the ship's now a four-wheeler),

And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "Ties pay the dealer";

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle

In your shirt and your socks (the black silk, with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle;

And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they have somehow or other invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in: It's a scheme of devices to get at low prices all goods from cough-mixtures to cables

(Which tickles the sailors) by treating retailers as tho they were all vegetables.

You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman (first take off his boots with a boot-tree),

And his legs will take root and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and spread like a fruit tree.

From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflowers, pine-apples, and cranberries,

While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three corners, and banberries.

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild and Baring;

And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder despairing.

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck; and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you're needles and pins from your soles to your shins; and your flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's asleep; and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—and thank Goodness they're both of them over!

(During the last lines Lords Mount Ararat and Tolloller have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the Lord Chancellor's distress. At the end of his song they come forward.)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

Love, however, laughs at the Lord Chancellor. Phyllis and Strephon meet and make up. Strephon asks his mother to plead with the Chancellor for him. She at first refuses.

IOLANTHE. You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is my husband!

STREPHON and PHYLLIS. Your husband?
IOLANTHE. My husband and your father! (*Strephon overcome.*)

PHYLLIS. Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

IOLANTHE. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to undeceive him. But see, he comes! Quick! my veil! (*Retires up.*)

(*Enter Lord Chancellor. Iolanthe retires with Strephon and Phyllis.*)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye!

Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

His joy in his decision is short-lived. For Iolanthe reveals herself. The Lord Chancellor now consents to the match. But the Fairy Queen feels compelled to pronounce Iolanthe's doom. Two other fairies rush forward to intervene.

LEILA. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

QUEEN. What? (*Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mount Ararat with Leila; Lord Tolloller with Celia.*)

CELIA. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses and baronesses.

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

QUEEN. It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely, too! (*After a pause.*) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (*unfolding a scroll*) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind

are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

QUEEN. We like your humor. Very well. (*Altering the MS. in pencil.*) Private Willis!

SENTRY (*coming forward*). Ma'am!

QUEEN. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

SENTRY. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.

QUEEN. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (*Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.*) And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

(*Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.*)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT (*to Tolloller*). Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see of what use we are down here.

LORD TOLLOLLER. None, whatever.

QUEEN. Good! (*Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.*) Then away we go to Fairyland!

WHY IT IS EASIER TO WRITE A PLAY THAN A NOVEL

THERE is an idea abroad that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. Arnold Bennett, basing his opinion on twenty novels and twenty plays of his own, emphatically dissents from this view. It is easier to write a play than a novel, he insists. "Personally," he confesses in *The Metropolitan*, "I would sooner write two plays than one novel—less expenditure of nervous force and mere brains would be required for two plays than for one novel!" An enormous amount of reverential nonsense, thinks Bennett, is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other literary technique, and that until it is acquired a respectable play cannot be written.

"One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the benefit of his experience, and what he said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes—and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no technique is so crude and so simple as the technique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes, but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except composers, will honestly try to convince the naïve dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on pain of outraging the public. And indeed

it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is sick."

"I tremble to think," Mr. Bennett goes on to say, "what the mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of 'Hamlet' could it by some miracle be brought out as a new piece by Mr. Shakespeare. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakespeare to consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernstein and Sir Herbert Tree, and be wise." There is one reason, the argument proceeds, why a play is easier to write than a novel. A play is considerably shorter than a novel. On the average one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. Not only does a play contain less matter than a novel. It is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. The dramatist, to instance only one of his many advantages, is saved all descriptive work.

"See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture—while the dramatist grins. The dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it—and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramatist and a novelist set out to portray a clever woman, they are almost

equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an easy-chair, and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. The electric light burns in the novelist's study at 3 a. m.—the novelist is still endeavoring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, 'Enter Millicent.' All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home—the reader eagerly and with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage—an experienced, conscientious and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy."

It is easy for the playwright to persuade the public to accept the improbable. If the dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the wrong man, there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it. The dramatist has less to do than the novelist and is more richly rewarded.

"Of course, it will be argued, as it has always been argued, by those who have not written novels, that it is precisely the 'doing less'—the leaving out—that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of dramatic art. 'The skill to leave out'—lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than in the other. The adjective 'photographic' is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play."

The drama, Mr. Bennett maintains, need not even be "dramatic" in the narrow sense of the word. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. A novel, Bennett explains, has only one author; the dramatist is never the sole creator of his play. The manager's commentary as he reads the play alters the conception of the work itself in the brain of the playwright. And when the producer has his first confabulation with the author, the play assumes contours undreamed of till that startling moment. Even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He,

first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. "What do you think of X. for the old man?" asks the producer.

"The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X. would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote.

"Now in truth he deeply realizes that a play is a collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first preoccupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but—quite rightly—with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theater and the play they would not act very well. But more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favorable what they secretly think is that if they are permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is a chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers."

As the rehearsals proceed the play changes from day to day. It is never the same play for two days together.

Nor, Mr. Bennett goes on to say, is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on it. "Every dramatist who is candid with himself well knows that, tho his play is often worsened by his collaborators, it is also often improved—and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manner—without a word being altered."

"Producer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim credit. On the other hand, he may be confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle—certain persons are theoretically in control, but in fact the thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a stop. And the dramatist lying awake in the night, reflects stoically, fatalistically: 'Well, that is the play that they have made of my play!' And he may be pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still another play. The audience is collaborating."

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S TILT WITH THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

A GAIN, for the first time in many years, Gerhart Hauptmann, the author of the "Sunken Bell," stands in the center of a controversy that is dividing Germany into two hostile camps. At the urgent request of the city of Breslau the poet consented to write a festival play in honor of the centenary of Germany's emancipation from the yoke of Napoleon. Hauptmann produced a curious spectacle on a gigantic scale, requiring 3,000 men and women for its production. Elaborately staged by Max Reinhardt the play was given before an audience of ten thousand. Immediately after the first performance heated discussion arose. After the second performance the Crown Prince, siding with Hauptmann's enemies, demanded its suppression. It is said that the young Hohenzollern was so incensed at the sentiments expressed by Hauptmann that he declared he would take his name from the list of patrons of Breslau's centennial celebration, if the "Festspiel" was not at once withdrawn from the boards. Thereupon the Burgomaster of Breslau, much to the chagrin of the poet, ordered its suppression.

The drama is a mixture of realism and symbolism which clearly indicates

Hauptmann's intention to link it to the most intensely national of all German poems, Goethe's "Faust," especially its second part. There is also evidence that Hauptmann has read Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" to good purpose. Just as Browning's poem suggested "Pippa Dances," Hardy's strange epic drama in twenty-seven acts showing Napoleon and his contemporaries as the involuntarily tools of a vague World-Will seems to have inspired the "Festspiel." Like "Faust" and like "The Dynasts" the play is written in somewhat uncouth verse. There is a prolog reminiscent of that other prolog in heaven in "Faust." Only Hauptmann merely suggests the Master and Maker of Destinies in the guise of the director of a puppet theater, who discusses with his assistant the marionettes he is about to put on the stage. They will make history while he pulls the strings, believing themselves to be free agents.

The puppets merge into the historical personages of the period, and the play begins with the approach of the French Revolution. A boy called Napoleon Bonaparte is unconcernedly spinning his top in the streets of Ajaccio. His top, as the poet symbolically suggests, is the world. In a spectacle of this

kind, as a writer in the New York *Tribune* remarks, there can be no question of development of character; the story is told, not acted, and action is replaced by the movements of enormous masses directed by Professor Reinhardt, until, in the last act, the German people are seen streaming into a medieval cathedral to give thanks for peace with freedom. It is Hauptmann's historical realism in celebrating the true heroes of Germany's great awakening at the expense of its royal figureheads that, the writer goes on to say, is the cause of the protests that have been raised against the play. "Its spirit is ultra-liberal, for in its epilog it looks into the future. Of course, the German dramatist is used to disfavor in high places, and is, no doubt, indifferent to it, as well he may be. 'The Weavers' was forbidden nearly twenty-five years ago; to-day it is a classic of the German drama. No doubt the same fate awaits this centenary 'Festspiel' of his."

The actual merit of the play is somewhat obscured by the discussion engendered by the act of the Crown Prince. The philosophy underlying the play precludes the patriotic self-congratulations that Germany expected from the poet at this occasion. Instead

of making his play a grand epic in honor of the men who fought against Napoleon, Hauptmann has magnified the Corsican at the expense of his countrymen. The anti-militaristic finale and the unflattering picture presented by Hauptmann of Frederick William III. of Prussia and of certain elements of the German people hardly served to soothe the ruffled feelings of Germany's patriots. The Conservative and the Clerical papers uphold the action of the Burgomaster and of the Crown Prince. "Because a man wears his hair like Goethe," remarks the official mouthpiece of the Roman Catholic Party, the *Germania*, "it does not necessarily follow that he has a brain like Goethe." The *Tägliche Rundschau*, a Pan-German organ, accuses Hauptmann of persecution mania because of his reply to votes of sympathy sent to him by members of the Reichstag. "After what I have experienced and am daily experiencing," the poet wrote to his friends, "I congratulate myself on the unsought mission which fate has assigned to me. Without desiring to attack any one, I had to give expression, as a fifty-year-old man and as a German, to my sincere conception of the spirit of the great period. I shall continue loyal to my motto: 'Go your own way straight and mercy will come to you.' By that, however, I do not mean mercy from anybody, but from God, who alone has it to dispense."

Friedrich Hardt, a distinguished poet of Weimar, takes sides with Hauptmann; "Hauptmann's play," he remarks, "epitomizes the spirit of 1813. Breslau's action epitomizes the spirit of 1913." Fritz Engel, in the liberal *Berliner Tageblatt*, champions Hauptmann's patriotism and his impartiality. This seems to us somewhat of a contradiction in terms. Raoul Auernheimer, in the Vienna *Freie Presse*, admits that Napoleon is the real hero of Hauptmann's Play. Genius, as Madame de Staël remarked, has no sex. Neither, adds the writer, has it nationality. But, under such circumstances, genius should not write plays to order for patriotic occasions. He likens Hauptmann's action to that of an after-dinner speaker who avails himself of his opportunity by pointing out various dark spots in the past of the guest of honor and by extolling his enemies. Hauptmann's play may reveal his genius,—that is still a mooted question; it certainly reveals his lack of tact.

The stage is divided into three platforms. On the lowest level the masses indicating the nations move up and down during the play. The second platform is reserved for human characters, leading figures of the period. The third and highest platform is reserved for the spirit of history and supernatural characters. While Haupt-



PUPPETS ALL

The cover design of Gerhart Hauptmann's suppressed Napoleonic drama reveals the philosophy of the poet. Each character in the play imagines that he is moving by his own volition, but it is the Master of the Show who, behind the scenes, pulls the strings.

Hauptmann makes Napoleon his hero, he still is critical even of him. "You shall drink blood to your heart's content," Napoleon assures the populace, "but I shall draw it from your breasts." At which the populace roused to martial enthusiasm replies: "Vive l'Empereur!" This, according to a vivid account in the *New York Times*, to which we are indebted for our quotations, is followed by a scene in Rome where the German Eagle is shown to be in a sorry plight. A knight tramples on it. Lawyers sprinkle it with ink. Others pluck out its feathers. Then Frederick the Great appears and prophesies a brilliant future for the Eagle. As he leaves the stage Death the Drummer suddenly comes on, followed by Napoleon, his Marshals, and Talleyrand. Napoleon declares that he will turn Europe into a military camp. And Hegel, the German philosopher, hearing his words, extols him as the world-spirit, the world-soul incarnate. Thereupon an active dispute begins among various Germans.

"For all their arguments the 'burghers' have nothing but bitterly hostile words. They brand freedom as an illusion manufactured in Paris and evince adamant 'stand-pat' tendencies.

"Then 'John Bull' appears, speaking atrocious German, interspersed with many English words, and offers, 'since English pounds sterling make German courage,' to finance an uprising against Napoleon, but he is met by cries of 'We'll remain neutral!' One Prussian remarks that the rest of the world may do what it pleases so long as matches and tobacco pipes are to be had in Prussia. Others say that

'Germany' means no more to them than something Spanish or Chinese, and when John Bull once more offers his guineas, he is driven away to the cry of 'We'll remain neutral!'

"The thunder of cannon is heard. A 'war fury' races through the crowd, brandishing two flaming torches.

"'War! War!' she cries. 'You have been asleep and the world is now up in arms. You awake, but you awake too late, for your eagles have sunk to the ground at Jena and Auerstädt.

"'Do you hear the Reaper? He reaps! He reaps! His Corsican Majesty is speaking in a language of blood. He wreaks a bloody vengeance, turns Prussia into a lake of blood. Pray to your God! Too late have you awakened!'

Finally Blücher, old "Marshal Forward," pushes his way through the crowd and launches into a furious invective against Napoleon. "Why is your Excellency in such a fury?" asks the "first burgher," unperturbed. Blücher turns to him with another explosion, but it is useless. The "burghers" refuse to be inspired with patriotism.

"A detachment of French soldiers drives Fichte off the stage. There is a roll of drums. On a second stage eleven Hussar officers are shown lying at the foot of a wall. Before them stands the firing party which has just shot them to death. Between the Frenchmen and the dead stands Death the Drummer.

"Napoleon appears.

"'Who are those men who have been shot?' he asks, and is told 'Some of Major Schill's officers.'

"Against Schill and the others seeking to free Prussia from his rule, Napoleon then directs a scornful tirade. Before he came to Prussia, he says, Prussians were mere slaves, accustomed to nothing but blows from their rulers. Then he gives rein to a wild dream of world-power.

"'What is Europe? a little land!' he exclaims. 'Is it a continent? Well, if it is, a grain of sand is also. Where the Hindus sweat under the British whip is surely where the spider lurks in the center of the world's dominion. To there must my eagles press forward; there will I unite the empires of Charlemagne and Alexander the Great. I will tear down the great wall of China and annex the Celestial Empire to my dominions.

"'This is no Caesar's dream; all things are easy. The road to that goal is much shorter than the road I have already traveled!'

At the close of this speech the War Fury once more rushes on the stage with her terrible cry of "War! War! You have slept too long!" Napoleon is shown, enthroned as Zeus, with the eagle at his feet. In the next scenes Hauptmann shows that German national feeling has been aroused.

"The people, mad with enthusiasm, are singing stirring patriotic songs. A procession marches on the stage showing the Germans as a united people, happy and prosperous, living in an era of peace.

"Then 'the director' comes on the stage,

announcing that the play is over. But suddenly one of his puppets, waving a sabre, comes clattering upon the stage. It is Blücher.

"Who are you, fire-eater?" asks the director.

"'Marshal Forward!' answers Blücher, giving himself the name by which he is known to every German.

"'You are only a little puppet, the shade of a dead general,' says the other.

"But Blücher, protesting that he is still alive, inquires angrily:

"What was all that nonsense I heard about peace? Blow, trumpeter, Forward! I'm for infantry and cavalry, not peace!"

"Get back into your box!" commands the director.

"How's that? Into my box?" says the bewildered old warrior.

"The director touches the old Marshal with his staff. Blücher falls dead. And the director concludes the play with the words:

"Lie in your place, brave graybeard. Not your thirst for war must live, but your motto—Forward!"

CONFLICT OF CONFUCIANISM AND MODERN IDEAS ON THE JAPANESE STAGE

THE young dramatic insurgents who introduce the plays of Sudermann, Ibsen and Shaw into old Japan are sorely hampered by their country's traditions. At heart, it seems, the kingdom of the Mikado is by no means so open to western influences as would appear on the surface. In Japan, remarks the Japanese critic of the *New York Sun*, Yone Noguchi, the censorship walks with all self-complacency, and old morality is backed by Confucianism. In vain rebellious youngsters attempt to baffle the censor by the great names of the writers whose names are attached to the program. The Japanese censor fears the socialistic tendencies of the modern mind no less than its egocentric and individualistic expressions.

"Altho I believe that even the Japanese censorship has its own basis of faith—and the majority of people whose thoughts have been denied access to the philosophical speculation and criticism, whose eyes see only the mechanical comfort and meaning, might justify its work—I cannot help seeing the rather pathetic side of its attempt. Is it not already understood that when we encouraged and welcomed the western civilization in Japan we had to expect her coming in her entirety, even with her unagreeable element? Modern Japan was, was she not, the country who made an unconditional whole surrender to the West at the beginning? It is indeed too late now for her to insist upon her old ideals and prejudices.

"I do not mean that when the literal translation of modern western plays are seen on our Japanese stage we have the same social conditions with the West, but we are eager for the same spiritual stimulus and intellectual excitement. I can say without being mistaken that those western plays will teach us, even when we only half understand and often misunderstand them, how to protest, and revolt and rebel against the old faith and thoughts. When our mind turns to conform itself with Shaw's Shavian witticism, Ibsen's alarming egoism and some one's unmasking of old sophistication, certainly it is time the Japanese censorship dressed in ancient armor and with an iron fan should appear. And it has been making its appearance for some time now."

The censor, it appears, stopped Su-

dermann's "Magda," as it was originally written, because it was, in his opinion, a blasphemy against the old Japanese idea of woman's morality. The censor went even further than that. He actually forced the translator to add a scene in which Magda meekly surrenders to parental authority before the curtain drops. Indeed, Mr. Noguchi goes on to say, there is nothing under the sun which Japanese despotism cannot do. The production of "Magda" was of special importance to the audience because of the introduction of female actors, an innovation which Mr. Noguchi strangely enough seems to regard with disfavor. When, he says, the Imperial Theater of Tokyo opened the Training School for Actresses some three or four years ago, many young Japanese girls, most of them having a certain education under the modern system and not a few of them being the daughters of respectable and even well-known families, became students.

"Altho I found an occasion or two to express my own opinion upon the uselessness of actresses on our stage, an opinion based upon previous observation, as we have so many very well trained woman impersonators, I am so placed now that I must recognize the fact at least as a fact. I see that some twenty or thirty young Japanese actresses are playing to-day at one place, that is, the above said Imperial Theater, famous in Japan from its costly western structure.

"What have they learned in those trifling three years? It might be too cruel to say that it really amounts to little; but even in Japan, where magic and wonder, it is said, always happen, three years cannot be sufficient to make a Bernhardt or a Terry. What interests me most in their existence (indeed the actress in the new western sense is a new thing in Japan) is from my reflection on them from a somewhat psychological viewpoint.

"It might be from the same motive as in the West that their ambition turned to the stage, because, while with some of them it was from the necessity to earn their own living, not a few of them aspired to acting as the most effective means to satisfy their own feminine vanity with the people's attention around themselves. Oh, how many were there among them who determined from the very beginning to serve for art only, or

whose sensible minds already foresaw the great difficulties to surmount in order to please that jealous goddess?"

Those who looked for the material return, Mr. Noguchi goes on to say, now find after graduation, that is, three years' training, that they are not given enough for their bare existence, and those whose vanity ever dwelled on the side of notoriety are equally disappointed, as their ideal lives of actresses are most expensive. We hear already, the young Japanese critic adds, quite often the story that they are the cause of their fathers' impoverishment.

The ticket system of the western world, the strict forbidding of eating and drinking in the theater and other western customs are rapidly gaining ground in Japan. Formerly the way to the theater invariably led through the tea house. The spirit of old Japan still survives, however, in the provinces, and even in the capital the so-called Kabuki plays of Japan draw audiences, altho, Mr. Noguchi assures us, the intellectuals prefer western plays or plays written under western influence.

"The old plays have still their own audience created by untiring insistence during the last two hundred years; and it will not soon die, I think, since they have their own beauty of color tho often confused, and sparkling point of sentiment tho often absurd; and we are pleased sometimes to return to old Japan and live even a while in the ancient glamor.

"Here in Tokyo there are three famous No stages, where the No plays are played every month quite regularly. Once last June I took my foreign friend, a poet by nature and a critic of learning, to one of them to see the play called 'No no Miya,' in which the masked lady, a spirit, sang her world-weary long lamentation around the No no Miya shrine whither she had accompanied her princess in her life's day; by the way, nearly all the characters of the plays are ghosts or spirits. When we entered the house—the shrilling sound of a bamboo flute and the heroic stroke of a drum were already heard—he remarked: 'I am sure we have old Japan within.'

"Indeed, without, we are even scandalously westernizing ourselves. Whether it is wise or foolish that is a question."

Science and Discovery

HOW RADIUM AFFECTS THE DISPUTE OVER THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

LONG and bitter has been the controversy between geology and physics as to the length of time during which this earth has been in a condition to support human life. Geologists have always demanded the widest latitude. They speak of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions of years to cover the periods with which they have to do. The physicists, led by the late Lord Kelvin, have refused to grant them their demands. They claimed to have proof of a mathematical kind that the sun could not have been giving out heat at its present rate for more than a hundred million years. They have even said this was an outside limit—that forty million years is the likeliest figure. The controversy still rages, as those may see who look into the official reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Now when we see that the sun must have been in existence and giving out heat for untold millions of years before the earth was in a condition to support life, says the well-known British scientist, Doctor William Allen Sturge, it will be seen how short a time has been allowed the geologist for all his great periods. The biologists are allowed an equally brief time for the development of the hundreds of thousands of species, genera and families of living things of all positions in the scale, in both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. It seemed to many geologists and biologists even in the lifetime of Lord Kelvin to be an impossible position, and occasional voices of protest were raised. But Lord Kelvin, or Sir William Thomson, as he long was, had won recognition as one of the commanding intellects of his day, as the greatest master of physical mathematics that ever lived, and to stand up against him in a subject he had made his own was almost an impossible task. On his side he brought forth exact calculations. On the side of the geologists and biologists the data were obscure. Yet in the sequel it is the geologists and the biologists who have triumphed all along the line, according to the distinguished Doctor Sturge, himself a geologist and a high authority on prehistoric man. The victory is not complete, in the sense of

having achieved general recognition, but it is none the less real according to our high authority, who states the case thus in the *London Outlook*:

"The problem that Lord Kelvin set himself to solve was this: The sun, after throwing off the various planets and settling down into its present shape and weight, contained a definite amount of matter wrapped up with a certain amount of energy, using these terms in their ordinary acceptance. The quantity of matter is supposed to have remained practically the same, the energy has been dispersing all the time in the form of heat, light, electric and chemical force, and in other ways. How much energy did it start with, how much is it dispersing in a given time, how much does it now contain? How long therefore has it taken from the start to reach its present condition? The problem would seem to be one beyond the wit of man to compass; but it was a giant intellect that set to work upon it, and, provided the data were correct, the conclusions would probably be correct within a certain margin of error.

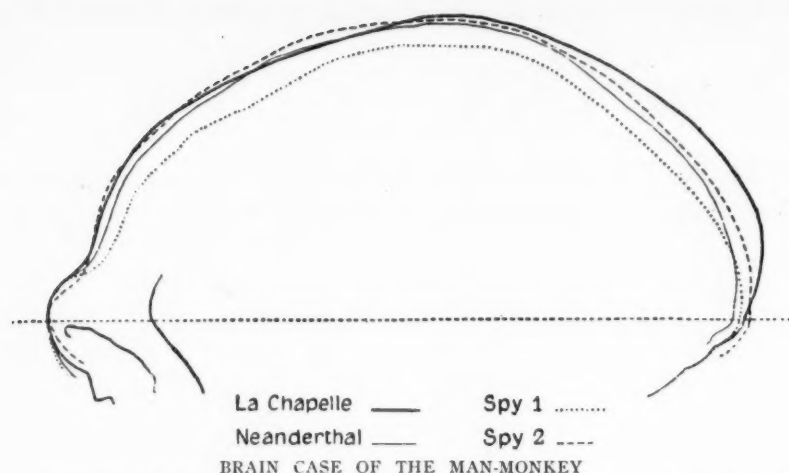
"The energy in the sun would be of two main kinds: one, that of gravity, tending to draw all the matter towards the center; and other varieties, largely affecting the atoms and molecules of which all matter is composed, tending to drive them apart from one another and thus to counteract the force of gravity. If these two classes of energy were accurately balanced, stagnation would result; no energy would be liberated in the form of light, heat or otherwise; and the sun would be a dead body, or more correctly in a state of suspended animation. There are believed to be large numbers of dark suns in the universe, and it may be that some, at any rate, of these are in this state of suspended animation, yet with gigantic potentialities still within them. Is it possible that the occurrence of 'novæ,' the sudden outburst of new stars, may be due to the sudden giving way of a balance of this kind, with the liberation for a short time of energy in the form of light, after which the balance is again established?"

There is no such balance in the sun, insists Doctor Sturge. Gravity is always in the ascendant. As it acts and by acting reduces the size of the sun's body, energy which has hitherto been utilized in keeping the atoms and molecules apart, becomes liberated, is transformed into other forms of force and

makes itself evident to us as heat and light. What is an atom and what is a molecule? Until recently the atom was considered to be the ultimate division of matter, the primordial stuff of which matter was made. All atoms, however, are not the same. There is one atom for oxygen, another for hydrogen, another for iron, and so through the whole group of the chemical elements, some eighty in number. But in each case it was considered the indivisible basis of the element. A molecule is a structure composed of two or more atoms up to, say, a thousand or more, of the same kind or of different kinds, bound together by energy on different systems so as to produce definite bodies having properties very different from those of the original atom or of the element made of these atoms. Thus rust, the oxide of iron, is very different from the iron of which it is made.

"The amount of energy required to build up a complex molecule of, say, a hundred atoms is out of all proportion to that required for simple molecules, say, of three or four atoms, and it is by the breaking down of complex molecules into simple ones that all our mechanical work is done; as when the complex molecules of coal, fossil-wood, are broken down by the action of heat and absorption of oxygen from the air into the simple molecules of carbonic acid (three atoms) and of water (three atoms), which go up the chimney. What is liberated and does not go up the chimney drives our trains and steamships and factories.

"Let us take a simile. Let us picture the stones of which St. Paul's Cathedral is built to be laid out in orderly array on the ground waiting for use. These are our atoms. Little by little and stage by stage the structure grows until we have the mighty dome, chancel, transepts, and nave. Here are the stones, but how different is the setting. Vast forces have been called into action, thrusts in every direction of enormous power, yet all so beautifully balanced by the skill of the great architect that the building stands immovable and solid for, let us hope, all time. Here is our molecule and an elaborate one. But the simile is not quite correct, for our atoms in this case are stationary. As a matter of fact in the true molecule they are far from stationary, are in reality spinning round one another like a swarm of gnats on a summer's evening; and the marvel of the ac-



The outline of the skulls is supposed to characterize the races of men who dwelt in the particular regions from which each individual relic came. Each has been given an age of some five thousand years before Christ. Recent theories of geological time indicate that the man-monkey existed forty thousand years ago at least.

curate balance of forces is intensified a thousandfold when one thinks that this elaborately spinning mass of atoms, with all the forces at work to hold it together or to bring it to ruin, may remain unchanged for ever. This then was the basis on which Lord Kelvin founded his great research into geological time. It was the forces acting upon atoms and groups of atoms that he was investigating, what we may call the *inter-atomic* forces. The results, accurate tho they may have been from the data supplied, were so impossible to bring into line with biological and geological knowledge that it was felt in many quarters that some great factor yet remained to be discovered."

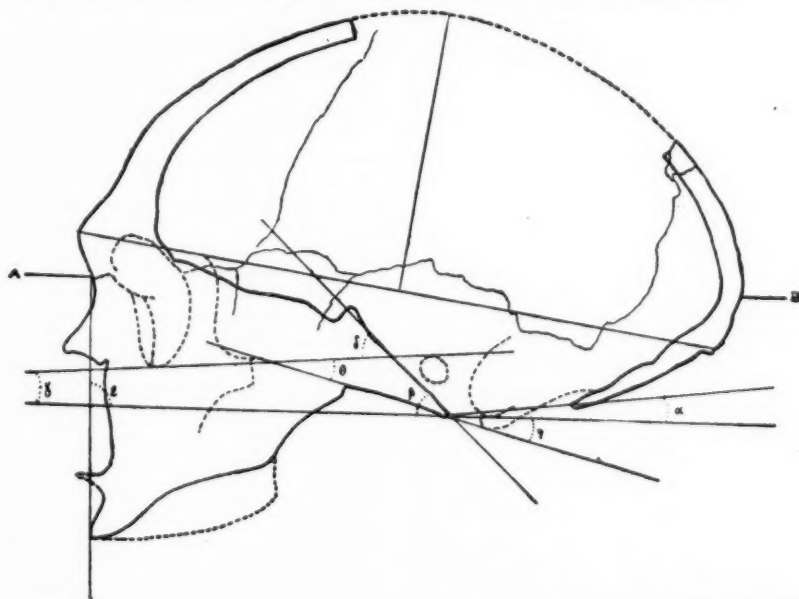
Suddenly, and as if to determine the whole problem of the antiquity of man on the globe, the discovery of radium was made. It was a sequel to the discovery of the Röntgen rays, which threw such fresh light upon the construction of matter. What is radium? The crucial importance of the answer to the geologist in his controversy with the physicist has still to be adequately realized. Radium is a later-day burning bush that burns and yet is not consumed. "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." With all reverence, observes Doctor Sturge, the command given to Moses is as applicable now as in the days of old. Are we not in the presence of one of the great arcana? A substance that can keep itself permanently at a higher temperature than its surroundings, that can sparkle with light and yet at the end of many years shall show no sign of diminution in quantity or weight—what a discovery! Permanency can, it is true, be used only in a relative sense. It was soon calculated that in the course of long ages exhaustion would begin to be apparent. Still, here was a substance that would give out energy for periods undreamt of hitherto.

What does it all mean?

"This: that the atom is after all not the primordial unit it was considered; on the contrary, it is a wonderful universe in petto, with its own stores of energy; its internal forces of attraction and repulsion; motions of its component parts comparable with the speed of light; marvelous balances and adjustments, and all on a scale that makes the brain reel to think of. On what then is the energy based? All energy, as we have hitherto known it, is based on the material atom; by analogy there must be some material thing within the atom through which the energy acts. Yet the atom has been considered as almost infinitely small; what can be the state of matter to which the atom shall be as a world, or even as a universe? Physicists call the infinitely minute particles that compose the atom electrons or ions. There may be thousands or tens of thousands of these in a

single atom, all moving in orderly arrangement but at terrific speeds round and about one another, generally in a state of complete and permanent balance; so that like the dark suns, tho not really dead, they are to us in a state of suspended animation and we know them not. In almost infinitely rare instances this is not the case, and radium is such an instance. Here the balance of forces is not complete; the orderly association of the ions breaks down and energy is liberated in all sorts of forms, of which heat and light are only two. What is the amount of energy thus locked up within the atom? A negligible quantity? By no means; on the contrary, inconceivably great. The statement has been made that the energy in fifteen grains of radium, if it could all be liberated at once, would blow the whole British Navy a mile high."

Now one can see how it was, according to Doctor Sturge, that all pre-radium investigators had gone wrong in their calculations of time. It was like calculating how long the falls of Niagara would take to empty Lake Erie without taking any note of the other great lakes behind it or of the vast sources of supply that were keeping them replenished. So immense are these intra-atomic forces compared with the inter-atomic, that to all intents and purposes geologists, biologists and historians of prehistoric man at once found themselves with an immense supply of time and were at liberty to make drafts upon it to any extent. This is by no means realized as yet and there is still timidity in its use. "Some of us who have all along felt that this freedom was essential and would some day be granted are reveling in our new-found powers and go on our way rejoicing; but others seem frightened at the great vistas thus opened out."



A CRANIUM THAT MAY HAVE HELD A THROBBING BRAIN A MILLION YEARS AGO

This relic of Neanderthal man has never been assigned a definite age until the advent of the new physics, which modify all conceptions of the age of the earth. There are scientists who think Neanderthal man may have lived on this planet so far back in time that the mind can not realize its great duration.

A SCIENCE THAT HAS COME TO A DEADLOCK

DURING the last few years a large number of experiments and observations have been made which, instead of solving the central problem of atmospheric electricity, appear to have made it more difficult than ever. For that reason, Professor George C. Simpson, a recognized expert in this department of physics, makes in London *Nature* a statement of the present position, with an appeal to physicists generally to find a way out of the blind alley in which the subject has entangled itself.

Measurements of the electrical conditions of the atmosphere, he explains, have now been made over the land from north polar regions through the equator to south polar regions, over the centers of the Atlantic and south Indian oceans and on Samoa to the Pacific Ocean. Thus the conditions over both land and ocean areas have been investigated. Everywhere it has been found that the air is a conductor and that the potential gradient is practically the same. The result can be expressed in rather a more objective way by stating that the earth has been found to be a negatively charged sphere, of a nearly uniform surface density, surrounded by a conducting atmosphere.

This, however, can not be a complete statement of the case, for by the laws of electrostatics a charge can not exist within a conductor, and in consequence the charge on the surface of the earth must be transferred more or less quickly to the outside of the conducting atmosphere. In spite of this, the charge on the earth's surface remains undiminished. Whence, then, comes the negative charge to make this possible? This is the chief problem of atmospheric electricity.

To make it clear that the surface of the earth does lose electricity, it will be as well to state the methods used to determine the loss. The surface of the earth, be it explained before going further, is at a uniform potential, which for convenience is called zero:

"If, therefore, a certain area of this is insulated, it can only remain at the potential of the remainder so long as it receives or loses no charge. If it was losing a charge before it was insulated, it can only be kept at zero potential after insulating by supplying it with the charge lost. In 1906 C. T. R. Wilson designed an instrument by means of which an insulated plate could be kept at zero potential while exposed to the atmosphere, and the charge which had to be supplied to do this could be measured. The result proved an actual loss of negative electricity. The amount of this loss was found to be equal to that which can be calculated from a knowledge of the potential gradient and the conductivity of the air.

"Realizing that the plate in Wilson's instrument did not exactly represent a piece of the ground and that measurements at odd times could always be objected to, a method was developed in Simla by which a continuous record could be obtained of the charge necessary to keep at zero potential a large area—17 square meters—which was to all intents and purposes a part of the surface of the ground. This instrument was in use for nearly a month, and registered a continuous loss of negative electricity. These experiments indicate clearly that during fine weather negative electricity actually passes from the earth into the air. This disposes of the possibility of the lost charge being renewed uniformly over the whole earth by such processes as the fall of charged dust, friction of the air on the earth's surface, or the absorption of ions from the air. The loss over the whole earth is equivalent to a constant current of more than 1,000 amperes. As this loss takes place from all regions of the earth, subject to normal or fine weather conditions, it would appear that the return current can only exist in regions of disturbed weather, and it is known that in such regions the potential gradient is often reversed and the rain charged."

A reversed field certainly causes a flow of negative electricity into the earth, but as the time during which the field is reversed in any one place is only a very small fraction of the time during which it is normal, the flow of electricity would have to be enormous if the loss were made good in this way. Such a large flow could not possibly escape detection and no one has seriously put forward this as a solution of the problem.

There is still the possibility that the electricity comes to the earth in the disturbed area as a negative charge on the rain. For many years this was the most favored theory for the supply of the negative electricity. Three years ago, however, measurements were made in Simla which showed that there at least the rain carried down more positive than negative electricity. Since then many measurements have been made on the electricity of rain. Now we have before us the results of observations made in Porto Rico, Simla, Vienna, Potsdam, Puy en Velay and Dublin.

"In every one of these cases the Simla result is confirmed, and there can be no doubt now that in all kinds of rain, from the intense rain of thunderstorms to the drizzle of a

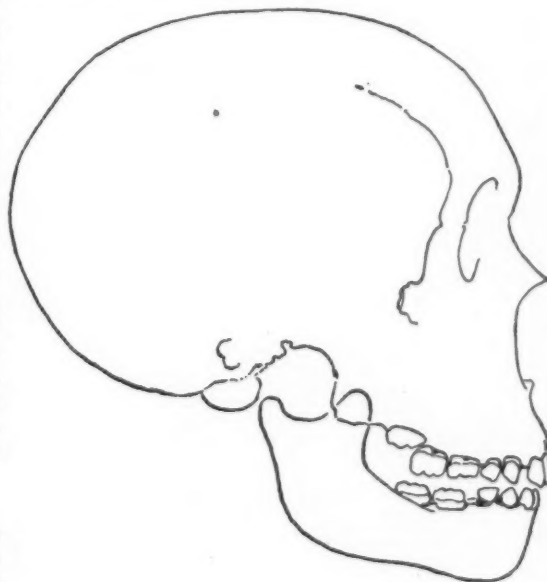
depression, more positive than negative electricity is brought to the earth. Thus rain, instead of solving our problem, has made it more difficult.

"It has been suggested that the charge may be returned in the lightning of thunderstorms. Prof. Schuster has discussed this point in his recent book, 'The Progress of Physics,' and comes to the conclusion: 'It does not seem to me, judging by present information, that lightning discharges from cloud to earth can play an important part in increasing or diminishing the charge of the earth,' and there are other reasons, not mentioned by Prof. Schuster, for coming to the same conclusion.

"We have now discussed the conditions in disturbed areas and have not found the return current, for neither the reversed field, the precipitation, nor the lightning provides it. Thus the science of atmospheric electricity has come to a deadlock, and there is at present no indication of a way out. We may sum up the position in the following statement. A flow of negative electricity takes place from the surface of the whole globe into the atmosphere above it, and this necessitates a return current of more than 1,000 amperes; yet not the slightest indication of any such current has so far been found, and no satisfactory explanation for its absence has been given."

While, then, the occurrence and something of the more fundamental atmospheric vibrations are already known, says Edwin C. Martin,* who is a careful authority, the cause of them remains still very much hidden. In the eager search for it going on the object first and most questioned is, naturally, the sun. The sun, indeed, is just now as if it were a trust under investigation.

* OUR OWN WEATHER. By Edwin C. Martin. Harper and Brothers.



ONE OF OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS

This outline of the so-called Moustier Skull was supposed to be relatively modern as these things go, but just now there is reason to infer that it may be many thousands of years old.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF MOTION TO THE GIANT OCEAN LINER

NOT many know the real beginning of the movement towards modern ocean giants like the *Imperator*, observes the well-informed J. C. Backhouse in a recent paper on the new era in seamanship. It is the story, he declares, of a now deceased Liverpool ship-owner who, from small beginnings, became first manager and then partner in a shipping firm at a time when the shape and build of ships was widely different from what it is now. This ship-owner was struck by the idea that if he built his steamers twice the length then usual they would carry between four and five times the cargo, and yet be run with only a very slightly increased expense. In the older type a disproportionate space was taken up by engines and boilers. In the newer type all the space added by

doubling the length was clear stowage room. Not only did the ship-owner carry out his idea, but by cheapening freights he built up an immense trade, and a vast fortune, before competitors realized and imitated his simple secret. The discovery, by lowering the cost of ocean transport, has done more for international trade than all the laws passed by all the parliaments of civilization. In that man's brain—he was the late Frederick Leyland—the modern steamship was really born, and the modern steamship, and its gigantic proportions, have come to stay. This is a matter in which there can be no turning back, unless and until oversea traffic shrinks. All the possibilities and probabilities of the future, however, point to its increase. Our careful student of this subject enlarges in the *London News*:

"The problem of the giant steamship is no longer a constructional problem. The real problem, so far as the safety of the world's ocean-traveling public is concerned, is one of seamanship. The ship of 45,000 or 50,000 tons sets up, from the standpoint of practical management, conditions which are altogether novel. We have to face a question of dynamics so new that nobody can be surprised if, in the absence of any experience to speak of, caution must for some time be the watchword.

"The latest type of giant has three propellers, and an arrangement by which steam can be instantly shut off the central propeller. The wing propellers are reversible. Hence, if the central propeller be stopped and the wing propeller on, say, the port side reversed, the ship can be swung round to port in about her own length. That, at any rate, is the theory of the matter, but it is a question if the theory takes adequately into account the momentum of a body weighing, when loaded, 80,000 tons and moving at the rate of 20 or 21 knots per hour. Suppose a ship of that weight traveling at such a speed to be 'put about' by the means described. Her path through the water would be nothing like that of a lighter ship, tho the latter were equally speedy. It would be an immensely more elongated parabola curve. Hence the only chance of avoiding a danger point, whether fixed or moving, would be to begin the maneuver of avoidance at a distance increased in proportion to the enormous momentum of millions of foot-tons which has to be controlled. In narrow tidal waters this difficulty of maneuvering is great, but it exists also on the open ocean, because of the vast arc such a ship must describe in avoiding an obstacle in the line of her course. Owing to the height of the deck above water, and the distance of the bridge from the bow, the navigator in charge becomes doubly dependent on the lookout. If, therefore, the latter is not intelligent enough to realize that obstacles or possible obstacles ought to be reported much sooner than would be necessary in the case of smaller ships, danger may be unavoidable, where a smaller ship might readily escape."

There is a moral attaching to this matter in the fact that merchant captains at present receive no training in the science of dynamics. The men who control great Atlantic liners undoubtedly do know a good deal of the science, picked up in the course of experience in handling ships, or from their own reading. All the same, a man can pass the examinations and obtain his captain's certificate without having the most elementary knowledge of the laws of motion. As at present conducted, the examinations seem to be arranged on the idea of making the tests before everything 'practical.'

The spirit of scientific intelligence is anathema. Theory, that is to say,

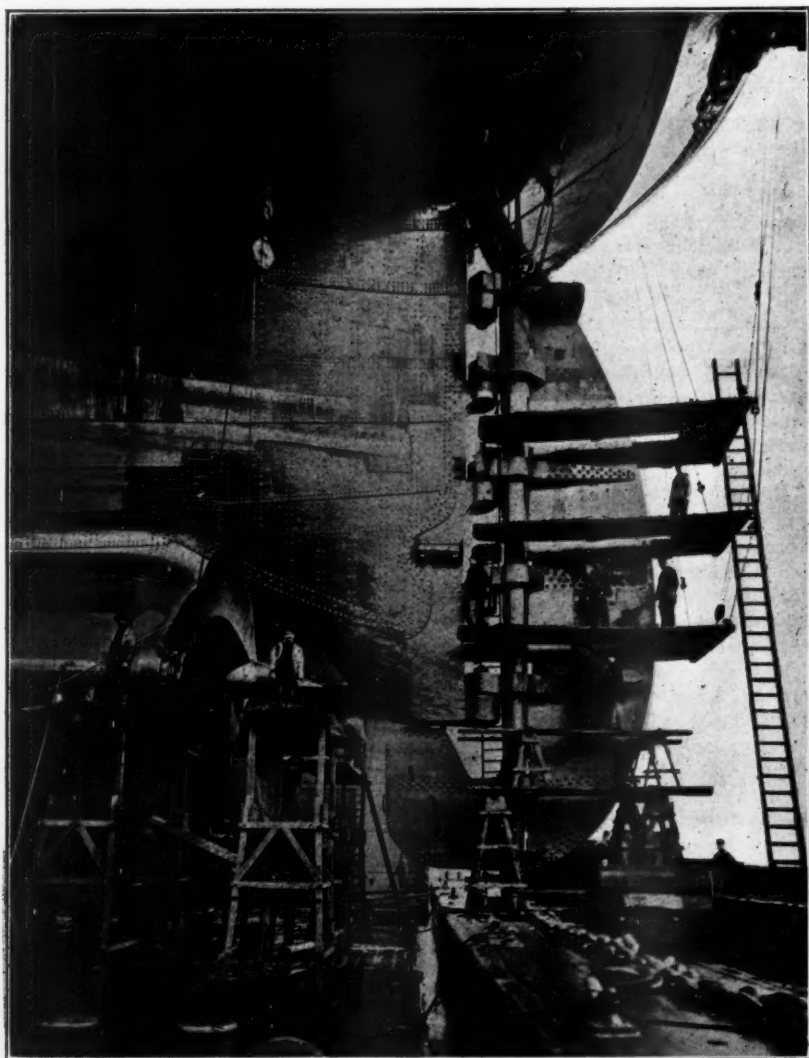


Photo by Brown Brothers

THE MOST GIGANTIC OF RUDDERS

The steering gear of the *Imperator* has been devised with so exquisite a nicety that the slightest pressure of a button on the bridge effects a responsive reversal of engines below at an unprecedented speed.

science as science, is under a ban. The revolution in shipbuilding has in truth initiated a revolution in seamanship. This the more intelligent members of the profession appreciate. But it has not yet dawned on the responsible authorities. To them seamanship is very much where it was in the days of Nelson, and the practical man in control, who hates your theorist, fights for his position with the tenacity of a bulldog.

"Take an example. Every navigator is familiar with the 'Table of Traverses'—the winds and currents likely to send a ship out of her course. In setting the

course from day to day he calculates and allows for these where they occur. Now the 'Table of Traverses' is nothing more or less than a series of examples of that elementary scientific fact, the parallelogram of forces. The embryo navigator has to cram the Table, and to work out examples from it. Yet he is never taught the principle, which any intelligent youth could master in fifteen minutes. At least, the principle is ignored in the examinations, because rule of thumb is supposed to be the best equipment for a seadog. Over and over again have inquiries into the loss of ships shown that, knowing nothing of the scientific principle, a navigator in a traverse current not noted in the Tables has been utterly at a loss. Nay, the rule of the road at sea com-

pels a man steering for a point to keep the ship's nose towards that point, although, if there is a cross-current, the line he thinks he is following is wholly non-existent and imaginary. The real line may, and not infrequently does, land him on a coast or a sandbank. And then the authorities suspend his certificate for in effect not knowing what they never required him to know.

"The profession has now to adapt itself to a new state of affairs. At present it is looked upon, officially, much as the military profession was looked upon by the British War Office in the days of purchase of a commission. The scientific officer existed then, as he exists among merchant captains now, but he could look for no favoring countenance."

THE ETHER AS THE SUPREME PARADOX OF MODERN PHYSICS

IN THE complexity due to the extreme specialization of modern scientific work, there is probably no aspect that so frequently acts as a barrier between those claiming the rights of an "initiate" and the uninstructed public as the conception of the ether. It is a product of the intelligence that can make no direct impression on our senses. Indeed, adds the well-informed physicist who studies the problem in the pages of the *London Post*, and whose words we reproduce owing to their informing clarity and importance, the ether is the supreme paradox of scientific thought. It offers to passage through it no appreciable resistance, it is able to exert a strength of resistance where the most skilfully forged steel would snap like tow; we are dependent on it as the faithful bearer to us of the heat and light of the sun and the stars; it alone makes possible the development of the electric forces that play so great a part in every-day life, but it remains unknown, impalpable, the necessary condition of scientific thought.

But to-day, when we have come to correlate cause and effect, when we have behind us centuries of effort inspired by the world's arch-sceptic Lucretius, we have reached a desperate strait where we must do something to escape from the hell of inconsistency into which our speculations have led us.

"The need of the existence of an ether can be realized most simply by having recourse to a very common experiment. If we take a vessel of glass and connect it to an air-pump, putting an alarm clock inside, and the clock alarm goes off, there is no difficulty about hearing the ringing of the bell. But we have only to get the air-pump to work and to exhaust the air when the sound of the bell grows faint, and, as the vacuum gets more and more complete, is absolutely stilled, though the hammer can still be seen striking at the bell. The experiment

is one that appeals to the imagination; the interpretation of it is obvious enough, and has long been a commonplace of school-boy instruction; sound is nothing more than the waves that have been set up in a fluid medium, and our appreciation of them. The knowledge we thus gain brings home to us what a miserably imperfect piece of mechanism our bodies are. The ear can detect these slow heavy-footed vibrations that come to us at the rate of between 40 and 40,000 a second. But the whole of space may be quivering and palpitating with waves at all sorts of varying speeds and our senses will tell us nothing of them until we get them coming to us at the inconceivable rate of 400,000,000,000,000 a second, when again we respond to them and appreciate them in the form of light.

"We have only to consider the experiment a little further to find a first cause for the need for the existence of an ether. We can substitute an electric light for the alarm clock, we can use the most delicate instruments, but the light will still come through to us, undimmed and unchanged by the fact that there is no air to transmit it. We must pass over the brilliant train of experimental work that has proved definitely that light is nothing else than a series of intensely rapid vibrations. Having learned that air, or some other substance, is necessary to carry to us the waves of sound and make them perceptible to our ears, we naturally put ourselves the question what is the substance in which the waves of light originating in the glowing filament of carbon are transmitted to our

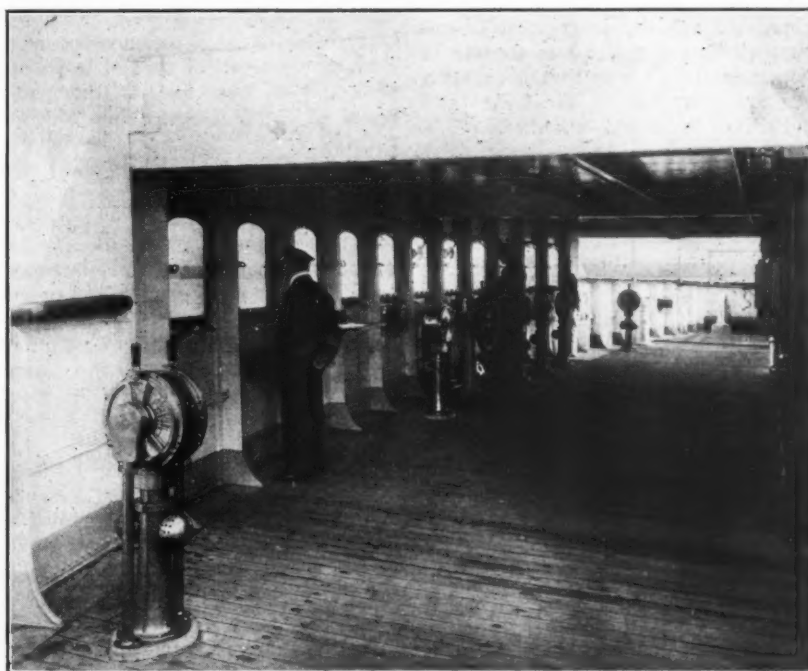


Photo by Brown Brothers

THE CITADEL OF THE OCEAN RACER

On the bridge of the *Imperator* one finds the signal bells, the apparatus of direction as distinguished from the mechanism proper. Here are the men who guide, direct and rule—the brains of the ship.

eyes. Something must pass from the filament to our eyes, and a moment's reflection suffices to warn us that the experiment we have done with labor and difficulty in the laboratories is a mere replica of what has been happening in the universe for unlimited time. For the sun and the moon and the stars have been sending us their light through the void without the aid of any medium such as our senses can appreciate."

The case is, one might say, a circumstance in which to avoid the conception of an ether, of action at a distance. The sun occupies one position, we on the earth another, and may it not be that the sun for all this time has been sending us through space the something that we recognize as light? The idea of there being some such action has not been without its advocates, and Clerk Maxwell devoted a brilliant exposition to it. He started with the idea of the ringing of a bell, and reminded his audience that their ordinary methods of logical thought forced them to the conclusion of there being some material connection between the bell and the man who rang it, either a connecting wire that was pulled, or an electric wire conducting a current, or a tube of air which on being compressed brought a mechanism into play. These were commonplace examples, and he passed to the contemplation of the case of rapidly spinning discs placed near to a light suspended body. If the necessary conditions are satisfied the light body is attracted, a phenomenon that at first sight looks like action at a distance. One has only, however, to realize the truth of the general statement that in a moving fluid the pressure is least where the velocity is greatest to understand that the disc sets the air in motion in such a way that it exerts a pressure from behind the light body and drives it towards the disc.

"There is a danger of our regarding it a simple matter that we are able to stir up the mud in a pool with the stick that we hold in our hand. But when we come to think correctly in the terms of modern scientific thought there are the best of reasons for believing that no two particles that go to make up the stick are actually touching. There is good reason, indeed, to doubt whether two atoms of matter ever have been in real contact. Optical methods show that if one piece of glass is placed on another it does not touch in the same sense that it does when by considerable pressure the two pieces have been brought more closely together. If still more pressure is applied and the glass surfaces are smooth, the two pieces can be brought so closely together that in pulling them apart they will break away, but not at the place of contact, where the join may be stronger than the substance of the glass. All our common ideas on this subject require revision. As Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out, a flexible chain set spinning can stand up on end; a jet of water at sufficient speed



A FORTUNE IN RADIUM

In this hand is one of those trifling quantities of the new element which has transformed our ideas of the world we live in, changed our theories of the universe and left the old chemistry and the old physics in ruins besides vindicating the theory of the transmutation of elements.

can be struck with a hammer and resists being cut with a sword; a spinning disc of paper becomes elastic like flexible metal, and can act like a circular saw. So if the various parts of our stick are not in contact we want to know what is the something that gives it rigidity. The common experience at once becomes of interest, and if we deny the ether we are faced once again with the old problem as to what transmits our action to the muddy pond."

In his lecture Clerk Maxwell drives home his argument as to the impossibility of action at a distance by reference to the work of Orsted and Ampère, and more particularly to the long series of brilliant researches of Faraday on electric and magnetic lines of force. Faraday was able to show that these lines or tubes of force tend to shorten and to spread out in the same sort of way that a muscle does when it contracts, and argued that electricity manifested itself in the medium in which it acted by a state of stress consisting of tension like that of a rope in the direction of the lines of force combined with a pressure in all directions at right angles. And then, reaching the climax of his lecture, he said:

"The vast interplanetary and interstellar regions will no longer be regarded as waste places in the universe, which the Creator has not seen fit to fill with the symbols of the manifold order of His Kingdom. We shall find them to be already full of this wonderful medium, so full that no human power can remove it from the smallest portions of space or produce the slightest flaw in its infinite continuity. It extends unbroken from star to star, and when a molecule of hydrogen vibrates in the Dog Star, the

medium receives the impulses of these vibrations, and after carrying them in its immense bosom for several years delivers them in due course, regular order and full tale into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins, at Tulse Hill."

What are the properties of the ether, if by the inconceivability of action at a distance we can regard its existence as established? If it is matter at all, or if, as many modern philosophers believe, matter is in reality ether in motion, it must be matter in a peculiar state. We can form a picture of the possibility by noting the behavior of a vortex ring. When we blow a smoke ring we find that it behaves peculiarly. Though consisting only of air—for the smoke particles that make it visible have no effect on those of its properties that are being considered—it resists any attempt at the alteration of its shape, and were it not for friction, which would not exist in a perfect fluid, it would remain in form and motion and matter as permanent as the Universe. It may be that the truth is that the ether is comparable with the air, while matter is comparable with a vast series of smoke-ring constellations, each bound up in the world of its own atom and each liable to be affected by neighboring atoms. But, if the view is accepted, it is only in the realm of thought that ether and matter can be regarded as one.

It is a substance of amazing elasticity, for if we accept the teachings of the natural philosophers, when we bend a steel spring it is not the atoms composing the steel that are bent, but the connecting links between the atoms of the steel, and this elasticity must be a property of the ether. Its strength must be astounding, for calculation shows that the force that holds the moon in its orbit would be great enough to tear asunder a steel rod four hundred miles thick, so that, as Sir Oliver Lodge has graphically expressed it, a forest of pillars would be necessary to whirl the system once a month round their common center of gravity.

"Little can be added to our knowledge of ether to-day. Owing to the discovery of the wireless waves and their harnessing to the service of man in wireless telegraphy, it has come within the scope of popular interest, but the ether has manifested itself in no sense other than that it is the nominative of the verb to undulate. But none the less, it is a fundamental conception of science, an entity having an existence as real as ourselves, and essential to a right understanding of the modern views of natural phenomena.

"And yet with it all we are profoundly unconscious of its existence. It sweeps through the densest material as if it were gossamer, much as the wind sweeps through the trees without our being able to see its passage, and it is this property of it that makes it so elusive as to revolt our senses."

AN INDICTMENT OF THE EDUCATED HORSE FROM THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S STANDPOINT

QUITE a number of educated horses have been conspicuously before the public in recent years. Many will remember Blondine, the steed who manifested such amazing intellectual gifts during the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. The testimony of great statesmen, including the late President McKinley, that of distinguished heroes, including Admiral Schley, and that of teachers all agreed that Blondine was an intelligent prodigy. He could, so it seemed, add, subtract, multiply, divide, spell and read.

Impressed by these accomplishments and by those of other horses, Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, took advantage of an opportunity he had to test the intelligence of King Pharaoh, which has probably attracted more attention than that of any other horse of recent times. Professor O'Shea writes in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"He has appeared before notable people and vast audiences in every section of this country. He has received unqualified praise for his abilities from newspaper and magazine writers, and from such persons as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Governor Eberhardt, of Minnesota, and others of like distinction. His trainer, Dr. Boyd, of Columbia, South Carolina, claims that we have at last an animal with genuine human intelligence, as shown in his interpretation of oral and written language, his mathematical calculations, his reading of human character, and similar achievements.

"The writer, who had made some observations respecting Blondine's powers as revealed in his exhibitions in Buffalo, was able to make an investigation of King Pharaoh's abilities in November, 1911. An educational convention was in session in Miles City, Montana. King Pharaoh with his trainer and retinue of attendants happened to be passing. . . . Doctor Boyd was asked whether he would permit the writer to make a test of King Pharaoh's reputed human intelligence and he readily consented to this. It was stipulated that the trainer should first exhibit the horse in the presence of a body of twenty-five observers, these to be chosen mainly from the educators in attendance at the convention, after which the writer would take control of King Pharaoh, and his trainer and caretaker should leave the building."

King Pharaoh, be it noted, is a small pinto stallion. He has an unusually large head for his size. The trainer called special attention to this trait before beginning his performance with the horse. He also dwelt upon the remarkable success which King Pharaoh had had in all his exhibitions. He mentioned the people of prominence who had studied King Pharaoh, putting special emphasis upon the testimony of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and

Governor Eberhardt. The trainer had carefully arranged the setting of the stage before King was brought in. He had placed a blackboard on an easel. At four or five yards to the left there was a rack ten feet long, on which could be placed in upright position ten letters or ten numbers printed on blocks that could be easily knocked down. The letters and figures were printed on both sides of the blocks, so that the horse and the trainer could see them and the audience could also observe them. Throughout the exhibition the trainer stood between the blackboard and the rack, so that the horse would always be in front of him and he could see what was taking place.

For the purpose of the experiment Professor O'Shea put on the blackboard the following figures:

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \ 5 \ 7 \ 6 \\ 6 \ 3 \ 9 \ 4 \end{array}$$

"King," Professor O'Shea next said to the horse, "add these figures."

"The trainer then said: 'King, do as the gentleman bids you. Go to the rack and show what is the sum of the first two figures. Go along and do it quickly.' Then turning to the audience he remarked: 'King is mischievous to-day, perhaps it is so cool, and he may not do just as he should unless I compel him to. Usually I never have to take a switch to him, but sometimes, when he is too mischievous, I have to correct him, and urge him to attend to his business.' It was interesting to note the effect of this statement upon the observers. It put them at once into sympathy with the horse, and predisposed them to explain King's lack of responsiveness and his mistakes to his 'mischief,' and not to his inability to understand what was wanted of him. The remarks served effectively to divert many of the observers from studying the commands and actions of the trainer as possibly affording a clue to the reactions of the horse. They just naturally concluded that so much talk by the trainer was necessary in order to control the horse's 'mischief,' and it did not occur to them that verbal clues were mixed in with the commands."

Meanwhile the horse was standing at the rack without indicating any interest in the proceedings. He was not "studying" the figures on the board. He did not appear to understand what was being said about him:

"At least it was impossible for the writer, who was carefully noting King's reactions at short range, to detect any recognition on King's part of the trainer's remarks or commands, tho it was claimed he understood every word. Turning to the horse again the trainer said, 'King, why don't you do as the gentleman asked you? Find the first number. Come on,

behave yourself, and find the first number,' and he picked up a stick as if to slap him. The horse then walked over to the rack on which the number 10 had been placed near the lower end. He moved down to this number, and pushed it off. However, just as King came to the number 10 the trainer said, 'Show the gentleman what the first number is.' After having pushed off the right number, he pushed off the number 6 which was next to it. The trainer then said, 'What is the number you carry? Find the number which you should carry.' The horse moved along the rack, and while the trainer was talking to and commanding him, stamping occasionally to impress him with the necessity of 'cutting out' his 'mischief,' he pushed off the number 1 and the number next to it. Then the trainer said, 'What is the next number in this addition? Find it for the gentleman.' The horse moved along the rack and at the command, 'Show the gentleman,' he pushed off the number 13, and the one next to it. The trainer then had some one in the audience put the number 1 on the rack, tho it could not be determined whether the horse was looking at the moment; and, being commanded to show the number which should be carried, King moved up to the rack and apparently went directly to the right number and pushed it off."

So he went through the entire addition, making no mistakes except that for most of the numbers he pushed off both the right one and the next one to it. The trainer in each case would take two or three steps towards him and say: "He knows perfectly well what is right, but he is mischievous to-day. Sometimes he does that, but very rarely." Then the trainer would call out to the horse: "King, if you do not behave yourself I will whip you for it. Now you go and do as I bid you." The effect of these remarks was to make the spectators sympathize with the horse in all his pranks, tho he appeared to be in earnest, Professor O'Shea says, "according to equine standards." The Professor, at any rate, could detect no evidence of "mischief" in the horse's expression or action.

Next, Professor O'Shea put on the board a problem in subtraction, one in multiplication and one in division. The horse solved each in the way he solved the others. In most cases he pushed off more than one number, which the trainer ascribed to the weather or to some similar cause—not to lack of intelligence.

King Pharaoh's most remarkable work in arithmetic, judging from the expressions of the audience, was his correct solution, in the same sense that his other solutions were correct, of the problem: "If I must pay thirty-five cents for one dozen oranges, how much must I pay for 224 dozens?" King Pharaoh "solved" this "in his mind,"

which, observes Professor O'Shea, is more than the average high-school graduate can do. Also the horse apparently solved all the other problems, or at any rate carried the solutions in his mind after studying them once, which would be regarded as a feat for even a mathematician.

Stopping for comment at this point, Professor O'Shea observes that the trainer, while commanding the horse, saw the numbers on the rack. The horse passed, moreover, along the rack, instead of walking straight up to a number.

"It was impossible to keep tab on all of the trainer's talk so as to determine whether he always used a given word or phrase when the horse was opposite a particular number; but some observers in the audience believed that this was true, and that the phrase he used was 'Show the gentleman.' It was thought by some members of the audience that the trainer always stamped his foot when the horse was to move back on the rack in order to find the right number. The writer, who remained at the blackboard while the horse was 'studying' the figures, noted that he did not appear to concentrate upon them at all. The trainer would say to him as the numbers were being written, 'Now, King, study these numbers, so that you can do your work quickly.' The horse on at least two occasions nibbled at the writer's fingers while the numbers were being written. Once he looked out of the window; and from the focus of his eyes, which were specially observed, it appeared impossible for him to be attending to the numbers which had been written. If a child had been doing this work he would have shown in his bodily adjustments that he was concentrating upon the situation before him, but it was just the other way with King. The trainer would tell him to figure a problem all out before he went to the rack, so that he could do his work fast; and, assuming that he did this, it indicated a higher degree of numerical imagery and retentiveness than the majority of human beings possess."

After the arithmetical tests Professor O'Shea himself introduced King Pharaoh to three of the observers in different parts of the room. Then five ribbons of different colors were put on the rack:

"The writer said to the horse, 'King, take the orange ribbon to Miss W.' The trainer followed with, 'King, do as the gentleman bids you. Find the orange color.' The trainer was constantly talking to King, and stamping to make him obedient, and the horse soon picked out the orange ribbon and apparently went directly with it to Miss W., throwing it at her. The writer next said, 'King, find the blue ribbon and take it to Mr. X.' Again the trainer talked to the horse while he was performing the task, with the result that he found the blue ribbon, and took it to Mr. X. Miss W. threw her ribbon onto the floor, and the trainer said, 'King, pick up the orange ribbon and take

it to Dr. O.' The horse picked up the ribbon, turned around, and did exactly as he was commanded; and in this case neither the writer nor the observers could detect any cue word or signal which was used to guide the horse. It should be said that all the observers were much impressed with the directness with which the horse appeared to go to the individual whose name was mentioned in any of these tests, though when King was being introduced to a person he did not seem to pay any attention to him. A human being would look at any one to whom he was being introduced, so that in the future he could recognize him through having focalized some of his characteristics; but King's eyes never once focused on the person to whom he was being presented."

After the trainer and his assistants had left the hall Professor O'Shea repeated every one of the experiments which had been performed by King Pharaoh when his trainer was present. It may be stated in brief that the horse failed to perform a single test satisfactorily. When told to go to the blackboard without any gesture or sign other than the mere words of the command he did not respond. He could not react even to the word "blackboard." But when urged with the uplifted hand in the act of striking, and guided in the right direction, he would go and "study" the numbers. When invited to go to the rack and achieve the solution, he seemingly had no idea of what was said to him. When urged and threatened he would pass along the rack without knocking off any number. It was impossible to get him to remove a number simply by telling him to find the correct one. It was the same in regard to the spelling. In some instances, when he was commanded in a threatening manner to find numbers, he would paw, indicating that he seemed to think the command was to count. The only reaction that could be got from him was to stand before the blackboard, walk along the rack when urged and threatened with a stick, but without any disposition to solve problems. He would paw when a command such as "Go and find Miss W." was continually repeated in an increasingly austere tone. It was evident that the horse had no imagery whatever for the words "Miss W." and no notion of what was required of him. From all these things Professor O'Shea generalizes:

"Any one familiar with horses knows that they are capable of keen responses of a particular kind. They can very acutely distinguish tones of voice in respect to their denoting gentleness, or harshness, or weakness, or sternness in their possessors. Dogs have the same sort of keenness. Very young children, before they understand a single word as a symbol of meaning, can discriminate a number of shades in vocal quality. A horse can learn the significance of certain words which denote simple, definite reactions, as 'gee,' 'haw,' 'get up,' 'whoa,' and the like. He can be

taught to respond in special cases to a considerable range of visual and auditory signs or cues, as may be observed in any circus. He can discriminate strangers from his caretakers, alike by smell and by sight, and also by the 'feel' of the rein in driving him. The dominant emotion of the horse is fear, and he is keen in noting the characteristics of persons or places or objects which have been associated in his experience with pain or terror. He is extremely cautious, which keeps him ever on the alert, with the result that he will respond to simple stimuli in the form of 'lessons' much more readily than the cow or the sheep, for instance. King is undoubtedly an average horse in this respect. As a result of repeated 'lessons,' he has associated a few visual and auditory signs with definite responses, and he has probably connected particular reactions with specific words, as 'gentleman,' or 'show the gentleman,' which is, of course, but one word to him, denoting a specific reaction, just as 'whoa' does. Unquestionably much of his performance depends upon the peculiar vocal and bodily mannerisms of his trainer. When these are removed, King is at sea, hopelessly befogged when he is requested to do anything.

"Those who exploit the intelligence of the horse, and other animals as well, usually try to show that they possess the traits of the human mind, in that they can understand sentences in ordinary speech, can read and spell and calculate numerically, can learn the names of people and discriminate their character, can interpret facial expression, and so on. Now, all these acts and processes demand a synthesis of particular experiences which it is safe to say the equine brain is incapable of under any kind or degree of education. If a horse could do these things, it would cease to be a horse."

The equine brain, in a word, is the cause of the circumstance that the horse must forever remain a horse by what may be called a zoological necessity. It is true that the lower animals are derived from the same stock as the higher ones. They persist, explains Dr. William T. Matthew, in his article on Zoology, in *The Science History of the Universe*, because they are perfectly adapted to their habitat and mode of life or because they had gotten into a groove of evolutionary progress which did not allow them to advance so fast or so far as the higher types or because of arrested development from obscure causes. Some of the factors which have limited their evolution are clearly seen while others are more difficult to trace. The animal or plant is thus not a mere aggregate of living cells, but an organism. In the successive classes and orders of animals, from lowest to highest, there is a progressive complexity in the organism, a more and more absolute and exact limitation of the cells or groups of cells to special functions. This progressive specialization is the key to the fact that a horse never ceases to be a horse.

Religion and Ethics

SEX O'CLOCK IN AMERICA

A WAVE of sex hysteria and sex discussion seems to have invaded this country. Our former reticence on matters of sex is giving way to a frankness that would even startle Paris. Prostitution, as *Life* remarks, is the chief topic of polite conversation. It has struck "sex o'clock" in America, to use William Marion Reedy's memorable phrase. The White Slave appears in the headlines of our newspapers. Reginald Wright Kauffman and a tribe of other scribes are making capital out of the victims of Mrs. Warren's profession. Witter Bynner in *The Forum* exploits the White Slave in blank verse. *Leslie's Weekly* points out her lesson in short stories. *The Smart Set* makes her the subject of a novelette. In the theater, "Damaged Goods," a play of which the action springs from venereal disease, marks an epoch of new freedom in sex discussion. The story of Brioux' drama is being "adapted" to *Physical Culture* readers by Upton Sinclair. Mr. Rockefeller's young men in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, have made exhaustive studies of the lupanar and its inmates. Vice reports leap into print. Vice commissions meet and gravely attempt to rebuild in a fortnight the social structure of the world. Is this overemphasis of sex a symptom of a new moral awakening or is it a sign that the morbidity of the Old World is overtaking the New? Does it indicate a permanent change in our temper or is it merely the concomitant of the movement for the liberation of woman from the shackles of convention that will disappear when society has readjusted itself to the New Woman and the New Man? Has it struck sex o'clock permanently or will time soon point to another hour?

One writer in the St. Louis *Mirror*, James F. Clark, asserts that we must grant to-day to woman the same promiscuity that society tacitly grants to the male. This statement has aroused a storm of discussion and protest. Mr. Reedy himself, tho a radical, strongly dissents from the attitude of his aggressive contributor. He points out that Clark's point of view is the logical outcome of the hideously materialistic theory that disregards spiritual values altogether. "I do not believe," he says, "that given the prophylactic and

remedy, women, under the new dispensation, are to abandon themselves to promiscuity. I cannot see that emancipation tends that way. It seems rather to me that emancipated woman, knowing good and evil, will choose her man rather than be chosen."

"The laxity in sex matters in this and other countries cannot be said to be due to the broadening of women's views. The women who have entered upon the life of civic and social enlargement are not those who 'go astray.' The sexually loose women are not the so-called advanced women. They are the parasite women, the indulged women, the women who do not think. And I want to say that I don't believe in the theory that the woman has the same passions as a man. I, too, have been to Cyprus, and the woman of passion, from Sappho to Catherine of Russia, is a fake or a physio-psychological freak. Woman's passion is mostly a pretence. The idea that women in any great number would resort to promiscuity is absurd. The removal of the fear of consequences won't count for much with an intelligent womanhood. Not intelligence, but ignorance recruits the ranks of the social evil."

The brilliant Saint Louis editor has little use for the anti-vice crusades financed by Standard Oil money. There are, he says, and he speaks with the authority of a man of wide experience, plenty of women of evil life in all large cities. But these are not "White Slaves." The inmates of houses may be in debt to mistresses, but they are not held prisoners and cannot be. "But as young Rockefeller is putting up the money for the White Slave hunt, of course," Mr. Reedy goes on to say, somewhat cynically, "White Slaves' have to be produced." Vice and crime, he insists, are the symptoms of poverty, which itself is a symptom of the disease known as privilege. We should strike at the root, not at the branches.

The vice crusade business in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, everywhere, thinks Reedy, is being overdone. There is too much sensationalism in its campaigns. There is too much censorship of songs and dances. It is all as spasmodic and Saint Vitus dance-like as some of the condemned performances themselves. "There's an epidemical frenzy in it. And the public isn't so much shocked.

It rather enjoys the coprolalia of it all."

"No one is particularly in favor of vice. But most thinking people are in favor of liberty and there cannot prevail much liberty when the raiding plan of reform is so generally adopted. I have an idea that people have a right to go to hell in their own way. And that a good way to drive them to hell is to begin to coerce and drive them towards other people's ideals of righteousness. Raids are going to produce more harm than good. If society is going to hell by way of the tango and the turkey trot and the cabaret show, who started it in that direction? Why, 'the best people.' It is 'the best people' that have exalted vaudeville and girl shows above the genuine drama. It is the best people who have made the cabaret show and demanded that it be ever more and more highly spiced. When the habits and customs of the best people broaden down to the common people, lo, there is a wild cry for reform. And it is all done now in the name of the working girl. Balderdash! The working girl is a working girl, not a bawd at large. The working girl doesn't keep the hot joints in the big town running. That is done mostly by folks who think themselves in the know and in the swim. The prevalent looseness in society is not to be checked by sensational raids or slumming expeditions by legislative committees of investigation. We must begin farther back than the patrol-wagon."

Reedy places the blame for the sex hysteria upon the hedonistic materialistic philosophy that pervades American life. The poor, he says, learn their worst vices from the rich. Everybody lives for a good time in the upper world, and the infection spreads downward. "Is there," he asks, "anything of the spiritual left in education in America, broadly speaking? There is not."

"Education is now directed to the end of enabling a man to get money. Our youths study what they think will enable them to get there quickest. No classics. No arts and no metaphysics. No religion. And science—well, science is fallen into the hands of those who pursue it not to know, but to get. Education is not to draw a man out of himself, but to draw material things to himself. No one is concerned with eternal things. All that interests us is the immediate gratification. And some few of us have the idea that, because we think we are better than

other people, we have a right to say what they shall sing or dance and whom they shall marry and whether they shall marry at all. We want to make people good by science."

There is, however, the writer eloquently continues, a return to the spirit, which, indeed, most people have never forgotten. We are beginning again to discover the common man and to forget the superman and his indulgence in himself, and his imitators.

"When we get back again to teaching that man is made for the eternities and not for his little, feverish hour here—as we are getting back to it—we shall find that we have only been on a long drunk of materialism, that we have been of Circe's swine. We shall not abolish vice, but vice will be more decent, more natural, more healthy than it is now with its horrid, formal, artificial glare. Some of us may, as in the past, set aside the Ten Commandments as interferences with our energies, but we won't set up the Seven Deadly Sins in their places. We shall be free of eugenics, and of economic determinism and the survival of the fittest and all the Spencerian, Bergsonian, Nietzschean gods, and have liberty of the spirit to develop ourselves by virtue of that human in us that is not one with the dragons of the prime. We will not be good as long as, or because 'it pays,' and then kick over all the traces. We will be as good as we can, with an occasional stumble, and try always to be better, and we will not turn raiders tomorrow against the people who are doing merrily the things we did to-day. We shall realize that bad tho we be, and our brothers, too, we all have souls to be saved and they can't be saved by government or by science or by anybody but ourselves, aspiring to our better selves in the likeness of the ideal we call God. So we shall quit trying to destroy vice as it flourishes by raids and censorships. We shall begin at the beginning and be virtuous ourselves and teach virtue to others by showing them the eternal, not the temporal, values of conduct, motivated by justice and upon love."

Dr. Cecile L. Greil, a Socialist writer, welcomes the fact that society is drawing its head out of the sand of prudery where it had hidden it, ostrich-like. But she, too, fears the hysteria of sex discussion. She especially warns the members of her own sex. The pendulum with women swings more rapidly to extreme degrees, she asserts. This may be because of her highly sensitized nervous organism, which fastens with almost hysterical tenacity to anything which produces an emotional appeal. And surely nothing that has come to her for study or reflection in all the ages has been as important to her, and through her to posterity, as is this freedom of sex knowledge, which guards the citadel of society and makes for a better, finer race of citizens. "But one danger lurks in her midst. Sex free-

dom is frequently hysterically interpreted into meaning sex license. And the science which shall give her the right to freer, happier motherhood entails all the responsibilities that freedom in any other sense does." The modern social system, the writer continues in *The Call*, is a terrific endurance test against the forces within ourselves and the forces that attack us without. Vanity and love and sport she admits, quoting a Judge of one of the Night Courts, make more prostitutes than economic pressure and exploitation.

"Youth is extravagant to prodigality with itself. It is drunk with its own intoxicating perfume. It looks down into the glass of life as did Narcissus into the brook, and like Narcissus falls in love with its own beauty. And we surround that young, passionate, bursting blossom with every temptation to break down its resistant power, lure it into sentient, pulsating desire and eroticism by lurid literature, moving pictures, tango dances, suggestive songs, cabarets, noise, music, light, life, rhythm, everywhere, until the senses are throbbing with leashed-in physical passion—everything done to lure, but nothing to instruct. So one day the leash snaps, and another boy or girl is outside the pale. We do much for the developing of the intellect and for the use of our hands so that we may send our young people out into the big battle that lies beyond the home, but for the battle against the physical forces, the law of the magnetic attraction of the sexes, at the dangerous period of puberty and adolescence, we do nothing. Education is the only thing that can save, rational libertarian education on the subjects pertaining to the laws of personal and social hygiene."

Society is apt to regard the fourteen-year-old adolescent as a little dreamy school-girl, ties pretty ribbons in her hair, and keeps her dresses well confined to knee length, forgetting that all the externals of the child mask the seething turbulent ocean underneath. In the child dwells a fully awakened woman. Nature goes through a vicarious process of sex awakening with all its stupendous morbid psychology and complexes. The position of the boy at puberty, contends Dr. Greil, is still worse. He has not even the hereditary instincts of inhibition that his little sister has.

"Society smiles on his acts, calls them 'sport,' sowing his wild oats, etc. He becomes a moral coward and sneak, conscious only of strong animal impulses that he need not curb, and these drive him early to secret vice, to the brothel, to dissipation and roguery. And the crop he reaps from the wild oats he sows fill our streets with prostitutes, fill our foundling asylums with nameless babies and give him a heritage of venereal disease to wreck his future usefulness and hand down as a sad legacy to his posterity. He fears no moral code! His mother and sisters live in a rarified atmosphere of imaginary purity that cuts

him off from intimacy, and the understanding which his mother could impart to him if she were his friend instead of a transcendental ideal far up on a pedestal out of his reach. His father, perhaps the only human being who could save him at the crucial period, is his bitterest foe or at best a total stranger to him, shielding himself after exhausting all the phases of sex liberty for himself in an armor of virtue and respectability, which simply antagonizes the boy and widens the breach between himself and society.

"He becomes an alien in his own home, an outcast free to mingle with the world of vicious freedom that welcomes him with open arms, makes him the tool of lost souls and stains him with a smear of filth that ruins him utterly before he is old enough to learn that his much-prized sex freedom is a bondage that makes him pay exorbitant prices in loss of strength, ideals and health. Truly, life does teach as thoroughly as any academy, but how it makes us pay!"

The necessity of sex education is generally recognized. Yet there are also evidences of reaction. Thus the Chicago Board of Education rescinded the order issued by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, in whose hands rests the school system of Chicago, providing for lectures on sex hygiene in the schools. *The Ecclesiastical Review*, a Roman Catholic publication, maintains that whatever warning and instruction may be necessary should be left in the hands of the priest. Nevertheless, the editor, tho grudgingly, prints a list of books on eugenics for the use of Roman Catholic teachers and priests to aid them in following intelligently the trend of public opinion. Another Roman Catholic publication, *America*, asks for the suppression of vice reports and of vice commissions, except for restricted particular investigations. The publication attacks Doctor Eliot's championship of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. Eliot has no right, in the opinion of *America*, to declare that before the advent of the Society and its head, Dr. Morton, the policy of the world was "absolute silence" with regard to sex hygiene. "There is," we are told, "a world of difference between absolute silence and the wise and prudent discretion which bids father and mother and teacher refrain from handling the topic in public and without discriminating sense, whilst it at the same time inspires them to say at the fitting time the right word which shall safeguard their children, and to say it with a circumspection not likely to destroy the sense of shame, which is the best natural protection of the innocence of these little ones."

Radicals and conservatives, Free-thinkers and Catholics, all seem to believe in solving the sex problem by education, but as to the method that is to be followed there are abysmal differences of opinion.

THE BANE OF THE CROWD

A CHRISTIANIZED Nietzscheanism," the "Superman with a touch of *morbidesza*,"—that is William Marion Reedy's idea of "Crowds" (Doubleday, Page & Company), the latest book by Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "The Lost Art of Reading" and "Inspired Millionaires." "I am not prepared to say quite that it wholly misrepresents Nietzsche," Mr. Reedy writes. "It is a book very much like Allan Upward's 'The New Word' and again like Charles Ferguson's 'The Religion of Democracy,' both of which Mr. Lee enthusiastically approves."

So impressed by "Crowds" was James Howard Kehler, a Chicago business man, that he took whole pages in the Chicago newspapers to urge people to read it as the greatest book of the age, this, without consulting either Mr. Lee or the latter's publishers. In fact, the writer seems to have imbued Mr. Kehler with the concrete qualities of the Inspired Millionaire.

Mr. Lee has visualized the world as a crowd in which he sees the individual struggling for recognition only to find his hands and feet held by the crowd. He finds that we live in crowds; are amused in herds, in fact, that the problem of living in this world is the problem of finding room in it. The crowd principle is the principle of production and distribution as evidenced in the department store and the syndicate stores. He finds that it rules commerce and philosophy, even the church.

He bemoans this surrender of religion, which, he says, is run on the working conviction that, unless the elders and the minister can gather two or three hundred in God's name, He will not pay any particular attention to them.

"The church of our forefathers, founded on personality, is exchanged for the church of democracy, founded on crowds; and the church of the moment is the institutional church, in which the standing of the clergyman is exchanged for the standing of the congregation. The inevitable result, the crowd clergyman, is seen on every hand among us—the agent of an audience, who, instead of telling an audience what they ought to do, runs errands for them morning and noon and night. With coddling for majorities and tact for whims, he carefully picks his way. He does his people as much good as they will let him, tells them as much truth as they will hear, until he dies at last, and goes to take his place with Puritan parsons who mastered majorities, with martyrs who would not live and be mastered by majorities, and with apostles who managed to make a new world without the help of majorities at all."

The great individual teacher, whose ideas penetrate every pupil who knows

him, is a thing of the past so far as our universities are concerned, and the crowd rules there. In journalism, it is the same and our journals have fallen off as a matter of course, "not only," Mr. Lee says, "in moral ideas, but in brain power, power of expression, imagination and foresight." With all their greatness, masses of readers, crowds of writers and piles of cablegrams, they are not able to produce the kind of man who is able to say a thing the kind of way that will make everybody stop and listen.

Mr. Lee attacks Socialism as the very apotheosis of the crowd spirit.

"The principle that an infinitely helpful society can be produced by setting up a row of infinitely helpless individuals is Socialism, as the average Socialist practices it. The average Socialist is the type of eager but effeminate reformer of all ages, because he seeks to gain by machinery things nine-tenths of the value of which to men is in gaining them for themselves. Socialism is the attempt to

invent conveniences for heroes, to pass a law that will make being a man unnecessary, to do away with sin by framing a world in which it would be worthless to do right, because it would be impossible to do wrong."

"Where are we going?" is the crowd cry. "The Men Ahead Pull"; "The Crowds Push"; "And the Machine Starts"—these are the titles to some of the chapters in Mr. Lee's book, and they about tell the story. What we need to learn, in his view, is the individualism that knows what it wants, where it is going and goes straight for it. Lee has Colonel Roosevelt in mind, but the Colonel does not quite measure up to his ideal. The big man must be big enough to want the right thing, but that is not enough. He must want it, not only for himself; he must want it for all.

"The only touch of poetry or art as yet that we have in America is—acting as if we believed in people. This particular art



THE APOSTLE OF A NEW INDIVIDUALISM

Gerald Stanley Lee in his latest book visualizes the world as a crowd in which the individual struggles for recognition only to find his hands and feet held by the crowd.

is ours. Others may have it, but it is all we have.

"That is what makes or may make any moment the common American a poet or artist.

"Speaking in this sense, Mr. Roosevelt

is the first poet America has produced that European peoples and European governments have noticed for forty years, or had any reason to notice. We respectfully place Mr. Roosevelt with Mr. McAdoo (and if Mr. Brandeis will pardon

us, with Mr. Brandeis) as a typical American before the eyes of the new President.

"We ask him to take Mr. Roosevelt as a very important part of the latest news about us."

PROFESSOR HERRON'S VISION OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

HERE are times of unthinkable travail just ahead, according to Prof. George D. Herron, the somber prophet and poet who from his home in Florence, Italy, is inspiring the policies and guiding the destiny of the international Socialist movement. Just what forms the struggle will take, how long it will last, he does not pretend to say. But it will be a social struggle; it will end in a social revolution; and it will lead to "a really ecstatic human society, wholly fruitful, and with pathways leading to the stars."

Professor Herron makes these predictions in a series of articles he is contributing to the *Metropolitan* under the title, "Socialism and Spiritual Expansion." He sees in Socialism the force behind the coming revolution, and, unlike most Socialist thinkers, he treats the movement as primarily spiritual. "Is it not time," he asks, "that Socialism have its more mystical presentment? Is it not the aroma and the romance, as well as the information and the fact, that leads the host of men to holy war?" Socialism, he adds, must become a religion if it is to revolutionize and reorganize the world. To do for Socialism on its spiritual side something of what Karl Marx and William Morris have done for it on its economic and artistic sides, is Professor Herron's ambition and chosen life-task.

The expansion of the soul of man, he argues, is all there is of history; is the only standard of value. "It is only the soul that counts." "I may be challenged," he continues, "to say what I mean by the soul; but it would be idle to accept the challenge. No one's definition would satisfy another." Yet everyone knows, in a general way, what the word "soul" means. "Whether we be materialist or mystic, we all speak of the soul when we try to distinguish the essential man, the real personality or ego, from the habits of thought or conduct." And history, according to this argument, is the effort of man to bring soul and society into agreement, to "make material organization the accordant expression of a satisfying, and yet eternally enlarging social ideal." "It was the expansion of the soul that brought Babylon and Rome low, that made the seats of old civilizations as the habitations of savages and beasts, and that buried

forgotten cities beneath the sands. It is because the soul is drawing a deep, new breath to-day, that there is trembling and trouble, foreboding and indecision, in all the places of power."

To say this is not, Professor Herron contends, to deny the importance of economic motives. "There is no such thing as a material in distinction from a spiritual question. Nor is there any true consideration of the condition of the soul apart from the economic and social conditions which set the stage and the scenery for the drama of the soul's development." The argument proceeds:

"All social power, in its last analysis, is economic. No matter what the nature of such power may seem to be, its substance is the private possession and disposal of common necessities produced by common labor. Putting it simply and symbolically, the world's bread is the key to the world's control; and the quality of this control over bread determines the quality of the world—determines its social groups and its individual types. Whoever owns the bread that I must have, or the tools I must use in order to obtain it, he is the owner of me—whether I know it or not. From the modes by which the bread of men is gained, or from revolts against these modes, rise not only the customs and institutions of society, the dominion of states and classes, but also the gods and temples, the philosophies and faiths, the schools and sciences. The power of bread is the power of life and death, both physical and spiritual; it is the power to release or imprison the mind's attention, to open or close the regions of man's advance into the unknown and the unconquered."

It is just because there is no real harmony between the soul and "the power of bread" that the present social structure, in Professor Herron's view, is doomed. From time immemorial he traces the efforts of humanity to achieve social unity. Everlastingly he finds men's imaginations inspired by "The Great Hope." Christianity was one of the most notable expressions of this hope. "The proposals of Jesus were the most revolutionary that men had ever heard then, or that they have ever heard since; and because of these proposals he was put to death as a religious anarchist and a political criminal. His peace and good-will were to proceed through a conclusive destruction of the powers and customs, national and individual, built upon tyrann

ny and ill-will. The fellowship of his friends was to be a flame consuming the laws and kingdoms that related men to one another as slaves and masters." But by no means does "The Great Hope" shine only from the soul of Jesus.

"There is no race or nation that has been without it; nor ever has its voice been altogether silent. It has never been without its witnesses upon the world's walls. There has been no revolution or religion that has not borne its banners. It has always had its apostles and martyrs. The reported sayings of Lao-tsze, centuries before Christ, had The Great Hope as their core. It was long ago preached and practiced on the hilltops of Burmah, in the forests of India. Isaiah and Hosea and Malachi uttered it in voices that would be silenced by the police of New York or Paris or London. Some of its most beautiful expressions, in word and action, proceeded from the early Shinto Buddhists of Japan. Old Mohammedan prophets proclaimed it in Asia; and later, it lit the fires of peasant insurrections in Europe. Some of its sublimest and truest preachments are from the squalid yet splendid soul of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In harsh and hard materialistic terms, yet truthfully and tremendously and effectually, did Karl Marx state The Great Hope also; and the Socialist movement is its modern and mighty apostolate."

But what, it will be asked, is Socialism, and what does it intend, definitely, to do? The answer, in Herron's phraseology, is that Socialism comes to mutualize and equalize the power that resides in the world's bread. If the inquiry be pursued farther, How is this to be accomplished? Herron replies, broadly: By the capture of the machinery of society by the working class. He writes in this connection:

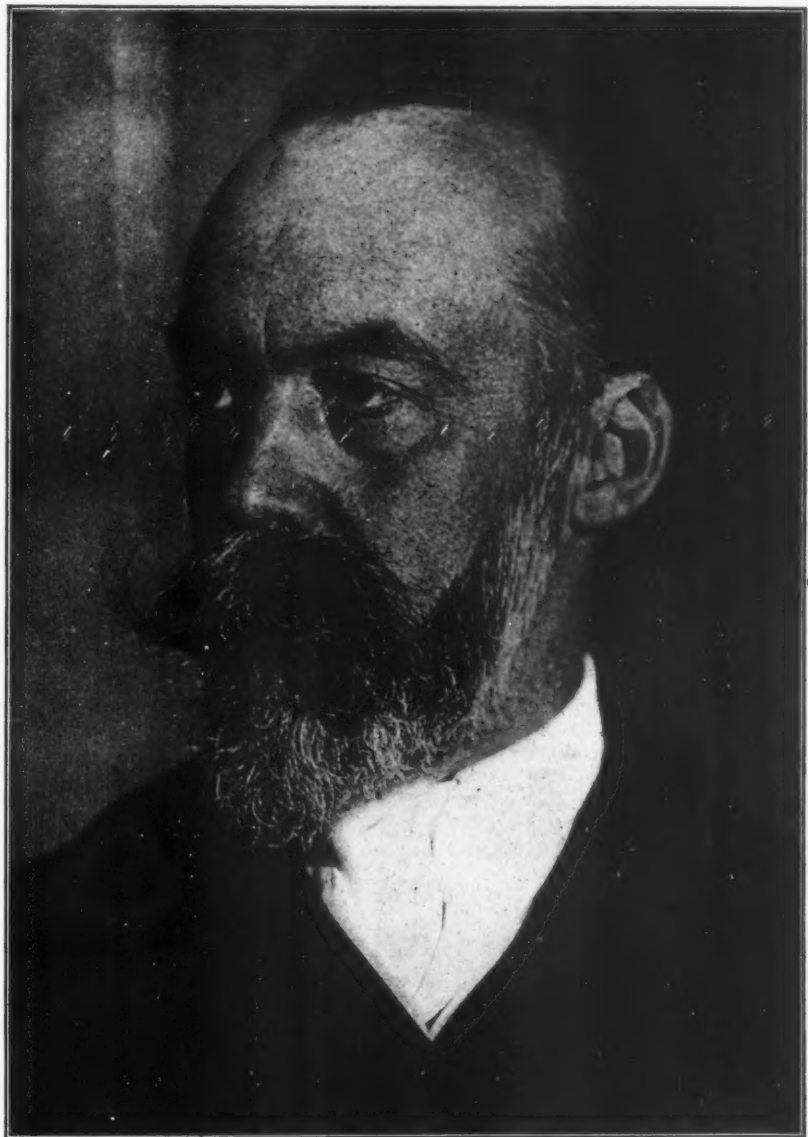
"There can be no true understanding of Socialism apart from the recognition that society, by the system of social production for private profit, is divided into two classes, engaged in perpetual war with each other: one a producing and the other an exploiting class. Substantially stated, the present organization of the world is in order that a comparatively few may compel the labor of the many, and appropriate its fruits. Existing political institutions have no other end than this private seizure of social production, over and above the lowest scale of living which labor can be coerced into accepting. That the capitalist works, does not argue against the existence of his class.

Or that the ruler works, does not argue against the parasitical nature of his position. The work of the capitalist consists in the exploitation of the real producer; the work of the ruler consists in the defense of the property of the capitalist—without which capitalist the ruler could not be. And between the workers and the class that possesses itself of their product, there can be neither identity of interest nor social peace.

"Nor ought there to be. It is an utterly irrational and immoral society, an insanely wasteful industrial arrangement, by which the bulk of the world's population is engaged in producing wealth it is never to enjoy. It is really a world of slaves we are living in; and freedom, either of labor or spirit, is a fiction. . . . For wherever industrial development begins, under capitalism, whether in Japan or China, in Pennsylvania or Poland, there the decay of man begins. It is the capitalist increase that is making the world a desperate shambles, and filling the minds of men with despair as to the human future. It is through capitalist centralization that men are herded in the dirt, the disease and the ugliness of tenements, of factories and mining shanties. It is through capitalism that so many millions of children never behold the green fields, nor anything but the dilapidation, the barrenness, the dumb and helpless sorrows, of congested industrial populations. And it is Socialism that will restore greenness and gladness to the earth: that will release children from the blight and brutality of modern industry, and set their feet once more among the fields, and put flowers in their hands and in their cheeks."

The working class, Professor Herron goes on to point out, has already laid the foundations for its future triumph in rapidly growing political and economic organizations. "The co-operative society," he says, "may be precipitated through universal catastrophe. Or, suddenly, it may become the obvious and only mode of decent human existence. Or it may come forth from long and tedious evolution, through many vacillations between unintelligent revolt and darkest reaction." The important thing, in Herron's view, is that when it does come it will represent a complete transformation. Two obstacles chiefly menace its realization, and these are its own unworthy friends and the enemies who would forestall it by compromise. It is quite incorrect, Professor Herron holds, to speak of extensions of governmental centralization and control as State Socialism. "A State Socialism cannot be, any more than there can be a black whiteness or a white blackness." We are told further:

"Socialism, by its very establishment, is the negation of the capitalist state. Socialism is the mutual participation of all, not only in labor and its fruits, but in the organization and direction of society. It reaches beyond anything contemplated by even political democracy; and the name of democracy itself may have to be



HE ANTICIPATES THE SOCIAL CATAclysm THROUGH WHICH WE ARE TO PASS

Professor George D. Herron, apostle of Socialism and founder of the Rand School of Social Science in New York, predicts an imminent cataclysm out of which is to issue "a really ecstatic human society, wholly fruitful and with pathways leading to the stars."

abandoned, because of the debased and banal usage to which it has been subjected.

"Regardless of whether its forms and phrases be monarchical or democratic, the capitalist political state is the organized violence of the possessing class toward the dispossessed proletariat. Its governments, under whatever name they govern, are the organization of political and economic crime. Its wars are the sanctioned murder of the body; its peace is the murder of the soul. The capitalist state exists for the repression and vilification of man, and for the protection and glorification of property. And when the capitalist form of property is ended, when the private appropriation of social production is no more, then the thing for which the capitalist state exists is ended also; and the conception of society as a political organization is relegated to the rubbish heap of history. For the world ceases to be political as fast as it becomes social; as mankind becomes cooperative,

it ceases to govern, to be governed, or to need governing; as fellowship prevails, coercive powers of every kind pass away. Under Socialism, the state, as we know it, will be out of employment: there will be nothing for it to do; most of its functions will no longer exist; its offices will have atrophied from disuse; its police powers will have become a pestilence of the past."

The conclusion to which this argument leads is not that the State should be abandoned or that workers should stop voting. It is rather that *every* method of emancipation—political and economic—should be employed. The Socialist Party has much to learn from Syndicalists, while "direct actionists" will find that they cannot realize their plans without the assistance of political allies. Professor Herron says:

"Not by any exclusive method can the workers achieve their freedom. The rev-

olution that releases labor from its masters must include the whole of humanity in its vision and purpose; else the revolution will fail of its flood-tide and its fulfilment. Whether acting politically or directly, the Socialist movement must act in unity and must be all-embracing; nothing can be left out of its conquering sweep, its succoring sympathies. We cannot evade a single human problem: the

foundations we lay are for the solution of all problems. We cannot ignore the existing social order: whether it be to use or to destroy institutions, we must first assault and possess them. We cannot narrow our program, or limit our methods of fulfilling it: we must make each economic crisis or development our ally and opportunity. The political Socialist cannot deny the general strike: it

is the first and final weapon of the workers, and the one that makes for their spiritual self-discovery. The devotee of direct action cannot proceed as if the state were not, any more than he can proceed as if the mountains and the seas were not: the existing state must be conquered before it can be supplanted with that better national being which Socialism proposes."

MRS. STETSON'S NEW ASSERTION OF SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

THE struggle between Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, the deposed Christian Science leader, and the authorities of her church, reaches a new and acute stage as the result of the publication of her book of "Reminiscences."* It will be recalled that Mrs. Stetson, one of the earliest and ablest advocates of Christian Science in America, and founder of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York City, was excommunicated from the Mother Church in Boston four years ago. The charges against her included "teaching an erroneous sense of Christian Science" and mental malpractice. Mrs. Stetson accepted her chastisement meekly, and refused to lead a schism. But her attitude was one of quiet defiance. She held, and still holds, the allegiance of many Christian Scientists. Every Sunday morning, at a bay window in her house adjoining the church she founded, she may be seen in solitude, conducting devotional services. Committees appointed by her church have vindicated her. Friends from that same church have lately tried to reopen her case by bringing new facts to the attention of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church in Boston. And now Mrs. Stetson herself, in the elaborate book already mentioned, comes out into the open; reiterates former statements; replies specifically to her critics; and reasserts her spiritual leadership.

When Mrs. Stetson speaks of her spiritual supremacy in Christian Science, she does not mean that she sets herself above Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the cult. Such interpretation of her meaning has "grieved and shocked" her. What she tries to convey is her conviction that she is the person to whom Mrs. Eddy intended the real authority of the Church to descend. She does not claim that she is the head of the Church in the sense that Mrs. Eddy was and is. She does claim, however, that she is the head in the sense that her interpretation of Christian Science should be accepted rather than the views of the Mother

Church directors. "Throughout the columns of the book," she says, "I positively state that Mrs. Eddy is the head of her church, which means the entire body comprising the members of her, the mother or universal church. She has not died but is rising to a final demonstration of her teachings that 'all is life, there is no death,' and is, as she has been, the spiritual head of the universal church. I have never ceased to follow the impersonal ideal once seemingly embodied in flesh. I remain steadfast in my convictions that I am the spiritual head of the branch church which she organized and over which she placed me as spiritual head. I am responsible to God and to my leader for defending my position."

Mrs. Stetson's book chronicles the experience of twenty-eight years of constant service in the cause of Christian Science. "It is a record," she declares, "of the human footsteps which have led me from the letter to the spirit of absolute Christian Science, and my present demonstration of the spiritual facts of being, viz.: that 'man is not material; he is spiritual.'" She goes on to assert that "this book is not in advance of its time. The spiritually-minded of the twentieth century, quickened by the impetus of the oncoming Christ, are grasping and demonstrating their spiritual 'dominion . . . over all the earth' with which God endowed man." She speaks of "crossing words with materialists," and with those who interpret the text-book of Christian Science from a material viewpoint.

The facts in relation to Mrs. Stetson's resignation from the New York church and to her expulsion from the Mother Church are recited at considerable length. At many points in the narrative she takes issue with the Mother Church directors and their interpretation of Christian Science. She says that they do not understand Christian Science and practically never will. For that reason she is grateful that she has been "without the pale of the material organization and has been free to rise higher and higher in the faith."

Several charges were made against Mrs. Stetson at the time of her expulsion. These she now takes up in detail. The first allegation in the com-

plaint was that she taught her students to regard the First Church as the only legitimate Christian Science church in New York. To that Mrs. Stetson replies that the charge is not a true statement of the facts. "The First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City," she writes, "over which I was placed by Mrs. Eddy in 1887 and was later ordained as pastor, is the original Christian Science church in New York City." Then she makes the emphatic assertion: "I remain as spiritual head of this church in all its history."

As to the charge that she endeavored to exercise a control over her students, hindering their moral and spiritual growth, she quotes from Mrs. Eddy's instructions on that point, saying she always followed them strictly, and asserts: "I never have taken personal control of my students."

Mrs. Stetson denies she tried to obtrude herself on the attention of her students in a manner to turn their attention from "divine principle" and that she practised "pretended Christian Science."

She goes on to make answer to the charge that she used "malicious animal magnetism against directors of the Mother Church." She denies it was malicious animal magnetism, but says she was compelled to warn her students of the Boston influence, and adds:

"That they might not make any mistake in regard to this method of defence (for this is the first time in my experience in Christian Science that I have ever felt the necessity of addressing by name the directors of the Mother Church to protect our cause from impersonal evil, which was operating through them to overthrow me), I then gave what I should use as the counter argument of truth to annul the argument of error."

As to the charge that she "so strayed from the right way as not to be fit for the work of a teacher of Christian Science," she says, "this was only the *opinion* of the directors." She says that eight of the Board of nine Trustees of her own church agreed that she was teaching true Christian Science and she puts their opinion above the judgment of the Boston directors. "During the trial in Boston,"

* REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE, 1884-1913. By Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

she says, "before the directors, every argument was used by them to prevent us from following our leader's instruction to build 'on a wholly spiritual foundation.' They repudiated our claims that we are immortal now and denounced our efforts to demonstrate the ever presence of truth and love." She continues:

"The directors seemed unable to grasp Mrs. Eddy's higher metaphysical instructions. There was nothing left for us to do but to stand for her teachings against their declaration that they were mortal and that we were mortal, and wait on God to prove, in His own way and His own time, that 'spirit is infinite; therefore spirit is all.'"

Finally, she has this to say in regard to the immortality of Mrs. Eddy:

"Mary Baker Eddy will demonstrate her teachings and will reappear as individual spiritual idea never to disappear, to those who have spiritual sight."

In commenting on these "Reminiscences," which, it is generally conceded, have created a profound sensation, a friend of Mrs. Stetson's says:

"It was a splendid thing indeed that Mrs. Stetson got out of the Mother Church. It was Mrs. Eddy's wish, really, for the founder of Christian Science wanted Mrs. Stetson to develop spiritually and mentally as she could not have done had she remained confined by the material organization and the board of directors."

"Mrs. Stetson believes Mrs. Eddy foresaw that it would be better for Mrs. Stetson to be unhampered by material things and to grow in strength and in fulness of understanding as to the meaning of Christian Science. She has indeed risen higher and higher and is closer than anybody else to the Mrs. Eddy who soon will manifest herself to Mrs. Stetson."

Another friend calls Mrs. Stetson "a spiritual Pankhurst," and pays her tribute in the following terms:

"First Church was Mrs. Stetson's own creation, that is, she got the money for it. She built it at Mrs. Eddy's order. It is only politics, the ambition of personal dominion, that caused Mrs. Stetson to be deposed. But Mrs. Stetson's spiritual power cannot be hampered. Once she preached on a soap-box covered with cambric on Fifth Avenue and led great crowds then."

"Mrs. Stetson might be called a spiritual Pankhurst, who has fought for her spiritual freedom to worship God according to her interpretation of His word and the text-book of Christian Science as valiantly as Mrs. Pankhurst has struggled for her physical freedom to stand on equal footing with man and freedom to voice her convictions. One is fighting a mental battle for spiritual supremacy, the other a physical battle for equal rights with man and acknowledged citizenship."

The *Baltimore American*, which, with other newspapers, devotes considerable news and editorial space to Mrs. Stetson's new bid for supremacy, thinks that "this New York woman of culture and ingenuity, whose animal magnetism charges astonished the Christian world some years ago, is likely to prove to the directors of the Mrs. Eddy organization a thorn in the flesh that they will translate, in the words of Paul, as a messenger of Satan to buffet them." The *New York Times* comments:

"Mrs. Stetson's claim to recognition as leader of the cult is thoroly well based. She is a woman in every way so nearly like Mrs. Eddy in character and thought, that for the one to take the other's place so far as it can be taken is more than logical—it is inevitable. Those of us who view Christian Science from the outside, and therefore with impartiality as regards its factions, can plainly see that its present managers are of heterodox beliefs and practices—that they have not kept the faith, but have made, in an attempt to conciliate the negligible antagonism of those who do not understand Mrs. Eddy's doctrines, one weak concession after another to so-called reason, till now the system is hardly distinguishable from new thought or mental healing."

"This is a comfortable, but fatal, policy, for history shows that peace has invariably been the precursor of extinction for every such movement. Mrs. Stetson has never abandoned any principle of the original, authoritative teaching. No more than did Mrs. Eddy herself does she recoil from expounding the concepts by which the uninitiate are most startled, and she calmly repeats to-day, in almost identical words, what Mrs. Eddy said as to the need for defense against the evil thoughts of malignant enemies. In nothing more than in this is her perfect orthodoxy demonstrated, and in nothing is the falling away from fixed standards by the Boston group more plainly shown than by their evident wish that Mrs. Eddy's sturdy belief in the possibility of torture and assassination by this projection of malice should be forgotten."

"Never having manifested any friendliness to Christian Science, *The Times* cannot pretend to advise its followers, but it honestly believes that the wisest and sincerest of them will side with Mrs. Stetson in the war so evidently at hand."

Leola Leonard, a writer in the *New York Morning Telegraph*, remarks that

Mrs. Stetson has been widely misunderstood.

"Even a casual perusal of Mrs. Stetson's book results in the irrefutable establishment of these three facts:

"1. Mrs. Stetson has never claimed the leadership of the Christian Scientists.

"2. Mrs. Stetson considers Mrs. Eddy to be the spiritual head of the Christian Science Church.

"3. The only 'headship' which Mrs. Stetson claims is that of her own church at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West."

The attitude of the Christian Science authorities in Boston is conveyed by Alfred Farlow, Chairman of the Publication Committee. He said to a representative of the *New York Sun* that he did not think there was any statement to be made in regard to Mrs. Stetson's book and he doubted very much if any of the Board of Directors would have anything to say. "Mrs. Stetson is not a member of the Christian Science Church," remarked Mr. Farlow, "and her position is the same as that of any one else who is outside of it. Not being a member she cannot, of course, be the spiritual head of the Church."



From a Painting by Chester C. Hayes

SHE AIMS TO KEEP CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
UNADULTERATED

Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson asserts in a new book her unwavering devotion to the principles of Mary Baker Eddy and indicts the Christian Science authorities in Boston on the ground that they seem "unable to grasp Mrs. Eddy's higher metaphysical instructions."

A WARNING AGAINST SPIRITUAL SHIPWRECK

SPIRITUALLY we may be nearer shipwreck than has any epoch humanity has yet passed through. The floundering Middle Ages, with their positive passion for vulgarity, were not nearer a moral Scylla and Charybdis than the present age, intellectually and ethically. This at least is the inference to be drawn from the detached, almost Olympian analysis of our age which we find in "Winds of Doctrine" (Scribner's), a new volume of essays from the pen of George Santayana, late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Professor Santayana, from the point of view of older philosophies, is a materialist. Consequently, there is a distinct novelty in this warning against the danger of the older and orthodox idealism of the nineteenth century. In his detached contemplation of the "huge good-natured comedy of the whole drift of things" to-day, Santayana has been compared to Anatole France. "Like the author of 'Le Jardin d'Epicure,'" we read in the *English Review*, "he is a sceptic, and the criticism he brings to bear upon life and philosophy is, for the most part, destructive." But according to Arthur Davison Ficke in the *Chicago Evening Post*, it will take Americans about fifty years to become aware of the true importance of the Santayana message. "In about fifty years," declares Mr. Ficke, "America will wake up to the fact that there once lived on this continent, during a portion of his life, a great and subtle mind that fortunately left certain valuable works behind it. America will not read the valuable works even then; but it will come and beg of a few of us who were foresighted copies of George Santayana's first editions, pieces of his overcoat, locks of his hair, and other equally illuminating relics which we shall perhaps have treasured up."

Our age is an interesting one, says Santayana, because the civilization characteristic of Christendom has not yet disappeared, yet there can be no doubt that a new spirit is taking its place—a new spirit of emancipated, atheistic and international democracy. Shudder if you will, he continues, but this new spirit is deeply rooted in our hearts, and is pregnant with a morality of its own. Depreciate it as we may with our "antiquated morality of a past age," the new spirit "has possession of us already through our propensities, fashions and languages. Our very plutocrats and monarchs are at ease only when they are vulgar." Prelates and missionaries feel honest only when they are devoting themselves to social work, he goes on. The new spirit is amiable, tho disquieting; and liberating, tho barbaric. We live in a Babel of ideals.

In the fine arts, as in religion and philosophy, asserts Santayana, we are in full career towards disintegration. "The arts are like truant children who think their life will be glorious if they only run away and play forever; their taste, their vision, their sentiment are often interesting; they are mighty in their independence and feeble only in their works."

Bergsonism brings relief to a stale imagination, according to Professor Santayana,—"an imagination from which religion has vanished and which is kept stretched on the machinery of business and society, or on small half-borrowed passions which we clothe in a mean rhetoric and dot with vulgar

live at all. In those days men recognized immortal gods and resigned themselves to being mortal. Yet those were the truly vital and instinctive days of the human spirit. Only when vitality is low do people find material things oppressive and ideal things unsubstantial."

How are we to save ourselves? How are we to cure ourselves of this vulgarity of the spirit, this "confusionism"? We need a largesse of mind, answers Santayana. "Such largesse of mind, not to be vulgar, must be impartial, comprehensive, Olympian." But this type of greatness "is impossible in an age when moral confusion is pervasive, when characters are complex, troubled by the mere existence of what is not congenial to them, eager to be not themselves; when, in a word, thought is weak and the flux of things overwhelms it."

"These are the *Wanderjahre* of faith; it looks smilingly at every new face, which might perhaps be that of a predestined friend; it chases after any engaging stranger; it even turns up again from time to time at home, full of a new tenderness for all it had abandoned there. But to settle down would be impossible now. The intellect, the judgment are in abeyance. Life is running turbid and full; and it is no marvel that reason, after vainly supposing that it ruled the world, should abdicate as gracefully as possible, when the world is so obviously the sport of cruder powers—vested interests, tribal passions, stock sentiments, and chance majorities. Having no responsibility laid upon it, reason has become irresponsible. Many critics and philosophers seem to conceive that thinking aloud is itself literature. Sometimes reason tries to lend some moral authority to its present masters, by proving how superior they are to itself; it worships evolution, instinct, novelty, action, as it does in modernism, pragmatism, and the philosophy of M. Bergson. At other times it retires into the freehold of those temperaments whom this world has ostracised, the region of the non-existent, and comforts itself with its indubitable conquests there. This happened earlier to the romanticists, altho their poetic and political illusions did not suffer them to perceive it. It is happening now, after disillusion, to some radicals and mathematicians like Mr. Bertrand Russell, and to others of us who, perhaps without being mathematicians or even radicals, feel that the sphere of what happens to exist is too alien and accidental to absorb all the play of a free mind, whose function, after it has come to clearness and made its peace with things, is to touch them with its own moral and intellectual light, and to exist for its own sake.

"These are but gusts of doctrine; yet they prove that the spirit is not dead in the lull between its seasons of steady blowing. Who knows which of them may not gather force presently and carry the mind of the coming age steadily before it?"



HE SETS UP A DANGER SIGNAL

Professor George Santayana bids us beware of "winds of doctrine" that may overwhelm us.

pleasures." He continues his subtle characterization of the worshippers of the Life Force in this fashion:

"To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anæmia. When life was really vigorous and young, in Homeric times for instance, no one seemed to fear that it might be squeezed out of existence either by the incubus of matter or by the petrifying blight of intelligence. Life was like the light of day, something to use, or to waste, or to enjoy. It was not a thing to worship; and often the chief luxury of living consisted in dealing death about vigorously. Life indeed was loved, and the beauty and pathos of it were felt exquisitely; but its beauty and pathos lay in the divineness of its model and in its own fragility. No one paid it the equivocal compliment of thinking it a substance or a material force. Nobility was not then impossible in sentiment, because there were ideals in life higher and more indestructible than life itself, which life might illustrate and to which it might fitly be sacrificed. Nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape; a spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way, and a spirit with any wisdom is not over-eager to

Literature and Art

The Selection of a New Poet Laureate.

SPECULATION has been rife, on both sides of the Atlantic, with reference to the appointment of a successor to Alfred Austin. One London weekly has printed a list of the sixteen most favored candidates for the position, and has invited a plebiscite from its readers. The sixteen are: Robert Bridges, G. K. Chesterton, W. H. Davies, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Le Gallienne, John Masefield, Alice Meynell, Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, Stephen Phillips, William Watson and W. B. Yeats.

"Alfred the Little."

ALFRID AUSTIN had a difficult position to fill, and he did not fill it well. "The pedestal on which Lord Salisbury set him," observes the *Manchester Guardian*, "became inevitably a pillory." He was old-fashioned, and, more than that, he was narrow and prejudiced in many of his judgments. One of his early essays predicts that posterity will "shriek with laughter and flout to scorn" those who to-day regard Tennyson as a great poet. No wonder that jokes have been cracked at the expense of "Alfred the Little" as compared with "Alfred the Great." Mr. Austin displayed at times a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. Witness his verses on the Jameson raid in South Africa. Yet William Watson calls him "a writer of verses among the most beautiful of his time," and we find the *Chicago Dial* printing a leading article in appreciation of his achievement. The London *Athenaeum* notes his "invulnerable self-content, a shield from all critical arrows," and goes on to say:

"It would be a great injustice to his memory to judge him only by the unrealities an unreal position imposed. He was tender-hearted, and womanhood never lost for him the freshness of romance. As a journalist he wielded a pen of a strenuousness once in fashion. He had a zeal for the good name of Byron and of Byron's sister which was wholly amiable, and the rhetoric which he used in their defence was forcible in its own day, and may have its recurring turn in another. Moreover, he wrote now and again verses which will hold an ungrudging place in anthologies when the devious dealings of politicians

with literature are almost unresented, because almost forgotten."

Laureates of the Past.

BACK of Austin, the line of Poet Laureates stretches into the dim past. Chaucer is generally reckoned the first. He received in exchange for his muse a daily pitcher of wine from the table of Richard II. The next Laureate of whom we have record is John Skelton, appointed by Henry VIII. After him came Edmund Spenser, author of "The Fairy Queene," and Ben Jonson. The state papers establishing the existing laureateship were drawn up in 1630. Jonson died in 1637. His successor, Sir William Davenport, is said to have been a natural son of Shakespeare. John Dryden was another famous Laureate. He lost his office at the time of Cromwell's

revolution. Thomas Shadwell, whose plays Dryden had bitterly assailed, was the Laureate of the Restoration. Nicholas Rowe, appointed by George I., was Surveyor of Customs, as well as Poet Laureate. He edited Shakespeare and wrote a tragedy entitled "Jane Shore." Colley Cibber, the actor-manager, served as Laureate from 1730 until 1757. Henry James Pye, appointed in 1790, performed the duties of his office with faithful and unrivaled fatuity for twenty-three years. Robert Southey was much more gifted, yet could hardly be called a great poet. Wordsworth, who became Laureate in 1843, had written all his best poetry before he was appointed. In his official capacity he wrote nothing whatever. After him came Tennyson and, finally, Alfred Austin.

Should the Poet Laureateship Be Abolished?

THE opinion has been freely expressed, in this country and in England, that the Poet Laureateship should be abolished. King George himself is quoted as saying that "the post of Poet Laureate is about as obsolete as that of court jester." The *Athenaeum* and other influential papers take much the same view. It seems that a Laureate's salary is £72 a year, and that his position still has something of the serving man's flavor about it. The Laureateship is not so much a national office as a court post. If you look for it in "Whitaker's Almanack," you will find it listed not in the academic or literary sections of the book, nor even among the knighthoods and orders, but under the heading, "His Majesty's Household," thus:

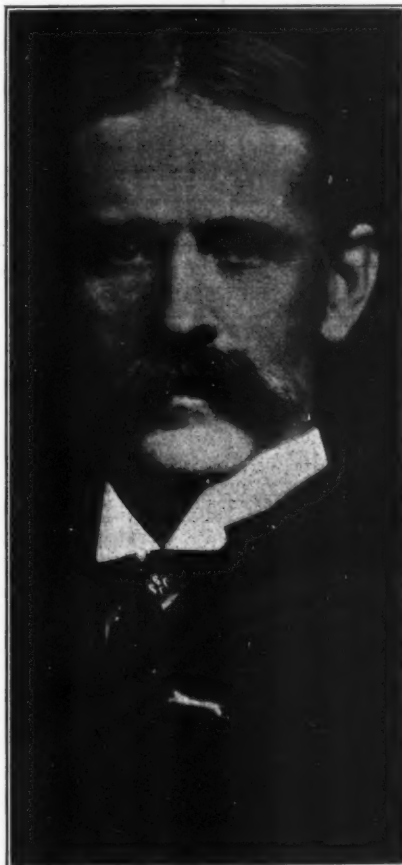
"Gentleman Usher of Black Rod, Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

"Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin.

"Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, Lionel Henry Cust, M.V.O.

"Keeper of the King's Armory, Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O."

But, for all that, the Poet Laureate has of late years been regarded more and more as the mouthpiece of his nation. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, now Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, vigorously defends the continuation of the office. He asks why the poets may not have a single sinecure when members of the



OUR NEW MINISTER TO HOLLAND

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, long pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York and later Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, has been appointed ambassador to the country from which his ancestors emigrated in 1652.



OUR LITERARY AMBASSADORS

With all the discussion of what they should wear at Court, why not adopt this as the official uniform of our Administration?

—Hy. Mayer in *New York Times*

House of Commons get \$2,000 a year. Mr. Shan F. Bullock, London correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Post*, declares:

"An office at once so picturesque and so traditional as that filled by men like Ben Jonson, Wordsworth, Southey, Tennyson, and refused by Scott and Rogers, is in no danger at the hands of the general public; and simply to abolish it because men of the caliber of Pye and Austin had succeeded to it is something which an average human in the boots of a premier would hardly have courage to do. Would you make England a republic because it had a line of Hanoverian kings, or America a monarchy because a few of its Presidents were failures?"

Combining Literature with Diplomacy.

VERILY, this is a national Administration in which the literary man is in clover," exclaims the *Baltimore Sun*. The remark is evoked by the number and quality of President Wilson's literary appointments, and may serve to recall an earlier era in which Lowell, the poet-essayist, Lothrop, the historian, White, the scholar, and Bigelow, the publicist, represented the United States abroad; while Bret Harte and W. D. Howells held consular posts at Glasgow and Venice. At the present time, Walter H. Page has been sent to the Court of St. James. Henry Van Dyke is to be our Ambassador in the Netherlands. Thomas Nelson Page is selected for Rome. Meredith Nicholson was offered, but declined, the ambassadorship in Lisbon. Maurice F. Egan, editor, college professor and author, now Minister at

Copenhagen, was offered, but declined, the ambassadorship in Austria. Frederic C. Penfield, author of books of travel and once a newspaper man, has been named for the Austrian post. Jacob Schurman, former President of Cornell University, is our Minister at Athens. In addition, P. A. Stovall, editor of the *Savannah News*, has been appointed Minister to Switzerland, and W. E. Gonzales, editor of the *Columbia (S. C.) State*, Minister to Cuba. None of these men has had experience in diplomatic work. Their appointment is evidently inspired by a feeling that writers and "intellectuals" are likely to be creditable representatives of the American people.

Does Diplomatic Service Promote Literary Activity?

SOME of the best work of the literary men named has been inspired by Europe. But can it be said that diplomatic service and foreign residence are stimulating, from a literary point of view? The *Indianapolis News* is inclined to answer the question in the negative:

"In the case of Washington Irving's foreign residence it gave an impetus to his literary productiveness, tho much of it was before he was appointed to office. His three years' unofficial residence in Spain was the most fruitful period of his life, resulting in 'The Alhambra,' 'The Conquest of Granada,' 'The Life of Columbus,' etc. In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain, but his literary work there was done. Irving was not seeking any appointment when this position was offered him. He owed it to Daniel Webster, Tyler's Secretary of State. Henry Clay, who was then opposing

nearly all the President's appointments, said: 'This is a nomination everybody will concur in.' Irving had no politics that anybody knew of, but Tyler appointed him because Webster asked him to, and Webster himself put it on the ground of fitness, for he wrote to Irving: 'If a person of more merit and higher qualification had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations.' Irving's literary reputation at that time was such that all Americans were proud of his appointment, and the Spanish Government received him gladly, but his literary work in Spain was ended. . . .

"Nathaniel Hawthorne owed his foreign appointment as distinctly to literary merit as Irving did, tho Hawthorne did render the political service of writing a campaign life of Franklin Pierce, who afterward appointed him. . . .

"The consulship at Liverpool was one of the best-paying positions in the Government, and he gladly accepted it. He did not get much inspiration out of his residence abroad, and what he did get was acquired in Italy, when away from his official duties. This went into 'The Marble Faun.' The historian Motley did some good research work while Minister to Austria, in 1864-67, and Bayard Taylor expected to do some literary work as Minister to Germany, but he died a few months after reaching Berlin. On the whole, official residence abroad does not seem to have stimulated the productiveness of American authors much."

"The Inside of the Cup."

WOE unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." Such is the text of Winston Churchill's new

novel, "The Inside of the Cup" (Macmillan). The San Francisco *Chronicle* regards it as "easily the strongest novel that has appeared this season with the single exception of 'V. V.'s Eyes.'" It recalls "Robert Elsmere," with the emphasis laid on sociological rather than on theological perplexities. The hero of the story, the Rev. John Hodder, is the rector of a fashionable and wealthy church in one of the largest cities of the middle West. He awakens to a realization of the fact that his church is responsible for almost every social injustice which he, as a Christian minister, is pledged to fight. His chief antagonist is his most conspicuous parishioner, a captain of industry, who believes in supporting Christianity, but whose acts are flagrant violations of his creed. He sees a baby who is dying of inanition because its father has been ruined by this very man, and he sees the body of the father, who has committed suicide. He knows that others of his parishioners are pursuing crooked methods, and he cries: "How can we reach the wretched people who are the victims of the ruthless individualism and greed of those who control and claim the church!" He comes to feel that his position is intolerable. He breaks with the historic creed, and thinks his way into a kind of Christian Socialism. His agony is that of a new Elsmere, but, unlike Mrs. Humphry Ward's hero, he determines to face his problem within the church. When his vestry ask him to resign, he refuses. He institutes vital changes and reforms. His bishop upholds him; and we leave him rector of a redeemed church no longer the subsidized possession of the wealthy and corrupt, but a home for mankind.



THE SECOND PAGE TO REPRESENT US
Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern writer, shares with Walter H. Page the honors of the diplomatic service under the Wilson administration. He will be our Minister in Rome.

Winston Churchill,
Reformer.

ALL this represents something very different from what we have had in the past from Mr. Churchill. There is little or nothing of "Richard Carvel," or "The Crisis," or "Mr. Crewe's Career," or "A Modern Chronicle" in "The Inside of the Cup." Like Tolstoy, Mr. Churchill seems to have come to the conclusion that it is more important to point a moral than to adorn a tale. If his new book is not as successful as some of his earlier ones, it is because of its intense didacticism, its moral passion. The critic of *The Book News Monthly* is more impressed with the author's own views than with any convictions that his clergyman may have. *America*, the Roman Catholic weekly, scores the book as "an object lesson in the mental and moral chaos to which Protestantism reduces the cleverest writers who are guided by its principles." The same paper comments further:

"Plunging into the philosophy, theology, history, sociology and science of all time, including scriptural exegesis, Hebrew, and other subjects of which he has not even a smattering, he dishes up bits of Henry James, Luther, Emerson, Modernism, Socialism, Progressivism, etc., dashes the mess with a seasoning of Hebrew prophets and American philanthropists, plutocrats and democrats, and serves up the heterogeneous stew from a composite Union Seminary pulpit decked out in a fashionable Episcopalian setting. He out-paragons Gilbert and Sullivan's paragon in 'Patience,' who combines in himself the wisdom of all worthies from Macaulay and Mephistopheles to Thomas Aquinas—of each one 'a touch of him, but not very much of him.' In fact, the book is unconsciously Gilbertian, though devoid of the Sullivan harmonies, and is also suggestive of 'that popular mystery,' Marie Corelli, and Hall Caine after he abandoned his Manxmen, but it lacks the melodramatic blare and glare by which those writers impress infantile minds."

Yet William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, finds "burning sincerity" in the story, and asserts: "It is written in colors that no ink-well but the heart can hold."

"The Lore of Proserpine."

MAURICE HEWLETT sounds a fresh and characteristic note in "The Lore of Proserpine" (Scribner's). It is really a book of fairy stories, and he says in the preface: "I hope nobody will ask me whether the things in this book are true, for it will then be my humiliating duty to reply that I don't know." Some of the critics look askance at Mr. Hewlett in his new rôle, but E. F. Edgett of the Boston *Transcript* points out that Mr. Hewlett has always written to a certain degree of other worlds than ours. The heroes and heroines of "The



HE SAYS HE HAS SEEN FAIRIES

Maurice Hewlett devotes his latest book to fairy lore. He tells us that he has seen an elfin boy in a thicket and a meeting of Diana's nymphs on the Wiltshire downs.

Forest Lovers," of "Richard Yea and Nay" and of "The Fool Errant" are scarcely more unreal than the heroes and heroines of this new volume, which is part autobiography and mostly pure fantasy. Mr. Hewlett has always sought to puzzle and amaze his readers by writing of things and creating people above or below ordinary humanity's level. One may be inclined to question the verisimilitude of his incursions into the souls that haunt woods, and of his account of fairy wives, some half million of whom he declares are actually married to ordinary men. One may resolutely refuse to believe that he has seen a rogue-fairy tormenting a rabbit, a dryad bathing in light, or an oread lying by her little one. At the same time, it is not well to be too particular. "Whether true or not," observes *The English Review*, "Mr. Hewlett's visions as a boy of strange women vanishing from windows, of human hares and sprights seen by the wayside, are delightful metaphysical creations, and dovetail easily enough into chapters which contain a good deal of philosophic thought and literary descriptive matter, especially of flowers and the countryside, which Mr. Hewlett revels in. It is an eminently readable work, in many ways a very delightful one. Nearly all creative artists are visionaries, and we now know that Strindberg has left four volumes of a diary in which he has described his communings with spirits and unseen souls in his walks and even at his own table, a book which some day will be published, when no doubt the whole world will declare that this is the final proof of Strindberg's madness."

A SCULPTRESS WHO HAS CAUGHT THE AMERICAN RHYTHM

IT is the beauty that is in the world to-day that appeals to me—not what may have existed centuries ago in Greece." Such is the affirmation of the American sculptress, Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. "Tho I love the art of the past," she continues, "I will not shut my eyes to the present and continue to echo the past. No matter how ugly the present might be, I would rather live in it. . . . We are trying to find new bottles for new wine—Greek vases are about worn out."

Miss Eberle's work is an interesting commentary on her own words. She has looked for inspiration to America and to common themes. She has caught, with exceptional felicity, the *rhythm* of our present-day life. Her subjects are divided between the sociological and the lyrical. Her best-known figures are those of dancing children, and appeal to the *Metropolitan* as an embodiment of "rag-time in bronze." Four hundred and fifty years ago Donatello and the Robbias caught up the little urchins from their play in the streets of Florence and transferred them into dancing

and singing angels. Miss Eberle leaves them in their own environment to express their natural instincts in their own happy way; and, "to our modern feeling for children," observes Charles H. Caffin, "her treatment is preferable." The same authority pronounces her effects "strikingly good." In 1904 she was awarded a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition. Three years later, her "Roller Skate Girl" was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum. Her "Windy Doorstep" was awarded the Helen Foster Barnett prize at the exhibit of the New York Academy in 1910. Her figure of the veiled Salome was bought by an Italian Art Society in Venice. And she is one of the ten women who belong to the National Sculpture Society.

She was born, we learn from the *New York Sun*, in Webster City, Iowa, and spent her childhood in Canton, Ohio. The first sculpture she ever saw is said to have been the sentimental pseudo-classic monuments to the patient dead in an old cemetery in Canton. She copied the hands and feet of these melancholy marbles, but found

little satisfaction in the result. A little later her father's military career took her to Porto Rico. The change of scene proved stimulating. For three years she modeled in Porto Rico in summer, and studied at the Art Students' League in New York in winter.

Then she came under the influence of George Grey Barnard. She feels that to him she owes much of her success. He advised her against taking a foreign course of study lest she be so carried away by the accomplished technique abroad that the native creative genius in her would be overwhelmed by academic polish.

The years 1907 and 1908 Miss Eberle spent in Italy. At Naples she controlled a factory of fifteen men, and there she had cast in bronze twenty of her works. She was glad to avail herself of the skilled founders of Italy at a less price than the foundry work would have cost in this country, but she brought all of the bronzes back here. "Miss Eberle," remarks the *Sun*, "got along famously through her Neapolitan experience, tho her appearance as the lone woman in a workshop of men led the elemental natives to peer inquiringly at the windows, with sundry murmurings upon the strangeness of American women."

It was among the teeming populations of the New World, however, that Miss Eberle may be said to have "found" herself, artistically. Her East Side figures, as Christina Merriman in *The Survey* puts it, "live for us, and speak for themselves,—from the placid, necessitous hunt of the 'Rag Picker' to the tremulous wistfulness of the loving 'Little Mother'; from the tender feeling of 'The Bath Hour' to the intense, joyous absorption of the rag-time dancer and the exultant balance of that flying little figure on the roller skate." The same writer goes on to note the steps by which social values have crept into Miss Eberle's sculpture:

"First of all, her deep and instinctive love for children, and her appreciation of human values, led her to select types that until recently have been almost entirely disregarded.

"To this keen observer and lover of human nature, the many years of contact with this vivid, arduous East Side life—reinforced and interpreted by constant reading and thinking—brought an ever-increasing sense of social interrelation and interdependence. Jane Addams' books have, more than anything else, she says, helped to clarify and mold her vision of the constructive part the sculptor may play in social readjustment."

The social note in Miss Eberle's work reaches its culmination in the "White Slave" shown at the recent International Exhibition of Art in New York.

"Here she has turned from her more objective work to the graphic interpreta-



THE WHITE SLAVE

Abastenia Eberle's powerful dramatization of the problem of the hour.

tion of a social menace; and it is here, perhaps, that she finds herself with surest touch. Her conception of white slavery is as searching in its indictment, as ruthless, cruel and scourging as the fact itself. One visitor who saw those haunting figures at the International Exhibition said afterward:

"I was passing through that room of the exhibit when suddenly I faced it—I could not go on. I had vaguely realized that this horrible thing was in the world, but it had never touched me. I sat there for perhaps an hour, thinking—and thinking—"

"This woman was one who has led what is called a 'sheltered' existence, whose instinct would be to turn from any discussion or writing on this subject. It is this thought-compelling quality in such work which links it as a social force with, say, the dispassionate but terrible report of the Chicago Vice Commission, or with Elizabeth Robins' 'My Little Sister.'"

"It is interesting to know that Miss Eberle worked out the composition for the 'White Slave' four years ago; but the actual work of modelling was done in the four weeks' interval between the time she was invited to send some of her work to last winter's International Art Exhibition and its opening. Until

then she had felt that the time had perhaps not come when such a group would be received except as an unwelcome effort toward sensationalism. It is the first of several such interpretative subjects which she has in mind, and which, if worked out in an equally sincere spirit, should be big in social significance."

But after all is said, an artist's work stands on its artistic merits, rather than on its moral or social values, and Miss Eberle's main purpose has been not to preach nor to teach, but to convey beauty in form and line. Mr. Caffin rejoices in her skill in "catching movement in its fluency," and goes on to say (in the *New York American*):

"I emphasize the point because this faculty of rendering the flow of movement, while still preserving something of



SHE FINDS HER INSPIRATION IN AMERICA

Miss Eberle's subjects are divided between the sociological and the lyrical. She interprets with rare skill our teeming populations. "Personal as her work is," comments *The Craftsman*, "it is becoming more and more national in tendency."

a static quality in the figure, is very rare in our modern sculpture.

"When it exists it is the product of the sculptor's own instinct of movement, an instinct corresponding to that of an actor who feels the movement that he wishes to suggest in the play of his own muscles.

"To be as expressive as it is in Miss Eberle's work, it must also be the product of a complete knowledge of structure and form, and particularly of the articulations of the points.

"Further, it must be the product of a sense of rhythm, which marks the flow of the movement to a point of accentuation, from which it lapses in a cadence.

"Nor must I overlook another source of her eminence which lies in her sincere and intimate sympathy with life. She does not need to go in search of subjects. She finds them all around her.

"For example, an old woman bending over a trashcan in search of rags supplies her with a motive; a mother bathing her baby; a woman sweeping her doorstep on a windy day. But, I expect, if she has a preference it is for children in the joyous spontaneity of play.

"Here, for instance, are three little girls disporting themselves on the beach, perhaps at Coney Island.

"One of them, seated, is drawing her foot through her hand to squeeze the sand or water from between her toes; another, standing, is wringing the water from her frock, while a third stoops to gather up a swish of seaweed.

"Art is added to the naturalness of life, and the rhythmic relations established between these three figures have enhanced the natural beauty of the group and given it permanent esthetic value."

Miss Eberle has a farm studio at Woodstock, in Ulster County, New York, where she has been her own gardener, cook and, to some extent, architect. "Personal as her work is," comments *The Craftsman*, "it is becoming more and more national in tendency." The *New York Evening Sun* says:

"There are many interesting things one might tell of Miss Eberle, but these two things no space nor time must crowd out: The one is that George Grey Barnard, whose pupil she is, frequently left his classes in her care during his absence, and the other is that she is a most ardent suffragist.

"These two things are significant because they indicate, the one the high regard in which she is held by modern masters and the other that she is very much a part of the world in which she lives."



RAG-TIME IN SCULPTURE

Miss Eberle's best-known study illustrates her democracy and her rhythmic feeling.

ROMANTICISM AS A SNARE AND A DELUSION

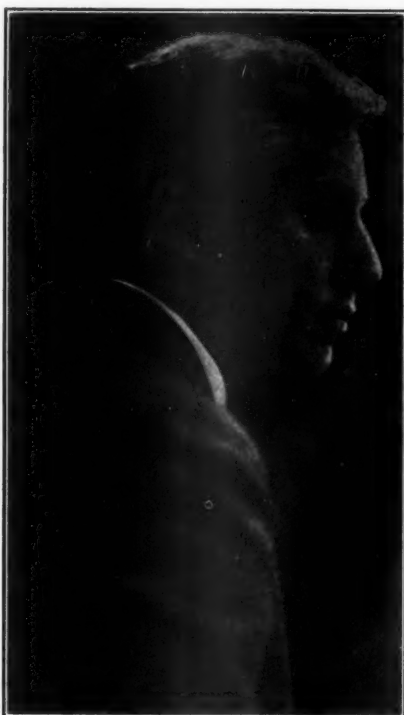
ROMANTICISM has been constantly glorified as the very light and inspiration of literature; but Paul Elmer More, in his lately published book of essays, "The Drift of Romanticism" (Houghton Mifflin), takes just the opposite view. He sees the romantic spirit growing in popular favor, and bemoans its growth. Just because it is "the dominant tendency and admitted ideal of the modern world," it is dangerous. Mr. More identifies it with all that is weakest and most irresponsible in human nature. It has been, he says, the source of the last century's greatest evils—"its dark materialism, its intellectual pride, its greed of novelty, its lust of change, its cruel egotism and blind penance of sympathy, its wandering virtues and vices, its legacy of spiritual bewilderment."

Mr. More finds in romanticism a spirit that has run like a river down through many ages. For its source, he says, we must go back to the remote beginnings of our era, and look into the "obscure mingling of Oriental and Occidental civilization that followed the invasion of Alexander's army into Asia." More definitely, we must look into "the confluence of Eastern religion and Western philosophy."

In elaboration of this thought, Mr. More contrasts the Oriental and Occidental conceptions of life. The Orient, he reminds us, believed that the infinite was identical with the boundless; the Occident conceived of it as something self-controlled at a center. The Orient, again, conceived of personality as a name merely for an ephemeral group of sensations, while to the Occidental personality was a sharply defined, active emotional entity. The first Christian centuries mingled these notions in a strange way, choosing one term, and the less desirable one, from each continent. "We can actually see," says Mr. More, "the Occidental sense of the ego merging with the Oriental sense of vastness and vagueness, of infinity as akin to the mere escape from limitation. To that alliance, if to any definite event of history, we may trace the birth of our sense of an infinite insatiable personality, that has brought so much self-torment and so much troubled beauty into the religion and literature of the modern world."

With this definition as a touchstone, Mr. More goes on to analyze six of the best-known types of romanticism in the nineteenth century. First he takes William Beckford, who with enormous wealth at his command transformed Oriental dreams into the brick and stone of his magnificent mansion Fonthill, and in his "Vathek" displayed a weird energy of fancy and a powerful command of Oriental imagery never equalled in English literature. The out-

come of Beckford's mode of life was "solitude and self-devouring thought and infinite weariness." Next Mr. More considers Cardinal Newman, the cause of whose conversion to Catholicism is characterized as being, for Newman personally, "a great mistake." Of him it is said: "His inability to find peace without the assurance of a personal God answering to the clamor of his desires is but another aspect of that illusion of the soul which has lost its vision of the true infinite, and seeks a substitute in the limitless expansion of the senses." For Walter Pater is re-



THE LATEST PROTAGONIST OF THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT

Max Eastman's new book on poetry is ranked by one critic with the essays of Shelley and Sidney Lanier.

served sharp denunciation. The emphasis placed by him upon the cool enjoyment of the senses, and what seems to Mr. More his total misunderstanding of Platonism, of early Christianity, and of the Renaissance, receive almost bitter comment. Paterism is described as "the quintessential spirit of Oxford emptied of the wholesome intrusions of the world—its pride of isolation reduced to sterile self-absorption, its enchantment of beauty alembicated into a faint Epicureanism, its discipline of learning changed into a voluptuous economy of sensations, its golden calm stagnated into languid elegance."

Fiona Macleod is treated with equal severity. Mr. More sums up this writer's philosophy as "symbolic vision that is impressive because it really symbolizes nothing; the notion that one becomes spiritual by becoming abstract, as in lifting blueness instead of some-

thing blue; the half-conscious eroticism in the merging together of nature and the woman who is in the heart of women." There are gleams of magic beauty in such an attitude, but no real liberation.

The essay on Nietzsche includes a lengthy account of the development of ideas of individuality and of sympathy since Hobbes. To Mr. More, Nietzsche seems "the final expression of one side of the contest between the principles of egotism and sympathy that for two centuries and more has been waging for the policies and morals of the world." The end of it all is "the clamor of romantic egotism turned into horror at its own vacuity and of romantic sympathy turned into despair." It is in this essay that the author expresses some of his most extreme views. Modern Socialism, he asserts, has sprung from romanticism, and "it would be possible," he believes, "in many cases to establish from statistics a direct ratio between the spread of humanitarian schemes of reform and the increase of crime and suicide," a thought developed more fully in the succeeding essay. This is devoted to Huxley, and a bold attack on modern science is made.

The curse of romanticism, as Mr. More sees it, lies in its denial of classical dualism and of the ancient distinction between good and evil. It is a "morbid and restless intensification of the personal emotions"; "the mere limitless expansion of our impulsive nature"; the strangeness and wonder that "proceed from, or verge towards, that morbid egotism which is born of the union of an intensely felt personality with the notion of infinity as an escape from limitations." It is "the expansive conceit of the emotions which goes with the illusion of beholding the infinite within the stream of nature itself, instead of apart from the stream." Again, it is "the infinitely craving personality, the usurpation of emotion over reason, the idealization of love, the confusion of the sensuous and the spiritual, the perilous fascination that may go with these confusions. It is like a dream of fever, beautiful and malign by turns; and, looking at its wild sources, one can understand why Goethe called romanticism a disease and classicism health. He might have added that disease is infectious, whereas health must be acquired or built up by the effort of the individual."

Against the spirit of romanticism Mr. More sets a faith that he concedes is neither new nor original, but which, he affirms, is eternally vital and necessary. His trust is in "that true infinite within the heart, which is not of nature, and whose voice is heard as the inner check, restraining, centralizing, and forming." A man should give him-

self up neither to his emotions nor to his reason, but

trust,
With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved.

Faith needs to be sustained by religion. We must learn again to pray. "Therein shall a man learn to know the truth of his own being and see with open eyes the infinite consequences of that truth; and from thence he shall go out into the world armed with power and assured in peace."

Mr. More's argument has led to widespread discussion in the literary world, and appeals to the *New York Independent* as very forceful and convincing. *The Independent* says:

"The Drift of Romanticism' is incomparably Mr. More's best work. He has

cut to the very heart of his subject, and a single one of his many glowing phrases tells more than another man's whole volume. The book has a message which, direct as it is to our own age, is true for all time. Readers will find in its pages some of the best critical work that has been done in this country; but beyond this we believe they will find in the way that Mr. More points out, release from a multitude of opinions, from doubt and unrest and confusion. The final conception that one carries away from the book is of a strong, clear-sighted, deeply earnest man."

On the other hand, the *Newark News* calls Mr. More's book "the rather gloomy reflections of a Puritan." And the *London Athenaeum* comments:

"It is possible, we think, to admit all the flaws, whether of moral or of intel-

lectual consistency, to which Mr. More unerringly points, and still to maintain that the illusions of Romance are to be associated with, and justified in the light of, an element of essential inspiration. Mr. More's explanation of the phenomenon explains it utterly away. The world for him is evil, a negation, and the Romantics, thinking it good, have cast in their lot with it, and pass so into the region of shades. The explanation is, perhaps, too simple. What they have done rather has been to confuse the presentiment of goodness with the perception of it, and to impute to superficial aspects a goodness which appears only to the perfected and essential faculty of vision. Their own vision, necessarily imperfect, we might define as that for which the infinite itself—the absolute, the self-contained—is subject to the law or susceptible to the condition of growth."

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF POETRY

SOMETHING of a paradox is involved in our attitude toward poetry. We are apt to regard a poet in history as a divinity, but we treat a poet in the next room as a joke. This mixture of veneration with distrust toward poetry, Max Eastman, formerly Associate in Philosophy at Columbia University, points out in his admirable "Enjoyment of Poetry" (Scribner's), is not colloquial. It is the world's attitude. There are savages of Africa who give beads of wealth and honor to the singers that entertain them, but they bury them upside down in a hollow tree, to show that honor is not unmixed with contempt.

Plato himself expressed this paradox when, in one mood, he was ready to banish the whole tribe of poets from his ideal Republic, and when, in another, he said that the character of a people depends much more upon their songs than upon anything else. "Did he say," Mr. Eastman remarks, "that poetry is madness? Yes—but the madness of poets is the most efficacious state of being that this world offers. Madmen are strong. They mold history and the earth. Is it not a kind of madness that the world exists at all, a kind of infatuation with the idea of being? And is not the madness of Homer more akin to divinity than the sanity of all your politicians? Would you not even rather join yourself with Homer, who so loved reality, and begot with her such children as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, than be a husband and the father in respectability of a whole family of industrious citizens? Such is the other judgment of Plato, and his enthusiasm when he speaks upon the brighter side of this universal paradox."

It is true, of course, that poetry is, in one sense, an end in itself. "If often associated with meaning," Mr. Eastman

tells us, "and with truth and wisdom and morality, and with all those things that look greatly into the future, it is because it lends itself to them. Of its own nature it is foreign to them all." The argument proceeds:

"Reading pure poetry is like gazing on the moonlight long. We wish we could receive it—but we cannot—a final proof that we are sadly practical at heart. We are but driven pilgrims through the world, the children of its evolution, and we must be going on. Pure being is too much for us. The best that we can ask of moonlight is that it shall shine upon our occupation. Perhaps the best that we can ask of poetry is that it shall attend the statement of a truth with glory. And yet there are great poems, poems universally called great, which are pure realizations. There is Keats's 'Ode to Autumn.' . . . It looks to autumn. It is not only an imagination, but a pre-perception, and its value culminates in the more full experience of the very hours it dreamed of. Thus the poetry of words may be regarded as a means toward the poetry of life. It is to that extent practical. . . . We do not read Shelley and then return to the world, but we see the world through Shelley's eyes. Creative vision of the specific actual throughout all time—creative vision kindled by flaming language, is an onward and immortal value of his songs."

Poetry, Mr. Eastman continues, prepares and also restores. The world grows stale for us because in proportion as we become accustomed to a thing we are estranged from it. In proportion as we win the daily presence of friends, we lose them. We come to regard life as a dry package of facts. We want the spirituous refreshment of another's vision. We want to have our eyes reopened, and our souls made naked to the touch of being.

"This is the priesthood of art—not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm.

At our doors every morning the creation is sung. The day as a drama, the night as an unfolding destiny within whose shadowy arena impetuous life shall still contend with death. A world laughs and bleeds for us all the time, but our response in this meteoric theater we suffer to be drugged with business and decorum. We are born sleeping, and few of us ever awake, unless it be upon some hideous midnight when death startles us, and we learn in grief alone what bit of Olympian fire our humid forms enwrapped. But we could open our eyes to joy also. The poet cries 'Awake!' and sings the song of the morning. He that hath eyes let him see! Even now all around us the trees have arisen, and their leaves are tongues of the air in song—the earth swings on in drastic revolution—and we laugh and love perpetually—and the winds enlarge our goings and our comings with a tune."

The poet, the restorer, Mr. Eastman concludes, is the prophet of a greater thing than faith. All creeds and theories serve him, for he goes behind them all, and imparts by a straighter line from his mind to yours the spirit of boisterous living. His wisdom is above knowledge. He cries to our sleeping selves to come aloft, and when we are come he answers with a gesture only. In him we find no principle; we find ourselves reborn alive into the world.

"So far from being past, or on the wane, this wisdom of the soul of poetry looks for the first time joyfully into the future. Man is now returning to his rights as an animal. He has now learned that morals is not meant for a scourge and a dry medicine, and that joy is its own reason. Existence was not perpetrated in malice or benevolence, but simply is, and the end of our thinking is that here we are, and what can we make of it. We have a planet to act upon, a sense of the drama. We will not squat and argue, nor balk, and try to justify God, but we will make with high hearts of abandon our entrance and our exit before the congregation of the stars."

RECENT POETRY

PROPHETS and poets are alike in this, that they are usually at outs with the life of their time and are either deploring a glorious past or heralding a splendid future. The poets of our day are no exception to this rule, and a striking indication of their attitude is seen in a recent number of *The Poetry Review*, edited by Stephen Phillips. Reviewing an introduction, written for an English book by William Watson, on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," Mr. Phillips puts himself side by side with Mr. Watson in regard to the effect which the rush and hurry of modern life have upon poetry. Mr. Phillips writes as follows:

"He [Mr. Watson] points out, with entire truth, that the utter futility, monotony, emptiness of incident of 'a life in which nothing occurs' and where 'none of the primal passions have full play' should provide the very conditions necessary for the appreciation of the poetic art, for surely such an unengrossing existence would drive the mind back on absent heroisms and non-existent splendor. This certainly cannot be held to account for the decline of the appeal of high verse. And here it might not be out of place to ask those modern critics of verse and also the 'modern' poet what precisely there is in the present conditions of life which can by any possibility stimulate an imaginative enthusiasm. Yet these critics cry aloud, 'Be modern, thou singer,' and the majority of the younger verse-writers of to-day are lashing themselves hysterically to the business. Probably the only real and important fact which differentiates the present day from those which preceded it is that we are enabled to hear bad news more quickly. In point of great passions or high actions, great virtues or great vices, the age is undoubtedly the most insignificant which this planet has yet brought forth. But for this very reason it should by force of contrast drive the human mind back on the 'glory and loveliness' that 'have passed away.' It is not, in fine, the contemplation of modern life that should call forth some great note, but a revulsion from it. This view, so utterly opposed by present-day critics, who are now for the most part journalists, is voiced more or less by Mr. Watson with his well-known pungency and lucidity of phrase. One phrase alone descriptive of this modern critic is well worth transcribing, 'Some critics when they speak of progress mean decomposition.'"

Well, we don't need to despair of the age because the poets are thus denouncing it. Rather we should need to despair of it if they were not denouncing it. Tennyson and Browning were doing the same thing in their day, and Shelley and Byron in theirs. The main thing in poetry is not whether the poet shows the modern spirit or the spirit of the past; but

whether he shows any kind of spirit. For the past is his domain as much as the present and the future as much as either. Poetry is precisely the one thing in which the time-spirit is of least consequence. What we want is the individual note and the universal note conjoined, and we can get that in a poem about Helen of Troy or in a poem about General Booth, if the writer is only a real poet. After all the stuff of which poetry is made differs little from age to age. James Whitcomb Riley has almost ceased his singing of late, and to hear his voice again is almost like hearing that of a new singer. The following appears in *The Century*:

MY CONSCIENCE.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and gabbs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you 'd orto be
And allus think o' me!"

Those who have not seen Mr. Lindsay's "Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread" have missed a real treat. We have already reprinted one of the poems, that on John P. Altgeld; but we feel tempted to reprint several others, for there are in all his work a fervor and freedom that are infectious, and he has a love for beauty that our poets sometimes seem disposed to scorn in these days of insurgency. Mr. Lindsay is something of an insurgent himself and the social passion is strong in his breast; but he never revolts against beauty.

THE TRAP.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

She was taught desire in the street,
Not at the angel's feet.
By the good no word was said
Of the worth of the bridal bed.
The secret was learned from the vile,

Not from her mother's smile.
Home spoke not. And the girl
Was caught in the public whirl.
Do you say "She gave consent:
Life drunk, she was content
With beasts that her fire could please?"
But she did not choose disease
Of mind and nerves and breath,
She was trapped to a slow, foul death.
The door was watched so well,
That the steep dark stair to Hell
Was the only escaping way.
"She gave consent," you say?
Some think she was meek and good
Only lost in the wood
Of youth, and deceived in man
When the hunger of sex began
That ties the husband and wife
To the end of a strong fond life.
Her captor by chance was one
Of those whose passion was done,
A cold fierce worm of the sea
Enslaving for you and me.
The wages the poor must take
Have forced them to serve this snake.
Yea, half-paid girls must go
For bread to his pit below.
What hangman shall wait his host
Of butchers from coast to coast,
New York to the Golden Gate—
The merger of Death and Fate,
Lust-kings with a careful plan
Clean-cut, American?

In Liberty's name we cry
For these women about to die.

Oh! mothers who failed to tell
The mazes of Heaven and Hell,
Who failed to advise, implore,
Your daughters at Love's strange door,
What will you do this day?
Your dear ones are hidden away,
As good as chained to the bed,
Hid like the mad, or the dead:—
The glories of endless years
Drowned in their harlot-tears:
The children they hoped to bear
Grandchildren strong and fair,
The life for ages to be
Cut off like a blasted tree,
Murdered in filth in a day,
Somehow, by the merchant gay!

In Liberty's name we cry
For these women about to die.

What shall be said of a State
Where traps for the while bride wait?
Of sellers of drink who play
The game for the extra pay?
Of statesmen in league with all
Who hope for the girl-child's fall?
Of banks where Hell's money is paid
And Pharisees all afraid
Of panders that help them sin?
When will our wrath begin?

The following poem from *The Independent* is just as good to-day as it would have been twenty years ago, and would have been just as good if written twenty years hence. It illustrates what we say at the beginning of this department about poetry's not needing to bother much about the time-spirit:

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Lo—to the battle-ground of Life,
Child, you have come, like a conquering
shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
Out of a darkness—into doubt,

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,
Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of
truth,
And a banner of love to sweep the
stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;
Into defeat you must plunge and
grope—
Be to the faltering an urge;
Be to the hopeless years a hope!

Be to the darkened world a flame;
Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
And into its tumult and pain you go.

Harry Kemp has been taking a leaf out of Masefield's note-book. His long narrative poem in *The Smart Set* is distinctly suggestive of Masefield's work, but it is not unduly imitative. We shall probably have a good deal of this sort of thing in the near future and, like the Maine farmer in the story, "gosh! how we dread it!" Mr. Kemp's poem, "The Harvest Hand," is seven pages long, and is not exactly a work of inspiration. But it is an interesting experiment, and the following passage is particularly pleasing.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By HARRY KEMP.

And, then, the farmer's daughter, home
again,
Put brightness in the faces of the men
By her sweet singing presence. She
had been
To Kansas City visiting a friend. . . .
John hoped the world would sooner come
to end
Than the last load of wheat be gathered
in;

For she was like a cloudless morning.
Soon
They sat alone beneath the mounting
moon
Despite the next day's work each woke
to do;
And the old game between the two began
That has been played ever since woman
and man
Lived in the Garden and were only
Two.

A whip-poor-will sang in a cottonwood
tree;
Far off another answered plaintively;
A thousand little night things woke and
cried,
And the wide body of the bulging moon,
Orbed to the full globe of its plenilune,
Upon the silver elm-tops seemed to
ride.

Clouds caught, and broke across its am-
ber face

And trailed themselves into dissolving
lace. . . .

His hand found hers as if it thought
and knew:

For the most loveless heart in love's
despite

Could scarce resist a woman, stars and
night—

John only did what any man would do.

They felt akin. They loved. Their
pulses burned

As through each other's eyes they each
discerned

New worlds; for she, above the cook-
stove's heat,

Dreamed, as she worked, helping her
mother cook:

He, where the sun blazed down, with
visions shook

While grappling with the pouring hills
of wheat.

Their growing love seized on each idle
space,

And Anson with his sun-browned boyish
face

Walked with her Sundays. Sweet the
thrill that comes

When all the banners of the heart unroll
And all the flowers of life break in the
soul

And Fancy marches with her fifes and
drums. . . .

The prairie like a purple map spread far,
And here and there a village like a star

Flashed in the distance; they sat on a
hill

Hand mixed with hand; the sky wall, far
away,

Seemed to push out and break beyond the
day

Until its blue edge touched God's win-
dow sill.

At any moment something might look out
Divine, of that the lovers held no doubt;

They floated in eternity together.
They leaned against a ledge whose lime-
traced shell

Into the depths of some old ocean fell
And now lay bared beneath the tooth
of weather.

Tears rushed up in their eyes; a sacred
awe

Came on them out of space. Their spirits
saw

The meaning of the Man and Woman's
tryst.

All that religions sanction or condemn
Swept like a prairie whirlwind over
them:

And they were caught to heaven as
they kissed.

A mover's wagon, passing at the base
Of Pawnee Rock, again brought time and
space

Into their ken, and, light at heart as
birds,

Homeward they strolled along the wind-
ing way,

Feeling within their hearts as ones that
pray,

Without a word, beyond the need of
words.

The death of Alfred Austin, poet
laureate of England, leaves a vacancy

the filling of which is of almost as
much interest to this country as to
England itself. There is a prevalent
impression in America that the honor
is destined for another Alfred, who
has been proclaiming his evangel of
peace to us here. We judge from the
lines below (reprinted from the *Cen-
tury*), that Mr. Markham shares that
impression. His beautiful tribute to
Mr. Noyes should help that gentle-
man's chances not a little if anything
we can say on this side could help
them.

TO ALFRED NOYES, APOSTLE OF
POETRY AND PEACE.

*An April Greeting on His Return from
the South.*

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Again the mood of Eden on the earth!
Again the summons and the mystic mirth,
The beauty and the wonder and the dare,
Thrilling the heart, the field, the delicate
air!

So now once more the old remembering:
The lyric hosts come out of the South
with song,

With music that can save the soul from
wrong—

The immemorial multitudes a-wing
Down bright savannas, over the greening
trees.

Hark, the first warbling in the bough soft-
stirred!

And you, O Poet, with your winged word,
You come convoyed by these!

You come with all the buds and birds
astart—

You with the heart of April in your heart.
So take our banded welcome as we drink
A health to you on April's flowering
brink—

To you come hither from that elder clime,
Where April has been wreathed in poet's
rhyme,

Been touched with love and tears
By English minstrels down a thousand
years.

And now that Sherwood Forest calls you
home

Over the furrows of the ocean foam,
Take message from this people to your
own—

To England, with her scented hawthorns
blown,

And all her skylarks in a rapture-pain
Sprinkling the happy fields with lyric rain.

Tell her that, lordlier than her cliffs and
towers,

Tell her that, mightier than her pomps
and powers,

We see her line of poets stretching back
Ten centuries, a bright, immortal track.

Tell her that while she builded the things
that seem,

They built her glory out of deathless
dream.

Ah, more is that wild beauty left by Keats
Than all the blazon of her kingly seats;

More is that wonder from the hand of
Blake

Than all her guns that make the nations
quake;

More is her Shelley, with his starry dare,
Than all her flags ringed round with
battle blare;
More her blind Milton voyaging the vast,
Than all her squadrons shearing down
the blast;
And more is Shakspeare, lord of lyric
seers,
Than all her conquests of a thousand
years.

But none of all the line
(Save only Shelley, darling of the Nine)
Has cried as you have cried the valorous
vow
Of Love's heroic heart, God's prayer to
men
To cease the wolfish battles of the den.
And so the Muses bind upon your brow
The olive with the laurel; for your song
Bears on that dauntless prayer against the
wrong,
The cry the embassy of angels sent
Of old across the Syrian firmament,
Above the stable door.
For in your voice we still can hear their
cry

Sound down into our sky:
"Let there be peace: let battles be no
more!"

There is a good deal of sameness
about the poetry of Katherine Tynan.
It is all in the minor strain, expressive
of home-sickness and longing for the
Ould Sod. But if you don't read too
much of it it is very pleasing. This
is from *The Delinicator*:

FEBRUARY IN LONDON.

By KATHERINE TYNAN.

The gray streets of London are sweeter
than the rose,
The gray streets of London when the
West Wind blows.
The wild wind, the fresh wind, brings
home the Spring again,
And I turn my face to meet her in the
softest rain.

The tired folk and busy they put their
cares away
With "Never mind to-morrow, since life
is good to-day."
They are wondering what ails them, the
West Wind blows so sweet,
With a flash of green and silver in the
saddest street.

There's dappled sky above us if the
smoke would let us see,
In dingy squares and crescents there's a
thrush upon the tree.
The rain like little fingers comes with a
soft surprise
And is smoothing out the wrinkles 'round
the weary eyes.

The rain and the West Wind that set the
flowers to start
They wash the grime from all the soul,
the grief from the heart.
And who would you be meeting as you
walk the murky town
But Spring that's like a daffodil in a
golden gown?

The girls beside the pavements they
carry golden store
Of wallflowers and hyacinths and violets
galore.

The soft speech of Limerick I heard as
I went by,
And the blue eyes of Ireland were like
a glint of sky.

The West Wind is blowing on people
stepping light;
They wonder what is on them—they feel
so queer and bright.
The softest rain is falling, and while the
West Wind blows
The gray streets of London are sweeter
than the rose.

Arthur Stringer sticks pretty closely
to Irish dialect verse. He does it well
and the following from *The Forum* is
one of the very best he has ever done:

THE GIRL WHO WENT TO AILEY.

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

I mind the day she went wid him,
Wid all her big and frightened eyes,
The day wid all the tears and bells
And all the laughin' and good-byes.

I mind how white and shmall she stood,
Beside that glowerin', towerin' man,
Wid all his Ailey twists av tongue
And furrin-lookin' coat av tan.

But faith, he took her off wid him
Beyont his leagues av brine and rack;
And wid her seemed to go the sun;
And niver word nor sign came back.

(Och, such a wishtful eye she had,
And such a slow and meltin' shmile,
Ye'd carry off the thought av her
To lighten up your longest mile!)

But tales they told av how she pined
To see the hills av home again,
To see the bogland and the whin,
The Arran wathers soft wid rain.

And me it was they pressed to go,
Me, av all the whisperin' glen,
To seek her out and send some word
From that gray isle av glowerin' men.

(Still mindin' that, in other days,
The two av us had passed a word
When I was bold as any blade
And she was light as any bird!)

So off I set betimes, to where
The windy Isles av Ailey lay,
The worn and bitter Ailey rocks
That seemed a weary world away.

And white she went when face to face
I met her where the kelp-smoke curled
Along those wind-swept Ailey reefs
That stood in truth another world.

And fair destroyed I was to think
Av her who loved a laughin' face,
And laughin' hearts, and laughin' ways,
In such a lone and ghastly place!

And och, the wishtful eyes av her
Across the sea-mist as she spoke,
And like a white ghost questioned me
Av home and all the Arran folk!

"I'll ne'er win back—I'll ne'er win back!"
Sez she without a shmile or tear.
"Me husband is an Ailey man,
And Ailey men," sez she, "is queer!"

"But does he treat ye good?" sez I,
And faith, her face was like a mask.
"He treats me just," she slowly said;
"He gives me all that wan could ask!"

And pale she was and proud she was;
"And must I tell thim that?" sez I.
"O, back in Arran tell thim that,
And speak me kindly!" was her cry.

Then out to me her white hands went,
And on me breast, before I knew
Or saw at all, she sobbed and cried:
"Me heart, me heart, 'tis broke in two!"

And when she, faith, could weep no more,
She kissed me wid no shame nor fear.
"O, how this heart av mine," sez she,
"Has ached for you and Arran here!"

"And this, me Thruve Love, now I tell,
For back to Arran ye must go
And speak me proud—but O, me Love,
'Tis only us shall iver know!"

We get the following from the *London Nation*. It has dramatic rather
than poetic value, and leaves an un-
forgettable picture in the gallery of the
mind:

THE BLIND BOXER.

By WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

He goes with basket, and slow feet,
To sell his nuts from street to street;
The very terror of his kind,
Till blackened eyes had made him blind.
Aye, this is boxer Bob, the man
Who had big muscles harder than
A schoolboy's bones; who held his ground
When six tall bullies sparred around.
Small children now, that have no grace,
Can steal his nuts before his face;
And, when he threatens with his hands,
Mock him two feet from where he
stands;
Mock him who could, some years ago,
Leap full five feet to strike a blow.
Poor Bobby, I remember when
Thou wert a god to drunken men;
But now they push thee off, or crack
Thy nuts, and give no money back;
They swear they'll strike thee in the face,
Dost thou not hurry from that place.
Such are the men that once would pay
To keep thee drunk from day to day.
With all thy strength and cunning skill,
Thy courage, lasting breath, and will,
Thou'rt helpless now; a little ball,
No bigger than a cherry small,
Hath now refused to guide and lead
Twelve stone of strong, hard flesh that
need
But that ball's light to make thee leap,
And strike these cowards down like sheep.
Poor, helpless Bobby, blind; I see
Thy working face and pity thee.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH MOUNTAIN LIONS

In a recent number of the *Outlook*, Lucy Rider Meyer, under the title "Is Nature Red?" discusses the sufferings of animals of the lower forms. She gives a number of incidents to indicate that such sufferings are far less than they seem to us to be. "The psychology of the lower animals," she says, "is a science yet in its infancy, but so far as it has advanced it has not strengthened our belief in the ability of these animals to generalize or to perform any of the higher functions of reason. Even when animals have been led by instinct to actions similar to those which in man have been arrived at by reason—tho, in the last analysis, a greater part of our life than we think is instinctive, reason only confirming its judgments—there cannot be connected with them the keen and high sensibilities of the human being." The following story is used to illustrate the point that even in the fiercest conflict there may be far less agony than we are apt to read into it. The story was told to her last winter by "a modest young giant of an itinerant Methodist minister" in Montana, and is given in his words.

I REMEMBER still how cold it was at three o'clock that Saturday morning, tho I am used to cold weather. The train did not stop at Swanscott, where I lived, and I had five miles to walk to catch the five o'clock morning express—the latest train that would get me to Little Wolf in time for my Sunday work.

I kissed my wife good-by, stole a glance at my sleeping babies, and trudged out into the cold—when I struck town I learned that it was forty-four degrees below zero. But my coat was heavy and I pulled my woolen cap well down over my face, for every inch of skin that was uncovered felt as if invisible fingers were pinching it. Ever feel the cold like that? It isn't bad after one gets used to it. I am a perfectly well man and I am used to it. I enjoy it.

I went by the railway track, the nearest way and the best walking. The keen air in my lungs was almost intoxicating in quality, and I felt like a king as I tramped along. There was no moon, but the stars were glorious, and their light, reflected by the brilliantly white snow, gave light enough for my way. There was not a particle of wind, and the stillness was wonderful. The only sound I could hear was the crunch of the dry snow under my shoes.

I had gone about half the way when I came to a place where the railway crept unusually close to the sandy cliff or bluff along the side of which it was built. As I was walking along this stretch with steady, swinging steps, something—some angel of a primeval instinct, some sound so slight that it reached my attentive animal ears only, not my brain—made me glance hastily up, and I jerked myself back just in time to escape being hit by a large body flying in front of me.

I distinctly felt the rush of air as the creature passed. I knew at once that it was a mountain lion that had jumped at me from the cliff. Missing me, it hit the earth the other side of the track, and I could hear it scramble along the ground as it tried to save itself from going down the hill.

I was terribly frightened. I ran. I ran very fast. Did you ever feel the hair rise prickling with terror all over your head? I did then. It seemed to me it would lift my cap—queer how one thinks of trivial things at such a time. If ever a man took ten feet at a jump in running, I did then.

I knew the beast would be after me again, and, sure enough, in a little while I heard his steps behind me. Then I could hear him panting—no doubt he heard me panting, too. In an agony of terror, it came to me that I must face him or die, and, without reasoning, I obeyed the impulse and suddenly wheeled about. The lion stopped, too, both of them—for I saw now that there were two—as soon as they could control their momentum.

We glared at each other motionless for a minute. I saw I must fight, and I was ready. I raised my hand very slowly and buttoned my coat collar tight about my neck—they always jump for the throat, you know.

Then, with still a passing thought of escape, I began taking long, slow steps backward, my eyes still fixed on my foes. But when I moved they moved too, slowly creeping toward me. For every step I took they took two. So I stopped again, choosing a place where the ground was level and the footing sure.

This time the lions did not stop when I did, but as I expected, came creeping on, the larger one ahead. I could see in the starlight their crouching forms back of the eyes that glowed like literal balls of fire in the darkness. I had no weapon, nothing but my little leather satchel. That was packed solid, however, and I lifted it slowly above my head, intending to strike with it at the first one that jumped.

My plan of defense was perfectly definite. My shoes were heavy, and I had kicked football in my college days. It came into my mind in another odd flash of inconsequent memory how little I knew what I was really training for in the old football team.

The situation was, to say the least, interesting, and every detail is burned into my memory. Once before in my life I had been in danger from wild beasts—attacked by a bear, or rather chased by one. Then I had the help of a dog—noble fellow, his life went to save mine—but this time I was thrown entirely on my own resources, and they could fairly be pronounced rather slender.

Yet I was not afraid. That was the most interesting part of it all—my feelings. I remember them perfectly. I have often recalled them, and have used them sometimes in my sermons to illustrate a psychological point. When I was running I was afraid—horribly, miser-

ably afraid. But as I faced the lions every particle of fear left me, and I flashed into an exalted state of mind and body that was, I think, courage in the highest degree.

I did not dread the moment of conflict. I waited it with intense eagerness, just as we wait sometimes for the end of an exciting story. Every ounce of my body was alertly ready. I never in my life felt so big and so *alive*—so entirely confident. I suppose psychologists would say that I was no longer a man, that I had dropped back into a purely animal condition—the condition of a creature that had had thousands of experiences of conflicts through myself and my savage ancestors, and had always come off victorious.

Yet with these purely animal sensations and impulses I used my human reason in planning my course. Moreover, I had a wonderful spiritual quickening—a kind of clearing away of sense barriers between me and God. My soul flashed out to him in intimate contact. I was exultingly sure that he was with me and that he would help me.

I know now, of course, that I hadn't a ghost of a chance with the beasts. A single mountain lion is altogether too much for an unarmed man—I hadn't even a penknife—and here were two ferocious creatures famished by the long Montana winter!

Yet, in spite of all, I was perfectly confident—sure I should win in the conflict.

The foremost lion was on his belly crawling toward me an inch at a time. The big muscles on his haunches knotted themselves for the spring. But at what seemed the very last moment there was a tremendous whistle that seemed, in the clear air, to sound in our very ears, and a freight train came booming around a slight curve in the road, the headlight glaring full into the faces of the two beasts.

They turned and bounded up the sides of the cliff, screeching at every jump. They had been as silent as death before, but now! I never had heard such blood-curdling yells. My fear all came back.

My hair came up again, prickling all over my head, and again I turned and ran. I had another little bluff to pass, and I was horribly afraid the big cats would be waiting for me there, but they were not. And so I am here to tell the story.

Finance and Industry

A Captain Kidd of Wall Street.

THE publication of a story discrediting the dissolution of the Harriman merger brought into the fiercest lime-light one of the most lurid characters of Wall Street. Judge Lovett intimated in statement that the stories in question had been spread to embarrass the company because of its refusal to pay blackmail. Other directors of the Union Pacific, according to the *New York Times*, were even more outspoken. They asserted that a notorious and thoroly discredited market operator whose questionable behavior had gained for him the name of "The Wolf" had associated himself with a New York lawyer in the attempt to blackmail the Union Pacific and its bankers through intimations of their power over ultra-radical members of

Congress. Immediate investigation by a Congressional Committee brought out the fact that a prominent lawyer, Mr. Ledyard, received frequent telephone calls from an individual representing himself as Congressman Palmer and offering his influence over various committees of the House for a consideration. Mr. Palmer himself was unaware of these conversations until he was informed thereof by Mr. Ledyard. Mr. Ledyard endeavored to obtain a personal interview with the impersonator, but without success. The person who designated himself as Representative Palmer finally declared that he would name a person in whom Mr. Ledyard could have full confidence, to whom he could talk freely, and who would be able to produce evidence of his powerful influence. Those statements finally led to Mr. Ledyard's making an appointment to

meet the gentleman whom this person named, and at the hour of the appointment there appeared at Mr. Ledyard's house Mr. Edward Lauterbach, a distinguished member of the New York Bar.

Double Crossed Wires.

IN the subsequent Congressional investigation, David Lamar, known in Wall Street as "The Wolf," brazenly admitted that he was the man at the other end of the telephone. He laughingly confesses that, for reason of his own, he has impersonated many Congressman in his time. The Committee was unable to ascertain Lamar's real name. Characteristically enough, The Wolf attempted to use the Congressional investigation to launch a bear raid on Union Pacific by charging that the books of the Company reveal a forgery of more than eighty million dollars. This statement was at once branded as a lie by Mr. Cravath. The Wolf's foot was imprisoned. His teeth were broken. Mr. Lauterbach tearfully protested his honesty. He admitted that he told a falsehood in his conversation with Mr. Ledyard. He confessed that he had freely used the names of Washington personages without other warrant than the word of his friend Lamar. In the course of the examination the astonishing discovery was made that the Stanley bill calling for an investigation of the Steel Corporation was actually penned by Lamar. From Lamar's hands it traveled into those of Mr. Martin who heads an Anti-Trust League of uncertain forebears. Mr. Martin, in turn, expedited the resolution into the hands of Representative Stanley. Before this was done the bill was hawked about in Wall Street by Mr. Lauterbach. The latter offered to stop the investigation. Mr. Morgan refused to cough up, and since that time the relations between Mr. Lauterbach and the house of Morgan have been somewhat strained. Lamar explains that he impersonated numerous politicians and initiated his campaign of trickery to install his friend Lauterbach again in the good graces of the house of Morgan. Lauterbach himself declares that his motives were pure, that he, as well as others, were duped by Lamar. He nevertheless insists in speaking of Lamar as a public benefactor. In his adventurous career, Lamar has evidently always enjoyed expert legal ad-



THE ORIGINAL MUCKRAKER—THE MAD WOLF OF WALL STREET

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

vice. He invariably remained within the law. By an extraordinary omission of the law it is not a penal offense to impersonate a Congressman, whereas it is a penal offense to impersonate federal officials. Congressman, curiously enough, are classified, as State officials.

Trouble in Wall Street—
Enter The Wolf.

WHENEVER there is trouble in Wall Street, The Wolf makes his appearance. If the Chairman of the Union Pacific had not been from Texas, remarks the *Times Analyst*, he would be prepared for the call. One of The Wolf's assets is that Wall Street fears him. He worries captains of industry. For The Wolf, we are told, is indestructible. To feed him is futile. His appetite is insatiable.

"When he is not hungry, he works wantonly, for the love of it. Three incarnations ago he was a brigand in the South of Europe. By habit of blood he still wears a belt, which is betrayed in the slouch of his trousers; but otherwise he affects a dress of importance—the long dark coat with braid on the edges, a stick and gloves, and usually a high hat. He is a handsome dog, big and square hewn, with a swarthy hide three inches thick and a face that would do perfectly for the villain in a play with no making up. His name does not matter. He invented it.

"He does not come to Wall Street regularly. Months pass in which nobody sees him. Then suddenly he appears. As he passes people say one to another: 'That is he; I wonder what he's up to now?'

"Those who entertain The Wolf must do it surreptitiously, and afterward deny acquaintance with him. Therefore he has no place of wont in Wall Street. He might be very active in the stock market, buying and selling stocks in half a dozen places, and making nights restless for people with financial plans on hand, and yet he is so devious in his movements that if you found his tracks at all they would lead backward to the door of some large office building and stop there."

The Only Man Whom
Morgan Feared.

IT was said of The Wolf that he was the only man whom Morgan feared. His tools, to quote again the able financial weekly sponsored by the *New York Times*, are cunning, imagination, an instinct for human weakness, and real intelligence. His raw materials are cupidity, credulity and guilt.

"Before he came to Wall Street he was an advertising swindler in the West. The first thing he found when he came to Wall Street was an old man in trouble with a railroad, attacked by a stock market manipulator on one side and a group of rapacious traction people on the other.

The Wolf slipped in and seized a share of the plunder—a reasonable share only; that is, not so much as to make it worth the while of the combatants to pause in their struggle for the major portion. That is the difference between a Hog and a Wolf. And, besides, when it was over, he had a hold on the manipulator which he did not relax during the remainder of that person's life. Nobody knew what it was. The manipulator, who was at that time a freebooter, became afterward respectable and did things in high finance for great bankers, but The Wolf had always the freedom of his door, and people wondered.

"A large railroad was once sued by a small stockholder, who pretended not to like certain financial transactions which were in a way to be consummated. It was very obviously a 'strike suit,' that is, some one had procured the suit to be brought for purposes of blackmail. The person in whose name the thing was done had never attempted anything like that before, and was not at once associated with The Wolf, but all the same it was strongly believed to be blackmail. One day a man who knew The Wolf by name and by experience met him in Wall Street and took him off his guard. He said:

"'You're handling this thing badly. You won't get away with it. You haven't got the evidence.'

"'Haven't I?' said The Wolf. 'Come in here and I'll show you.'"

They went and sat down at a restaurant table and The Wolf produced the case out of his pocket. It was statistically perfect. It looked bad for the railroad. A few days later the injured stockholder discontinued his suit. Somebody had settled with the Wolf.

The Wolf and His
Methods.

AT one time, the writer goes on to say, The Wolf attached himself to an important investigation at Washington. It affected a well-known security on the New York Stock Exchange. For months The Wolf was seen prowling about in the Capital. He was not looked at so much askance in Washington; respectable people were not afraid to be seen talking to him. When, however, those in charge of the investigation discovered how much they were discredited by even knowing him, they were suddenly cold, and this he met by publishing from Washington a statement denying rumors that he had sold the investigation out. There never had been such rumors. He couldn't have sold the committee out if he had wanted to, but after that the investigation could never quite rid itself of the disagreeable suspicion of wrong associations.



EASY STREET

—Boardman Robinson in *N. Y. Tribune*

Whatever else was true about it, The Wolf made a great deal of money selling the stock of the corporation in question.

"These are but glimpses of The Wolf. Most of his activities remain undiscovered, for the peculiar reason that so many of his victims can ill afford to protest. He catches them making off with the spoils and demands his share. It is often very easy. The trick is to intercept the loot in transit, when the bearer thereof can neither turn back nor run fast enough to escape. For that kind of situation The Wolf has an unerring instinct. He sees it beforehand; that is the great point. He watches it develop, follows it doggedly, and presents himself at the awkward moment. He is no common blackmailer. It would be impossible to settle with him in person. He keeps a lawyer between himself and jail.

"His audacity carries him far. There

is no back door he will not essay to enter. He enters more than you might suppose, and such as you would never dream of. That is because he has an unscrupulous intelligence, is fertile, has ideas, and invents ways to acquire money easily. He knows the vulnerable points of a great many things. A man like that can be very useful on occasions."

There are those, we are told, who, tho they would not speak to him in public, yet traffic with him in secret. One may be debating how to embarrass an enemy, and lo! there is The Wolf at the door with a way to do it and make it pay.

An Adept at the Telephone.

THE Wolf always exercises caution. He never is guilty of the coarser crimes. If there were many wolves, remarks the New

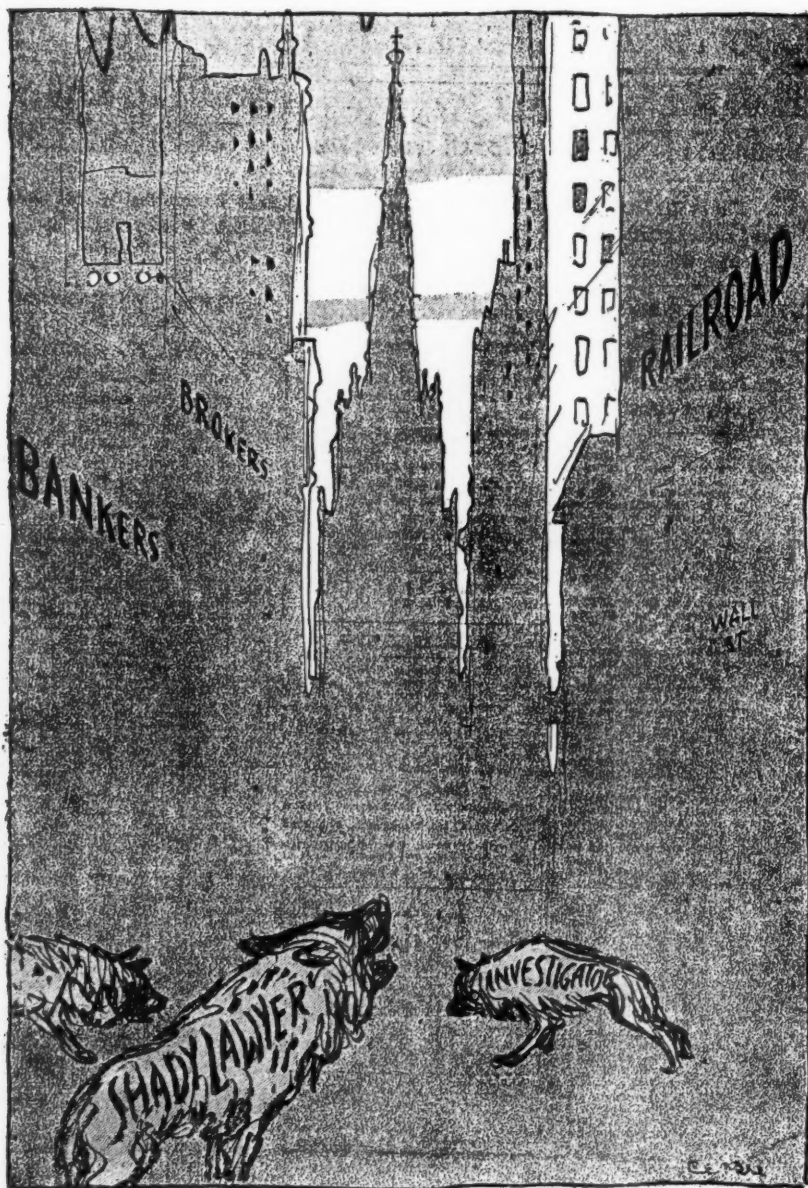
York *Evening Post*, the other animals, bulls and bears, would have to drop everything else and unite to exterminate them, but one wolf has protection. He can be useful. From a character sketch of The Wolf printed in the Financial Section of the *Evening Post* two years ago, it appears that he was always an adept at the telephone. The Wolf, we are told, has done some amazing things out of sheer uncontrollable impudence. One of his feats involved the telephone. Negotiations to settle a big coal miners' strike had finally failed, because the representatives of both sides were too stiff-necked to meet, and had been unable to accomplish anything by proxy.

"The Wolf took up the telephone and called the banker who represented the railroad companies. Without giving his name, he said that he represented the president of the Miners' Association, who wished to know if the banker would see him personally. It was such an overture as saved the banker's pride, and he consented. Then The Wolf called the president of the Miners' Association on the telephone and said, speaking for the banker, that the banker wished to see him in person. That was such an overture as saved the labor leader's pride. Two more telephone calls, one each way, and a meeting was definitely arranged. The Wolf thereupon withdrew, and perhaps made some money on the rise in prices which followed the settlement."

The recent mysterious caller at the telephone, who now, by his own confession, turns out to be Lamar, impersonated not only Congressman Palmer, but also Congressman Riordan. As the latter he urged Judge Lovett to engage Mr. Lauterbach as counsel for the Union Pacific. Mr. Lauterbach ascribes his present plight entirely to his friendship for Lamar. "I had been importuned to have nothing to do with him (Mr. Lamar), and I felt that I was suffering professional loss by having him as my client. But I owed him gratitude. I believed that the criticisms that were made of him were unjust, and I maintained my professional relations to him." His friendship for Lamar cost him the friendship of J. P. Morgan, and may cost him more.

The Listless Stock Exchange.

NO doubt you have read descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange and know what a scene of mad activity it ought to be; but, remarks Will Payne in *The Saturday Evening Post*, if you should drop into the visitors' gallery any of these days, you would hardly recognize the view beneath from any description you may have read. At the left is a knot of brokers in earnest conversation; but what they are discussing is yesterday's baseball scores. Over there sits a floor trader, pencil in hand, immersed in



THE JACKALS OF FINANCE

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

thought; but he is not meditating a coup in Reading. He is figuring up his laundry bill. The persons with gold-braided caps, standing at little posts surmounted by telegraph instruments, are the official quotation reporters—all apparently sound asleep.

"Uniformed messengers come and go. Members move about—to get the cramps out of their legs. A number flashes out on the big blackboard to the right or the left summoning a member to the telephone. His house wishes to know who sold that last Union Pacific—a quarter of an hour ago. A customer in Baltimore who bought fifty shares of Union Pacific year before last has asked the question.

"The scenery and properties are all there—the large and handsome trading room; the numbered posts on the floor; the battery of pneumatic tubes from the cable offices, near which the arbitrageurs are supposed to congregate in order to get their messages from London and Paris hot off the wire; the telephone booths at the rear; the messengers, attendants and members. The stage is all set. The only thing lacking is some business.

"There have been extensive dry spots before since the stock market came back to life in 1898, but never any such Sahara as this. In the last two years the Exchange has done less business than it did in a single year when there was a real market. Take one year's income and spread it over two years and you will find that it gets exceedingly thin in places; in fact, for three years now the sporting public simply has not been trading in stocks. The last good market was in 1909.

"Now three years is a long while

in any trade to wait for business to pick up. Naturally a good many people round Wall Street are asking themselves whether the Stock Exchange ever can come back—whether there will ever again be an extensive outside participation in stock speculation.

"It is a very important question for some people, as you can see at a glance by figuring it this way: The Exchange is a voluntary association with eleven hundred memberships. Four years ago a membership sold as high as ninety-four thousand dollars, on which basis the privilege of doing business on the Exchange would be worth in the aggregate more than one hundred and three million dollars. Recently a membership sold for thirty-eight thousand dollars, on which basis all the memberships would be worth nearly forty-two million dollars—a slump of about sixty-one millions, rising from the public's continuous and callous indifference to the stock game."

Can the Stock Exchange Come Back?

IN 1906 trade on the Exchange amounted to two hundred and eighty-four million shares. Commissions at twelve and a half cents a share came to more than thirty-five million dollars. Last year the trade was a hundred and thirty-one million shares and commissions sixteen million dollars—a decline of nearly sixty per cent. in brokers' incomes. The actual decline was considerably more than that; for with an active market almost any good broker can make office expenses out of his interest account, and with a dead market that source of revenue is cut off. The great Stock Exchange houses are trimming down

their expenses. They are dismissing clerks by the score. Hence Wall Street is gloomy, and sadly relates tales of the days when Gates and other master speculators cornered the market, days when every tip was good, and everybody made money. The question is, repeats Mr. Payne, can the Stock Exchange come back?

"About nine amateurs out of ten who dabble in it lose money. That fact has been so thoroly demonstrated and so widely advertised of late years that this generation will probably never see another such big public participation in stock speculation as occurred in 1901. If it does it will probably be because another panic has intervened and stocks have been shaken down to such a level that anybody can buy anything with reasonable certainty of a profit.

"The professional and semi-professional element is pretty thoroly discouraged and disgruntled at present. A large part of the active trading is always in shares of public-service corporations—steam railroads; electric roads; gas, telephone, telegraph and electric-light companies. It is becoming more and more a settled policy of the country that these public-service companies shall not be permitted to charge rates that yield more than a fair return upon the actual investment, which necessarily tends to limit the speculative possibilities in their shares. On the other hand, there is Steel—defendant in a suit by the Government to dissolve it and sentimentally affected by tariff revision. These things tend to dampen the professional speculator.

"However, that there will be periods of more active trading than we have seen during the last two years and a half is also fairly certain. The gambling instinct

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE: JUNE									
AFR	WP	U	NV	UT	ST	GNRR	GPU		
2.13	112	200.32	300.147	168	600.491	1068	200.1251	372	

THE TAPE AT THE OPENING

This shows that on June 2 the first sale after the opening was 100 shares of American Car and Foundry Company Preferred at 112. The next sale was 200 shares of Missouri Pacific at 112. Then followed 300 Union Pacific at 147 1/2, 100 Nevada Consolidated Copper Company at 168, 600 Utah Copper Company at 49 1/2, 100 Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad at 106 1/2, 200 Great Northern Railway Preferred at 125 1/2, and 100 California Petroleum Corporation at 37 1/2.

C	CA	SP	US	PA	A	IS	RG	U	CA	IE
200.71 1/2	218 1/2	500.219 1/2	300.94 1/2	200.58 1/2	108 1/2	200.98 1/2	14 1/2	200.159 1/2	200.147 1/2	219 1/2

THE TAPE FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE OPENING

CA	CAN	U	RG	GNRR	C	RG	CA	US	OM	P	PA
213 1/2	31 1/2	300.144 1/2	700.157 1/2	600.158	124 1/2	500.70 1/2	200.158	21 1/2	300.57 1/2	58.2.98 1/2	200.21 1/2

THE TAPE HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE CLOSE

These two sections of the tape just after the opening and just before the close on June 2 show the decline in prices which took place on that day when extensive European liquidation sent prices down rapidly. This decline in prices was led by Canadian Pacific, the sign for which on the tape is CA. It will be noted that in the morning it was selling at 21 1/2, while in the afternoon it was down to 21 1/2. The decline affected also stocks all along the line, though not so seriously. Steel (US) which was selling in the morning at 58 1/2 had dropped in the afternoon to 57 1/2; Pennsylvania (PA) dropped from 108 1/2 to 108; Reading (RG) dropped from 139 1/2 to 138; Union Pacific (U) from 147 1/2 to 144 1/2.

SS	P	ST	S	TC	T	U	P	US	P	UT	VC	WA	P	GOOD NIGHT, JUN
88	71	106	108	33	12	145	84	58	106	49	27	2	7	6

THE CLEARING-HOUSE PRICES ON THE TAPE

These are the prices which are used as a basis for settlement through the Clearing-House. The Clearing-House price is always the nearest even price to the last sale made before the close in each Clearing-House stock. If, for instance, a stock closes at 150 1/2, the Clearing-House price will be 150; if it closes at 150 1/4, the Clearing-House price will be 151.

remains. Time out of mind the British public has gone on a speculative debauch once in a while, lost its money and sworn off—and then, after just about so long, has gone at it again. It was only two or three years ago that they had a great jamboree in rubber shares. To be sure, we are more conservative than the British public is; but in due time you will again see quite a crowd of gentlemen putting their money on the red in Broad Street."

Meanwhile, Mr. Payne avers, Wall Street is prosperous. For Wall Street is not the Stock Exchange. To identify Wall Street with the Stock Exchange, he remarks epigrammatically, is like confusing a large circus with a single elephant.

The Legitimate Function of the Stock Exchange.

THERE is still another reason why the Stock Exchange is sure to come back, despite the pessimism of its members and the legislative restrictions that may hedge in its freedom. For the Stock Exchange, in spite of the frequent abuse of its machinery, serves a legitimate function. Just what this function is, Mr. Harold J. Howland sets out to explain in *The Outlook*. He admits that many of the Stock Exchange operations are virtually gambling, that many people lose money in stock operations who can ill afford to lose it, that its facilities are used at times by unscrupulous men, many of whom are not members of the Exchange, to the disadvantage of inexperienced outsiders. Nevertheless, he assures us, the Stock Exchange has a very real reason for being, its primary function being not only legitimate and useful but indispensable to modern business. Neither speculation, trading on margin, nor short selling, he thinks, are contrary to good law, good economics and good morals. But all these, at times, are used in ways that, if not illegal, are certainly uneconomic and immoral. The problem which we must face in relation to the Stock Exchange and which the Stock Exchange must face for itself is, how to preserve and develop its normal and indispensable function while curbing and eliminating to the greatest extent possible the misuse of its facilities. The movements of the prices, Mr. Howland admits, are not always the unassisted result of the law of supply and demand.

"Big operators and groups of operators can and do at times raise and lower prices in ways that may be called artificial and for ulterior purposes. Pools are created from time to time to put prices up or to hammer them down. Among the methods which have been used in the past for bringing about such results is manipulation—creating artificial prices through 'wash sales' and 'matched orders,' fictitious transactions in which no stocks actually change ownership. Whether this manipulation still continues and to what

extent is a debated question. Such writers on the subject as Mr. Lawson would give us to believe that manipulation is 'as easy as lying' and far more usual. Prominent members of the Exchange say that manipulation is no longer possible, that under the new rules of the Exchange and their rigid enforcement, and under the new laws of the State making fictitious transactions or 'wash sales' a felony, 'no man would dare to try it.' Whether manipulation through fictitious sales is still possible and still practiced or not, the Governors of the Exchange are making determined efforts to render it impossible.

"But the exceptions merely bring the truth of the rule into greater prominence. The members of the Stock Exchange, broadly speaking, buy and sell for the public."

A Day on the Stock Exchange.

IN his attempt to interpret the Stock Exchange Mr. Howland gives a vivid description of a day in the Board Room and on the "floor." He tells us of the sixteen posts around which the specialists in certain stocks gather. Each is a kind of standard, having a large number at the top, a bulletin board with eight faces around it just below, and a cushioned seat around it at the bottom.

"Number One is the Steel post; two, the Great Northern Preferred or Consolidated Gas post; three, the Pennsylvania post; four, the Sugar or Money post; five, the Atchison or Missouri Pacific, or, in the shorthand vernacular of the Floor, the Atch. or Mop. post. Six is known either as the New York Central, the Northwestern, or the Can. post. Seven takes its name from Baltimore and Ohio. Eight is known as Katy (which, being interpreted, means Missouri, Kansas, and Texas). Nine is the Union (Union Pacific) post, ten the General Electric, and eleven the Reading post. Twelve is interchangeably Smelters (American Smelting and Refining Company) and Copper (Amalgamated Copper). Thirteen is Southern Pacific, fourteen Chesapeake and Canadian Pacific, fifteen Petroleum (so called from California Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum), and sixteen B. R. T. (otherwise Brooklyn Rapid Transit) and Lehigh Valley.

"Each post, therefore, has its sobriquet. At each post a certain list of stocks is traded in, varying from half a dozen to nearly twoscore in number. At the Steel post, Number One, for instance, will be found: United States Steel, common and preferred, known to the world of Wall Street as "Steel"; Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, common and preferred, known as "St. Paul"; Utah Copper; Louisville and Nashville; Atlantic Coast Line.

"At the Katy post, Number Eight, will be found thirty-nine stocks, including such prominent ones as Bethlehem Steel, National Biscuit Company, and International Harvester Company, and such unfamiliar ones to the uninitiated as Weyman-Bruton Company, Quicksilver Mining and Assets Realization Company.

"No 4 is also known as the Money post, for there the representatives of the banks are found by brokers who have bought stocks and must make the necessary loans to 'carry' them.

"Along the west wall of the Floor are batteries of telephone instruments ranged in alcoves that look not unlike the coat-racks in a hotel or club coat-room. Each member has a telephone connecting with his office and a clerk in constant attendance on it."

The Tale of the Ticker.

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock the Chairman's gavel falls. Trading begins. The voice of the ticker is heard. In among the posts are four pedestals each bearing the regulation ticker and a telegraph key. These are the sending stations of the great ticker service that records in brokers' offices and banks all over the country each sale of stock as it is completed on the New York Stock Exchange. When the Exchange opens, we see scattered about the floor uniformed attendants, each wearing on his cap a broad gold band and a plate with the word "reporter" on it. At intervals, more or less frequent as business waxes and wanes, the reporters converge upon the pedestals and hand to one of their number at the telegraph key slips on which they have hurriedly pencilled the particulars of sales which they have just heard made in the crowds about the different posts. Briskly the reports they bring in are "pounded out" by the man at the key, and back they dart to eavesdrop again. In two rooms on the top floor of the building is to be found the next stage in the ticker service. One is occupied by the New York Quotation Company, which is controlled by the Stock Exchange, the other by the Gold and Stock Quotation Company, a subsidiary of the Western Union. The first, Mr. Howland explains, supplies the reports of the transactions on the Floor to the offices of members of the Exchange below Chambers Street; the second to all the other tickers in New York and in fifty cities throughout the country.

"In each room sit two groups of men, one active, the other in reserve. There are five men to a team. One sits before a round disc studded with red and white push-buttons lettered and numbered like the keys of a typewriter. The other four sit around him, each with one ear close to a telegraph sounder in its wooden box. The wires to each sounder are the wires coming from one of the four pedestals downstairs. As first one then another of the instruments chatters out a metallic message of some sale on the Floor, the central operator's hands with their long, facile fingers spell out the message again on the buttons before him. He has taken the message 'by ear,' as he regularly does in dull times when selling is slow and only one sounder speaks at a time. But the listening operator whose instrument

(Continued on page 138.)



On the porch with your friends
and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with
a Victor-Victrola

Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or seashore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

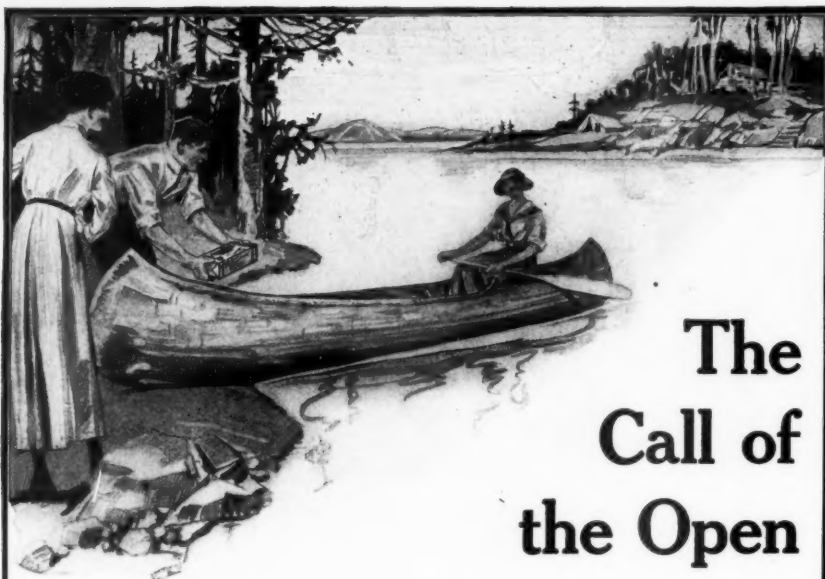
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Shredded Wheat

as a food to sustain strength and to fully satisfy the keenest hunger. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-eat, it is the favorite ration of those who seek respite from the city heat far from the sources of food supply.

The Biscuit is deliciously nourishing with milk or with fruits of any kind. Triacuit is the shredded whole wheat wafer, or toast, containing the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. With butter or soft cheese it forms a delicious, satisfying lunch for the long ride in automobile or the tramp in the woods.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 136.)

has spoken also writes the particulars of the sale on a slip of paper and sets it before his partner. In quiet times this is only necessary in order to help the sending operator in checking his work. On busy days, however, it saves him from the impossible task of listening to four instruments at once and disentangling their dots and dashes.

"As he spells out each sale on the red and white buttons the ticker on the table before him prints on the tape the record U S 57½ U 145¾ K 500.20 Pa 108 B O 200.97 K 20 R 16¾ U 145¾ M P 31¼. As we watch the record grow on the marching tape we know that on just such a tape at precisely the same instant in 500 offices precisely the same record is being printed. In the next room the same process is sending the same word to probably ten thousand offices and banks in fifty cities and towns of the country."

The Ethics of Margin Trading.

THE man who buys stocks "on margin" is classed by Mr. Howland in the same category with a man who buys real estate with the aid of a mortgage. He defends "short" selling, that is to say the sale of stocks which the trader has not yet purchased, but expects to purchase. The publisher who accepts the subscription price, for his magazine in advance is involved in exactly the same sort of transaction. When the publisher of *The Outlook* or of *Current Opinion* accepts the subscriber's \$3.00 in December for magazines to be delivered at weekly or monthly intervals he is "selling short" with a vengeance. He is selling something he has not got. Not only has he not got the completed product which he is to deliver, but he in all probability has only a very small portion of the raw material out of which the completed product is to be made. Short selling, in Mr. Howland's opinion, is a brake on the market whether prices are rising or falling. "The primary function of the Stock Exchange," he remarks, "is to provide a free, open, and broad market for the purchase and sale of securities. Such a market must be responsive to the law of supply and demand, but it must be protected, as far as possible, from rapid fluctuations and wide price movements. The best market would be that in which the swings of the price pendulum were short but deliberate."

"Short selling is a brake upon the market. It narrows the limits of fluctuation and retards their speed. Curiously enough, the fact that short selling is possible has the same effect whether the market is going up or going down. It checks both booms and panics, is a drag on both breaks and bulges.

"Let us take the case of a boom. The 'bulls,' those members who want to see

prices go up or believe they will go up, are buying right and left. Prices are advancing rapidly. The only thing which can stop such a movement is for the 'bulls' to find in the market a plentiful supply of the stocks they wish to buy. Now, in such a rising market, the 'bulls' have not only to buy stocks which others are 'long' of, having bought them 'for a rise.' They must also buy other stocks which traders do not possess but which they are willing to sell short in the belief that the prevailing high prices are only temporary and that a reaction is inevitable. The more shares the bulls have to buy, the harder is their task. Short selling adds to the actual supply of purchasable stock an increasing quantity of stock not now in the possession of the sellers but to be bought later. Short selling, therefore, is a brake upon a bull market, a curb upon a wild boom.

In a breaking market, in an analogous manner, short sales prevent too rapid a decline.

Unscrambling Harriman's Nest Eggs.

WHEN Judge Walter H. Sanborne and his associates, sitting as the District Court of the United States for the district of Utah, approved the plans agreed upon by Attorney General McReynolds and the attorneys of the Union Pacific railroad, the famous Union Pacific merger, known as the great Harriman combination, came to an end. In brief, the plan which has the indorsement of the President, provides that the Union Pacific shall exchange \$38,000,000 of its \$126,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock for the Pennsylvania Railroad's entire holdings in the Baltimore and Ohio, virtually an equal amount, that the remaining \$88,000,000 shall be sold to the general public through the Central Trust Company of New York, that no present stockholder in the Union Pacific continuing as such may buy any of the Southern Pacific stock so sold; that the transaction shall begin on November 1, 1913, and if not complete by January 1, 1916, the court shall direct the disposition of any Southern Pacific stock remaining unsold. The plan in question, according to the Attorney General's statement, serves a twofold purpose. For it relieves not only the Union Pacific but also the Pennsylvania Railroad of objectionable holdings in actively competitive systems. The Government, however, expressly stipulates that should any illegal conditions arise from the exchange of stock, either under existing or future legislation or future interpretation by the courts of present statutes, Uncle Sam will have the right "freely to assail" the arrangement.



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Corns, Bunions, Callouses stop hurting and disappear if you remove the cause. The Improved Family Shoe Stretcher, the greatest device of the age for foot-ease, (look at the picture), stretches the shoe where it should be stretched. Cures corns, bunions, tender spots without medicines because it removes pressure which is the cause of all foot trouble. Makes your shoes fit perfectly and wear longer; immediately produces ease and comfort—eventually perfect feet. Lasts a lifetime. Endorsed by doctors and chiropodists. Write today for FREE BOOKLET, giving full particulars with list of everything for foot comfort. Put knob where corn rubs. No more corn.

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"Tenement Tommy" Asks for A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

No trees, no grass, not even a whiff of fresh air,—in the only world Tommy knows. Ash cans are his background, and the rattle and roar of traffic his environment.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore. But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

And that is why Tommy appeals for a square deal. Nor does he wish you to forget his mother, or his "pals" and their mothers,—all in the same plight.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

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A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday School or Club.

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A Real Dissolution.

SUPPORTERS of the Administration assert that the Pacific degree avoids the mistakes of the former dissolution orders, because its terms made it impossible for the stockholders to exert restraints on trade forbidden to the corporation. In the Standard Oil and Tobacco decrees, they said, the stockholders were free to hold stock in the rival corporations, which succeeded the parent corporation, thus affecting a dissolution only in name, and that what the offending corporation did before the decree, the stockholders had been doing since the decree. The *New York Press* points out the difficulties of marketing the remaining ten millions of Southern Pacific shares. "We don't think," remarks Mr. Munsey's principal mouthpiece, "the American people have ever been much excited about the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger. Not many people in the United States have been so ignorant of the geography of their country as not to know that one of these lines in the North has been separated by virtually thousands of miles from the other in the South."

"Parallel systems so widely divided have not suggested to the American people the possibilities of monopoly that other combinations have. We believe, therefore, that the public, while in sympathy with the determination of the Government to divorce the two systems, would have no fault to find if larger consideration were shown to the Union Pacific in the almost insuperable task—so far as the present is concerned—of selling tens of millions of stock in a market which doesn't want to buy even cents of stock, though it be good stock."

Seeing the End of Railroad Troubles

THE *New York Times* takes a broad view of the matter. The law, it remarks, is now doing for railroads what they assumed to do for themselves. The stocks were acquired to establish that community of interests which was to prevent rate wars.

"Now rate wars are impossible, since all rates are regulated by law. Rates which had been unsettled and uneconomically low have been stabilized under the law, while the country has grown up to the volume of business necessary to sustain railway values. It follows that many railway investments are loosened, and that there is a possibility of advantage in the dispersal to the public of shares in exchange for a more liquid and available form of capital. The exchanging of shares between railway owners may perhaps turn out to be a mere way station on the route toward discovering the resources which the railways need and are at their wits' end to find."

The view expressed by some people in the financial districts, that the pur-

chase of the stock of the Southern Pacific is the first step on the part of the Pennsylvania Railroad toward the unification of a transcontinental system, is not shared by Mr. Holland. The Pennsylvania management, the distinguished financial expert avers in the *Wall Street Journal*, has always regarded the Mississippi as the true boundary line of its system in the West. The most astute railroad managers, he goes on to say, are now convinced that on the American hemisphere the two Canadian transcontinental lines, the short transcontinental line, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific and known as the Tehuantepec railroad, and the single transcontinental line of South America, stretching from Valparaiso, Chile, to Buenos Ayres, will continue to be for many years the only lines under one management stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A Critical Point for
U. S. Steel.

RISING wages and prospective tariff reductions are responsible for what the London *Economist* terms a critical point in the career of the United States Steel Corporation. The effect of its enormous overcapitalization, the British financial authority admits, has been reduced by the retention in the business of the major portion of the profits earned, while prices were kept up by the dominating policy of the Steel Corporation in the period of active trade which ended with the 1907 liquidation. The corporation was, in fact, an attempt to secure for itself the full effect of the protective tariff by raising prices to the home consumer. Had a complete monopoly been possible, the corporation could have raised domestic prices by very nearly the amount of the tariff duties, and when demand was good and trade active the Steel Corporation was able to dictate price levels to the American steel trade. Its share of the trade, however, did not amount to a monopoly, and the high prices encouraged production, so that the "independents" grew more rapidly than the Steel Corporation.

"Then came the Government attacks on trusts, and the Steel Corporation was forced to avoid any tactics which savored of a price maintenance policy. In 1910 the operations of the corporation in the matter of ore mining and steel production reached a higher point than they had ever done before, but profits took only third place, having been higher both in 1906 and 1907. The years 1909 and 1910 saw a rather artificial trade revival in the United States, and in 1911 there was a general falling away of both prices and production, so that the corporation's earnings suffered heavily, tho the output was not much below that of 1909. Then came



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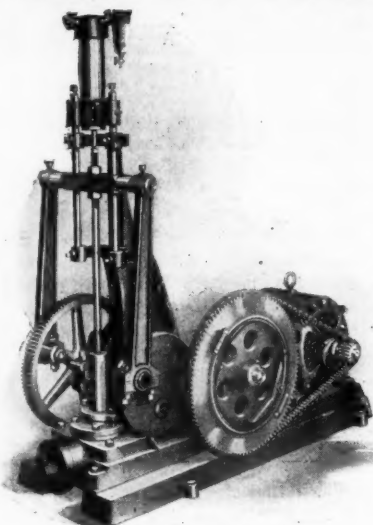
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a change of policy; instead of attempting to keep prices up by force of example (which had proved effective long after the independents had become strong enough to refuse to be ruled), the Steel Corporation competed for its share of the trade on level terms. This competition was not the price cutting of a great trust, undertaken with the definite purpose of accomplishing the financial ruin of its opponents, but done to safeguard its own position in the trade, and with due regard to the cost of production. Without it the corporation would simply have lost orders wholesale to the independents, and so we find that the Steel Corporation's profits for 1912 were but little above those of 1911, tho the scale of operations was very much greater."

Future of the U. S.
Steel Corporation.

THE Steel Corporation's expenditure per unit of production has steadily advanced, whereas its receipts on the same basis have declined. The figures of gross sales and expenses together with the average wage deducted from the annual figure of wages and the number of employees are:

	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.
*Gross sales and receipts ...	\$646,382	\$703,961	\$615,148	\$745,505
Number of employees. 195,500	218,435	196,888	221,025	
*Wages paid, \$151,663	\$174,955	\$161,419	\$189,351	
Per cent. of sales ...	23.5	24.9	26.4	25.4
Average wage per employee .	\$776	\$801	\$820	\$856
Selling output per employee ...	\$3,300	\$3,400	\$3,110	\$3,370

* Round millions.

Consideration of the foregoing, the writer in *The Economist* goes on to say, may enable the interested observer to form some opinion of what is likely to be the result of tariff changes on the fortunes of the United States Steel Corporation. The placing of steel rails upon the free list is bound to lead to foreign competition.

"Under the present tariff, American imports of steel rails are so small as to be negligible, and, presumably, foreign rollers of rails would be able to secure many orders with rails free of duty. Prices, therefore, are likely to be reduced; but, on the other hand, pig-iron is also to be admitted free of duty, so that costs of production may be lowered to some extent by the cheapening of the raw material. America, of course, is very rich in iron ore, but the Steel Trust works some of its mines upon rather heavy royalties.

"Altogether the outlook for the Steel Corporation is for lower prices for its products, but the reduction of prices is not likely to occur so rapidly as to endanger the solvency of the corporation. The alteration of the tariff may disturb general trade for a time, but as soon as it has settled down under the new conditions there should be a steady upbuilding of real prosperity on a solid basis. The workers' nominal wages may not continue their rapid rise, tho their real value will be increased."

Shear Nonsense

That glorious climate of California again comes to the front. The Los Angeles Times attributes the following to Luther Burbank:

JUST AS ADVERTIZED.

Mr. Burbank gathered a bouquet of violets one brilliant morning in December, in Santa Rosa, and remarked:

"Why do so many of our misguided people shiver and cough on the Riviera in the winter when they might bask here in white linen under the palms?"

"The Riviera reminds me of the man who opened a boarding-house at Saranac Lake and advertised it as a winter resort."

"A guest went up there, and, after a brief sojourn, packed up, paid his bill, and said:

"How can you have the nerve to advertise this place as a winter resort when the thermometer for the past week has registered eight below?"

"The landlord looked aggrieved.

"Well, that's winter, ain't it?" he exclaimed. "If eight below ain't winter, I'd like to know what is!"

Why this next story is put up to a Chicago man we don't know. They are not so unsophisticated out there as they might be in nautical matters. Haven't they the Chicago river?

HE WASN'T GUILTY.

Members of a certain yacht club of a town on Long Island Sound tell of a Chicago man who last summer was once decoyed into acting as crew for an enthusiastic yachtsman there.

"Let go that jib-sheet!" was one of the first orders given the Chicago person.

"See here!" came in indignant tone from the latter. "You oughtn't to talk to me that way. As a matter of fact, I am not touching the thing!"

Ignorance may be the mother of folly; but it is also the mother of jests and a good jest is never folly.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I am not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

A certain Dr. Spooner of Oxford has become famous for his blundersome way of mixing up words. Here are some of his weird expressions. Can you untangle them?

WHAT DID HE MEAN TO SAY?

Turning to a young lady sitting next to him at a dinner table, Dr. Spooner asked:

"Will you pass the pig's fleas?"

A little later, pointing to some cranberry jelly, he asked the same young lady to pass "that stink puff."

Being late for dinner one evening he excused himself saying he had been "hatching a pasty snipe."

To a railroad porter who asked about his baggage the Doctor said that he had



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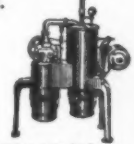
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"two rags and a bug."

Entering the kitchen when fish were on the fire he sniffed and exclaimed: "What a hell of smerrings!"

But the worst case of all occurred when he was in the pulpit. He announced as his text: "Many are called but few are chosen. Be ye therefore of the chosen few."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom and a few other things:

SUFFERING TOMMY.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

SYMPATHETIC HAROLD.

Harold watched his mother as she folded up an intricate piece of lace she had just crocheted.

"Where did you get the pattern, Mama?" he questioned.

"Out of my head," she answered lightly.

"Does your head feel better now, Mama?" he asked anxiously.

OBSERVANT WILLIE.

Little Willie attended Sunday school for the first time and went home and complained to his mother, that the teacher took his penny and didn't give him any peanuts.

Little Willie attended a wedding where the bride wore a veil. While going home he said: "Mamma, when you married did you wear curtains?"

The teacher said to little Willie, "Suppose your papa should take your kitty and cut its head off, what commandment would he break?" Little Willie said, after some thought, "What God has joined together let not man put assunder."

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Not a sound could be heard in the court-room. The prisoner had just been condemned to death.

"You have a legal right to express a last wish," said the Judge, "and, if it is possible, it will be granted."

The prisoner, who was a barber, gave the Judge an appealing look as he replied:

"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney."

Francis Wilson, the comedian, tells this story and the Los Angeles Times publishes it:

NO NEED OF ACCOMPLICES.

"The best stage gag in history," Mr. Wilson said, "was undoubtedly an impromptu of Mrs. Keeley's. Mrs. Keeley was playing a boy's part in 'Genevieve.' She was taken before a judge in this part, and the judge asked sternly:

"Now, then, where are your accomplices?"

"To this question Mrs. Keeley roguishly replied, as she gave a nautical hitch to her trousers:

"I don't wear any. They keep up without."